THE

FAMOUS HISTORY

OF THE

Seven Champions

OF

CHRISTENDOM.

The Second Part.

LIKEWISE

Shewing the Princely Proweſſe, Noble Atchievements, and ſtrange Fortunes of Saint GEORGE's three Sonnes, the lively Sparks of Nobility:

The Combats and Turnaments of many valiant Knights, the Loves of may gallant Ladies, the Tragedies of mighty Potentates.

ALSO,

The manner and places of the honourable Deaths of the Seven Champions, being ſo many Tragedies: and how they came to be called the ſeven Saints of CHRISTENDOM.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. B.* and are to be ſold by *Andrew Crook* at the *Green Dragon* in *Pauls* Church-yard.

THE

FAMOUS HISTORY

OF THE

Seven Champions

OF

CHRISTENDOM.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord WILLIAM HOWARD,

Richard Iohnſon wiſheth encreaſe of all Proſperity.

AS it hath, Right Honourable, of late pleaſed your moſt Noble Brother in kindneſſe to accept of this Hiſtory, and to grace it with a favourable countenance: So am I now emboldned to Dedicate this Second Part unto your Honour, which here I humbly offer to your Lordſhips hands, not becauſe I think it a gift worthy the receiver; but rather that

it ſhould be, as it were, a witneſſe of the love and duty which I bear to your Right Noble Houſe.

And when it ſhall pleaſe you to beſtow the reading of theſe Diſcourſes, my humble requeſt is, that you would think I wiſh your Honour as many happy dayes, as there bee letters contained in this Hiſtory.

Thus praying for your Honours chief happineſſe, I remain

Your Honours
in all dutifull Love,
to his poor power,

R. F.

To the Gentle Reader.

I Have finiſhed The Second Part of the Seven Champions of Chriſtendom, *for thy delight, being thereto encouraged by thy great Acceptance of my* Firſt Part. *I will not boaſt of Eloquence nor Invention, thereby to invite thy willingneſſe to read: Only thy Courteſie muſt bee my Buckler againſt the carping malice of mocking leſters, that being worſe able to doe well, ſcoff commonly at that they cannot mend, cenſuring all things, doing nothing, but (Monky-like) make Apiſh jeſts at any thing they ſee in Print: and nothing pleaſeth them, except it ſavour*

of a ſcoffing or invective ſpirit. Well, what thoſe ſay of me I doe not care, thy delight only is my deſire: Accept it, and I am ſatisfied; reject it, and this ſhall be my penance, never again to come in Print. But having better hope, I boldly lead thee to the Mayn, from this doubtfull Flood of Suſpicion, where I reſt. Walk on in the Hiſtory, as in an overgrown and ill husbanded Garden: if among all the weeds thou finde one pleaſing flower, I have my wiſh.

Thine,

Richard Iohnſon.

The Honourable HISTORY OF THE Seven Champions OF CHRISTENDOME

The Second Part.

How St. *George's* three Sons were entertained into the famous city of *London*, and after how their Mother was slain in a Wood with the pricks of a Thorny Brake: her blessings she gave her Sons, St. *George's* Lamentacion over her bleeding body: and likewise of the journey the seven Champions intended to *Ierusalem* to visit the Sepulchre of Christ.

AFter S. George with the other six Champions of Christendome (by invincible Conquests) had brought into subjection all the Eastern parts, and by dint of bloody Wars yoaked the stubborn Infidels even to the farthest bounds of India, where the Golden Sun beginneth to arise, as you heard discoursed in the former part of the History, they returned with the Conquest of Imperiall

Diadems, Regall Crowns, Kingly Scepters, to the rich and plentifull Countrey of England: where, in the famous City of London they many a day sojourned, a place not only beautified with sumptuous Buildings, but graced with a number of Valiant Knights and Gallant Gentlemen of Courtly Behaviour, and there withall adorned with Troops of Ladies, of Divine and Celestiall Beauties, that trip it up and down the Stréets like to the Grecian Queenes, when as they tyed the Phrygian Warriours in the Silken Snares of Love: whereby it séemed rather a Paradise for Heavenly Angels, than a place for Earthly Inhabitants.

Here the Christian Champions laid their Armes aside, here hung they up their Weapons on the Bower of Peace, here their Glistering Corslets rusted in their Armories, here was not heard the Warlike sound of Drums, nor Silver Trumpets, here stood no Centinels nor Courts of Guard, nor Barbed Stéeds prepared to the Battell, but all things tended to a Lasting Peace. They that had wont in Stéeled Coats to slépe in Champain Fields, lay dallying now in Beds of Silk: they that had wont with weary Armes to weld the Warlike Fauchion, sate now imbracing lovely Ladies on their Knées, and they whose eares had wont to hear the rufull cryes of slaughtered Souldiers, where now ore-cloyd with Musicks pleasant Harmony.

In this Delicious manner lived these Champions in the City of London, burying the remembrance of all their former Adventures in the Lake of Oblivion, and spending their times in Honourable Tilts, and Courtly Turnaments: where Saint George performed many Atchievements in Honour of his beloved Lady, and the other Knights in Honour of their Mistresses.

But at last, Saint Georg'es thrée Sonnes, Guy, Alexander, and David, being all thrée born at one Birth, as you heard before, in the Wilderneſſe, and sent into thrée severall Kingdoms by their carefull Father to be trained up: the one in Rome to the Warlike Romanes, another unto Wittenberg to the Learned Germanes, the third unto Brittain to the Valiant English. But now being grown to some ripeneſſe of Age, and agility of Strength, they desired much to visit their Parents, whom they had not séen from their Infancies, lying in their Cradles: and to crave at his hands the Honour

nour of true Knighthood, and to weare the Golden Spur of Christendome.

This earnest and Princely Request so highly pleased their Tutours, that they furnished them with a stately Train of Knights, and sent them Honourably into England, where they arrived all three at one time in the Famous City of London, where their Entertainments were most Princely, and their Welcomes so Honourable, that I want Art to describe, and Memory to expresse.

I omit what sumptuous Pageants and delightfull Showes the Citizens provided, and how the Streets of London were beautified with Tapestry, the solemne Bels that rung them joyful Welcomes, and the Silver stratned Instruments that gave them pleasant Entertainment. Also I passe over the Fathers joy, who prized their Sights more precious in his Eyes, then if he had beene made sole Monarch of the Golden Mynes of rich America: or that every hayre that grew upon his Head had beene equalled with a Kingdome, and he to give as many Golden Diadems in his Armes. Also their Mothers Welcomes to her Sonnes, who gave them more Kisses then she breathed forth Groanes at their Deliveries from her pamful Womb in the Wilderneſſe.

The other Champions Courteſies were not the leaſt nor of the ſmalleſt in Account, to theſe three young Gentlemen: but to be ſhort, Saint George (whoſe Love was deare unto his Children) in his own Perſon conducted them unto their Lodgings, whereas they ſpent that Day, and the Night following in Royall Banquetting amongſt their Princely Friends.

But no ſooner appeared the Mornings Sun upon the Mountaine tops, and the cleare Countenance of the Elements made mencion of ſome enſuing Paſtime, but Saint George commanded a ſolemne Hunting, for the Welcome of his Sonnes.

Then began his Knights to Arme themſelves in Troops, and to mount upon their Jennets, and ſome with wel Armed Boare-Speares in their hands prepared for the Game on Foot: but Saint George with his Sonnes clad in Greene Veſtments like Adonis, with ſilver Horncs hanging at their

backs in Scarfes of coloured Silke, were ſtill the foremoſt in this exerciſe. Likewiſe Sabra (intending to ſée her Sons valours diſplayed in the Field, whether they were in courage like their Father or no) cauſed a gentle Palfrey to bée prouided, whereon ſhe mounted her Princely perſon to be witneſſe of theſe Siluane ſports: ſhe was armed with a curious breaſt-plate wrought like to the ſcales of a Dolphin, and in her hand ſhée bare a ſilver Bow of the Turkiſh faſhion, like an Amazonian Quéen, or Diana hunting in the Groues of Arcadia.

Thus in this gallant manner rode forth theſe Hunters to their Princely Paſtimes, where after they had ridden ſome ſix miles from the City of London, there fell from S. George's noſe thrée drops of purple blood, whereat hée ſuddenly ſtarted, and therewithall he heard the croaking of a Flight of Night Rauens, that houered by the Foreſts ſide, all which he iudged to bée diſmall ſignes of ſome enſuing Stratagem: but hauing a Princely minde, he was nothing diſcouraged thereat, nor little miſtruſted the wofull accident that after happ'ned, but with a Noble Reſolution entered the Foreſt, accounting ſuch Fore-telling Tokens for Old Wiues Ceremonies, wherein they had not paſſed the compaſſe of half a mile, but they Started a Wilde and ſwift Stagge, at whom they uncoupled their Houuds, and gaue Bridle to their Horſes, and followed the Game more ſwifter than Pyrates purſue the Merchants Ships upon the Seas: But now behold how frowning Fortune changed their pleaſant Paſtime to a ſad and bloody Tragedy: for Sabra proſtering to kéep pace with them, delighted to behold the valiant Encounters of her young Sons, and being careleſſe of her ſelf, through the ouer-ſwiftneſſe of her Stéed, ſhée ſlipped beſide her Saddle, and ſo fell directly upon a Thorny Brake of Brambles, the pricks whereof (more sharp than Spikes of Iron,) entred to euery part of her delicate body: Some piereed the louely Cloſets of her Starre bright eyes, whereby (in ſtead of Chriſtall pearled teares there iſſued drops of pureſt blood: her face before that bluſhed like the Mornings radiant countenance, was now changed into a Crimſon red: her milk white hands that lately ſtrained the Iuory Lute, did ſéem to wear a

bloody

blody Scarlet Glove: and her tender Paps that had often fed her Sons with the Milk of Nature, were all be-rent and torne with those accursed Brambles: from whose deep wounds there issued such a stream of purple gore, that it converted the grasse from a lively Green to a Crimson hue, and the abundance of blood that trickled from her breast, began to enforce her soul to give the World a wofull farewell. Yet notwithstanding, when her beloved Lord, her sorrowfull Sons, and all the rest of the wofull Champions, had washed her wounded body with a spring of teares, and when shée perceived that shée must of force commit her life to the fury of imperious death, she breathed forth this dying Exhortation.

Deare Lord (said shée) in this unhappy Hunting must you lose the Truest wife that ever lay by any Princes side: yet mourne not you, nor grieve you my Sons, nor you brave Christian Knights, but let your Warlike Drums convey mée royally to my Tombe, that all the World may write in Brazen Books, how I have followed my Lord (the Pride of Christendome) through many a Bloodie Field, and for his sake have left my Parents, Friends, and Countrey, and have Travelled with him through many a dangerous Kingdom: but now the cruell Fates have wrought their latest spite, and finished my life, because I am not able to perform what Love hée hath deserved of me. And now to you my Sons, this blessing do I leave behinde: even by the Paines that fourty Weeks I once endured for your sakes, when as you lay enclosed in my Wombe, and by my Travels in the Wildernesse, whereas my grones upon your birth Day did (in my thinking) cause both Trées and Stones to drop down teares, when as the mercilesse Tygers and tameless Lyons did stand like gentle Lambs, and mourned to hear my Lamentations, and by a Mothers love that ever since I have borne you, imitate and follow your Father in all his Honourable Attempts, harm not the silly Infant, nor the helpelesse Widdow, defend the Honour of distressed Ladies, and give frely unto wounded Souldiers, seek not to staine the unspotted Virgins with your Lusts, and Adventure evermore to Redéeme True Knights from captivity: like ever professed Enemies

to Paganism, and spend your lives in the quarrell and defence of Christ, that Babes (as yet unborn) in time to come may speak of you, and record you in the Books of Fame to be true Christian Champions. This is my Blessing, and this is the Testament I leave behind: for now I feele the chilnesse of pale Death closing the closets of mine eys: Farewell vaine World, deere Lord farewell, sweet Sonnes you famous followers of my George, and all true Christian Knights, adiew.

These words were no sooner ended, but with a heavie sigh shee yeelded up the Ghost: whereat Saint George (being impacient in his sorrowes) fell upon her lifelesse body, rending his hairs, and tearing his Hunters Attyre from his back into many peeces: and at last when his griefes were some what diminished, hee burst out into these bitter lamentations.

Gone is the Starre (said hee) that lightned all the Northern World, withered is the Rose that beautified our Christian Fields, dead is the Dame that for her beauty stayned all Christian Women: for whom I'le fill the Ayre with everlasting moans: Let this day henceforth bee fatall to all times, and counted for a dismall day of Death. Let never the Sunne shew forth his Beames thereon againe, but Clouds as black as pitch, cover the Earth with fearefull darknesse. Let every Tree in this accursed Forrest, henceforth bee blasted with unkindly Winds: Let Brambles, Hearbs, and Flowers consume and wither: let Grasse and blooming buds perish and decay, and all things neare the place where shee was slaine bee turned to a dismall, black, and gastly colour, that the Earth it selfe in mourning Garments may lament her losse. Let never Bird sing cheerefully on tops of Trees, but like the mournfull musick of the Nightingale, fill all the Ayre with fatall tunes: let bubling Rivers murmur for her losse, and silver Swans that swim thereon sing dolefull Melody: let all the Dales belonging to these fatall Woods bee covered with green bellyed Serpents, croaking Toads, hissing Snakes, and sight killing Cockatrices: in blasted Trees, let fearefull Ravens shrike, let Howlets cry, and Crickets sing, that after this it may bee called a place of dead mens wandring

Ghosts.

Ghosts. But fond Wretch, why do I thus lament in vain, and bathe her bleeding body with my teares, when griefe by no meanes will recall her life? Yet this shall satisfie her soule, for I will goe a Pilgrimage unto Ierusalem, and offer up my teares to Jesus Christ upon his blessed Sepulchre, by which my stayned soule may bee washt from this bloody guilt, which was the causer of this sorrowfull dayes mishap.

These sorrowfull words were no sooner ended, but hee took her bleeding limbs betweene his fainting Armes, and gave a hundred kisses upon her dying coloured lips, retaining yet the colour of Alablaster new washt in Purple blood, and in this extasie a while lying, gave way to others to unfold their woes.

But his Sonnes whose sorrowes were as great as his, protested never to neglect one day, but daily to weep some teares upon their Mothers Grave, till from the Earth did spring some mornfull Flower, to beare remembrance of her death, as did the Violet that sprung from chast Adonis blood, where Venus wept to see him slaine. Likewise the other six Champions (that all the time of their lamentactions stood like men drowned in the depth of sorrow) began now a little to recover themselves, and after protested by the honour of true Knight-hood, and by the Spurre and golden Garter of Saint George's Legge, to accompany him unto the holy Land bare foted, without either hose or shoe, only clad in russet Gaberdines, like the usuall Pilgrims of the World, and never to return till they had payd their Vowes at that blessed Sepulchre,

Thus in this sorrowfull manner wearied they the time away, filling the Woods with Echoes of their lamentactions, and recording their dolours to the whistling Winds: but at last when black Night beganne to approach, and with her sable Mantle to over spread the Chrystall Firmament, they retired with her dead body, back to the City of London, where the report of this Tragicall accident, drowned their friends in a Sea of sorrow: for the newes of her timelesse death was no sooner bruited abroad, but the

same

same caused both old and young to lament the losse of so sweet a Ladie. The Silver headed age, that had wont in Scarlet Gownes to meet in Counsell, sate now at home in discontented Griefs: the gallant Youth, and comely Virgins that had wont to beautifie the Streets with costly Garments, went droping up and down in Black and mournfull Vestures: and those remorselesse hearts that seldome were oppressed with Sorrow, now constrained their eyes, like Fountains, to Distill a Flood of brinish and pearly teares.

This generall grief of the Citizens continued for the space of thirty dayes; at the end whereof, Saint George with his Sons and the other Champions interred her Body very Honourably, and erected over the same a Rich and costly Monument (in Sumptuous State like the Tombe of Mausolus, which was called one of the Wonders of the World, or like to the Pyramides of Greece, which was a staine to all Architects) for thereon was portrayed the Queen of Chastity with her Maidens, Bathing themselves in a Chrystall Fountaine, as a witnesse of her Wonderous Chastity, against the lustfull assailments of all lacivious Attempts.

Thereon was also most lively pictured a Turtle-Dove sitting upon a Tree of Gold, in signe of the true love that shee bore to her betrothed Husband.

Also a Silver coloured Swan Swimming upon a Chrystall River, as a token of her Beauty: for as ỳ Swan excelleth all other Fowls in whitnesse, so shee excelled all the Ladies in the World for Beauty.

I leave to speak of the curious workmanship of the Pinacles that were framed all of the purest Jeat, pummelled with Silver and Jasper Stones: Also I omit the Pendants of Gold, the Scutchions of Princes, and the Armes of Countreys that beautified her Tombe, the Discourse whereof requires an Orators Eloquence or a Pen of Gold dipt in the dew of Helicon, flowing from Parnassus Hill, whereas the Muses do inhabit. Her Statue or Picture was carved cunningly in Alablaster, and laid as it were upon a Pillow of Green Silk, like to Pigmalions Ivory Image, and directly

ly over the same hung a silver Tablet whereon in Letters of gold was this Epitaph written:

Here lies the wonder of this worldly Age,
For beauty, wit, and Princely Majesty,
Whom spitefull death in his imperious rage,
Procur'd to fall through ruthlesse cruelty.
For as she sported in a fragrant Wood,
Upon a thorney Brake she spilt her blood.

Let Ladies faire and Princes of great might,
With silver pearled teares bedew this Tombe,
Accuse the fatall Sisters of despight,
For blasting thus the pride of natures bloome:
For here she sleeps within this earthly grave,
Whose worth deserves a golden Tombe to have

Seven yeares she kept her pure Virginity;
In absence of her true betrothed Knight,
When many did pursue her chastity,
Whilst he remaind in Prison day and night:
But yet wee see that things of purest prize,
Forsake the Earth to dwell above the Skies.

Ladies, come mourn with dolefull melody.
And make this Monument your setled Bower:
Here shed your brackish teares eternally,
Lament both year, month, week, day, houre:
For here she rests whose like can ne'er be found,
Here Beauties pride lies buried in the ground:

Her wounded heart that yet doth freshly bleed,
Hath caus'd seven Knights a journey far to take,
To faire *Ierusalem*, in Pilgrims weed,
The fury of her angry Ghost to slake:
Because their silvane sports was chiefest guilt.
And only cause her blood was timelesse spilt.

Thus after the Tombe was erected, and the Epitaph engraven on a silver Table, and all things performed according to Saint George's direction, he left his Sonnes in the City of London, under the Government of the English King: and in company of the other six Champions, he took his journey towards Ierusalem.

They were Attyred after the manner of Pilgrims, in russet Gaberdines downe to their feet, in their hands they bore staves of Ebon wood tipt at the ends with Silver, the pikes whereof were of the strongest Lydian Steel, of such a sharpnesse, that they were able to pierce a Target of Tortoys Shell: upon their breasts hung Crosses of Crimson Silk, to signifie they were Christian Pilgrims, travelling to the Sepulchre of Christ.

In this manner set they forward from England in the Spring time of the yeare, when Flora had beautified the Earth with Natures Tapestry, and made their Passages as pleasant as the Gardens of Hesperides, adorned with all kind of odoriferous Flowers. When as they crossed the Seas, the silver waves seemed to lie as smoth as Chrystall Ice, and the Dolphins to dance above the waters, as a signe of a prosperous journey. In travelling by Land, the wayes seemed so short and easie, and the chirping melody of Birds made them such musick as they passed, that in a short season they arrived beyond the Borders of Christendom, and had entred the Confines of Affrica,

There were they forced instead of Downy Beds, nightly to rest their weary Limbes upon heaps of Sunne-burnt Mosse: and instead of silken Curtaines and curious Canopies, they had the Clouds of Heaven to cover them. Now their naked Leggs & bare Feet, that had wont to stride the

stately Steeds, and to trample in Fields of Pagans blood, were forced to climbe the craggy Mountaines, and to endure the torments of pricking Briers, as they travelled through the desart places and comfortlesse solitary Wildernesses.

Many were the dangers that hapned to them in their tourney, before they arrived in Iudea, Princely their Atchievements, and most honourable their Adventures: which for this time I passe over, leaving the Champions for a time in their Travell towards the Sepulchre of Christ, and speak what hapned to Saint George's three Sons in visiting their Mothers Tombe in the City of London.

CHAP. II.

Of the ſtrange Gifts that Saint *George's* Sons offered at their Mothers Tomb, & what hapned thereupon: how her Ghoſt appeared to them, and counſelled them to the purſute of their Father: alſo how the King of *England* Inſtalled them with the honour of Knight-hood, and furniſhed them with Habiliments of Warre.

The ſwift footed Stéeds of Titans fiery Carre had almoſt finiſhed a yeer, ſince Sabra's Funerall was ſolemnized: in which time S. George's thrée Sons had viſited their Mothers Tomb oftner than were dayes in the yeare, and had ſhed more ſorrowful tears theron in remembrance of her love, than are Stars in the glittering Horizon: but at laſt theſe thrée young Princes fell at a civill Diſcord and mortall Strife, which of them ſhould beare the trueſt love unto their Mothers dead body, and which of them ſhould be held in greateſt eſteem. For before many dayes were expired, they concluded to offer up their ſeverall Devotions at her Tombe: and hee that deviſed a Gift of the rareſt Price and of the ſtrangeſt quality, ſhould be held worthy of the greateſt Honour, and accounted the nobleſt of them all. This determination was ſpéedily performed, and in ſo ſhort a time accompliſhed, that it is wonderfull to Diſcourſe.

The firſt thinking to exceéd his Brothers in the ſtrangeneſſe of his Gift, made repaire unto a cunning Enchantreſſe,

tresse, which had her abiding in a secret Cave adioyning to the City, whom hee procured (through many rich Gifts and large promises) by Art to devise a means to get the Honour from his Brethren, and to give a Gift of that strange nature, that all the World might wonder at the report thereof.

The Enchantresse (being wonne with his promises) by Art and Magick Spels, devised a Garland contayning all the diversity of Flowrs that ever grew in Earthly Gardens and though it were then in the dead time of Winter, when as the silver Isikles had disrobed both Hearbs and Flowers of their Beauties, & the Northern Snow lay freezing on the Mountaine tops, yet was this Garland contrived after the fashion of a rich Imperiall Crown, with as many severall flowers as ever Flora placed upon the Downs of rich Arcadia: in diversity of colours like the glistring Raine-Bow, when it shineth in greatest pride: and casting such an odoriferous sent and savour, as though the Heavens had rained down showers of Camphire, Bisse, or sweet smelling Amber-Grece.

This rare and excelling Garland was no sooner framed by Enchantment, and delivered into his hands, but hee left the Enchantresse sitting in her Ebon Chaire upon a block of Steele (practising her fatall Arts,) with her haire hanging about her shoulders, like wreathes of Snakes or invenomed Serpents: and so returned to his Mothers Tombe, where he hung it upon a Pillar of Silver that was placed in the middle of the Monument.

The second Brother also repaired to his Mothers Tombe, and brought in his hand an Ivory Lute, whereon hee plaid such inspiring melody, that it seemed like the harmony of Angels, or the celestiall Musick of Apollo when hee descended Heaven for the love of Daphne, whom hee turned into a Bay Tree. The Musick being finished, hee tied his Lute in a Damask Scarfe, and with great humility hee hung it at the West end of the Tombe upon a knob of Jasper Stone.

Lastly, the third Brother likewise repaired with no outward devotion or worldly Gift: but clad in a Vesture of white Silk, bearing in his hand an instrument of death, like an in-

nocent Lambe going to Sacrifice, or one ready to be offered up for the Love of his Mothers soul.

This strange manner of Repair, caused his other Brothers to stand attentively, and with diligent Eyes to behold his purpose.

First, after he had (submissively, and with great humility) let fall a showre of silver Teares from the Cisternes of his Eyes, in remembrance of his Mothers timelesse Tragedie, hee prickt his naked Breast with a silver Bodkin, the which hée brought in his hand, from whence there trickled down some thirty drops of Blood, which hée after offered up to his Mothers Tombe in a Silver Bason, as an evident signe that there could be nothing more dear, nor of more precious price, than to offer up his own Blood for her Love. This Ceremonious gift caused his two other Brothers to swell in hatred like two chased Lyons, and run with Fury upon him, intending to catch him by the hair of the Head, and to dragge him round about their Mothers Tombe, till his Braines were dashed against the Marble Pavement, and his blood sprinkled upon her Grave: but this wicked Enterprise moved the Majesty of Heaven, that ere they could accomplish their intents, or stain their hands with his Blood, they heard (as it were) the noyse of Dead mens bones rattling in the Ground, whereupon (looking fearfully about them) the Tombe seemed of it self to open, and thereupon to appear a most Terrible and Gastly Shape, pale, like unto Ashes, in Countenance resembling their Mother, with her breast besmeared in Blood, and her Body wounded with a number of Scarres, and so with a dismall and rufull Look shée spake unto her desperate Sonnes in this manner:

Oh you degenerate from Natures kinde! why do you séek to make a Murther of your selves? can you indure to sée my body rent in twain, my Heart split in sunder, and my Wombe dismembred? Abate this Fury, stain not your Hands with your own Bloods, nor make my Tombe a Spectacle of more Death. Unite your selves in Concord that my discontented Soul may sléep in Peace, and never more be troubled with your unbridled Humour. Make haste I say, Arm your selves in Stéeled Corslets, and follow your

Valiant

Valiant Father to Ierusalem, he is there in Danger, and distresse of Life; away I say, or else my angry Ghost shall never leave this World, but haunt you up and downe with Gastly Visions.

This being said, she vanished from their sight, into the brittle Ayre, whereat for a time they stood amazed, and almost distraught of wits, through the terrours of her words: but at last recovering their former Senses, they all vowed a continuall Unity, and never to proffer the like Injury again but to live in Brotherly Concord, till the Dissolution of their Earthly Bodies.

So in haste they went unto the King: and certified him of all things that had happened: and falling upon their Knees before his Majesty, requested at his Hands the Honour of Knighthood, with Leave to depart in pursuit of their Father and the other Champions that were fallen into great Distresse.

The King purposing to accomplish their Desires, and to fulfill their Requests, presently condiscended, and not onely gave them the Honour of Knighthood, but furnished them with Rich Habiliments of War, answerable to their Magnanimous Mindes. Furst, hee frankly bestowed upon them three Stately Palfreyes, bred upon ỳ bright Mountaines of Sardinia, in Colour of an Iron Gray, Beautified with Silver Hayres, & in pace swifter than the Spanish Jennets, (which are a kinde of Horse ingendred by the Winds upon the Alpes, certaine cragged Mountains that divide the Kingdomes of Italy and Germany) for boldnesse and Courage like to Bucephalus the Horse of Alexander the Macedonian, or Cæsars Steed, that never danted in the Field: and they were trapped with rich trappings of Gold after ỳ Morocco fashion, with Sadeles framed like unto Iron Chaires with backs of Steel, & their Foreheads were beautified with Spangled Plumes of Purple Feathers, whereon hung many Golden Pendants: the King likewise bestowed upon them three costly Swords wrought of purest Lybian Steel, with Lances bound about with Plates of Brasse, at ỳ tops whereof hung silken Streamers beautified with the English Crosse being the Crimson badge of Knighthood, & Honour of Adventurous Champions: Thus in this Royall manner rode these

three

thzée young Knights from the City of London in company of the King with a Traine of Knights and gallant Gentlemen conducting them to the Sea-side, where they left the young Knights to their future fortunes, and returned back to the English Court.

Now are Saint George's Sons floating on the Seas, making their first Adventures in the World, that after-Ages might applaud their Atchievements, and enr oll their Fames in the Records of Honour. Fate prosper them successefully, and gentle Fortune smile upon their Travels, for thzée braver Knights did never crosse the Seas, nor make their Adventures into strange Countreys.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How Saint *George's* Sons after they were Knighted by the English King, travelled toward *Barbary*, and how they redeemed the Dukes Daughter of *Normandy* from Ravishent, that was assayled in a Wood by three Tawny *Moores*: and also of the Tragicall tale of the Virgins strange miseries, with other accidents.

MAny dayes had not these three Magnanimous Knights endured the danger of the swelling Waves, but with a prosperus and successefull Wind, they arrived upon the Territories of France: where being nosoner safely set on shore, but they bountifully rewarded their Marriners, and betook themselves fully to their intended Travels.

Now began their costly trapped Steeds to pace it like the scudding Windes, and with their Warlike Hoves to thunder on the beaten Passages: now began true Honour to flourish in their Princely breasts, and the renown of their Fathers Atchievements to encourage their desires. Although tender youth sate but budding on their cheeks, yet portly man-hood triumpht in their hearts: and although their childish armes as yet never tryed the painfull Adventures of Knight hood: yet bore they high and Princely cogitations in as great estæm as when their Father slue the burning Dragon in Egypt, for preservation of their Mothers life.

Thus travelled they to the further part of the Kingdom of France (guided onely by the direction of Fortune) without any Adventure worth the noting, till at last riding thorow a mighty Forrest standing on the Borders of Lutsinia, they heard (afarre off as it were) the rufull Cries of a distressed Woman: which in this manner filled the Ayre with the Ecchs of her moanes.

Oh Heavens (said shée) be kinde and pitifull unto a Maiden in distresse, and send some happy Passengers that may deliver me from these Inhumane Monsters.

This woefull and unexpected Noyse, caused the Knights to alight from their Horses, and to sée the Event of this Accident. So after they had tyed their Stéeds to the Body of a Pine-Trée, by the Reines of their Bridles, they walked on foot into the thickest of the Forrest with their weapons drawn, ready to withstand any Allayment whatsoever: and as they drew neer to the distressed Virgin, they heard her breathe forth this pity-moving Lamentacion, the second time.

Come, come, some Courteous Knight, or else I must forgoe that Precious Jewell, which all the World can never again recover.

These words caused them to make the more spéed, and to runne the neerest way for the Maidens succour, Whereapproaching her presence, they found her tyed by the Locks of her own hair to the Trunk of an Orange Trée, and three Cruell and inhumane Negroes standing ready to dispoyle her of her pure and undefiled Chastity, and with their Lusts to blast the blooming Bud of her dear and unspotted Virginity.

But when Saint George's Sons beheld her Lovely Countenance besmeared in Dust, that before séemed to be as beautifull as Roses in Milk, and her Christall Eyes (the perfect Patterns of Bashfulnesse) imbrued in Flouds of Teares, at one instant they ran upon the Negroes, and sheathed their angry weapons in their loathsome Bowels: the Leachers being slain, their Bloods sprinkled about the Forrest, and their Bodies cast out as a Prey for Ravenous Beasts to féed on, they unbound the Maiden, and like Courteous Knights demanded the Cause of her Captivity, and by what meanes she came into that solitary Forrest: Most

Noble

Noble Knights (quoth shée,) and true Renowned men at Armes, to tell the cause of my passed misery, were a prick unto my Soul, for the Discourse thereof will burst my Heart with Grief; but considering your Nobilities, the which I doe perceive by your Princely behaviour, and your kinde Courtesies extended towards me, being a Virgin in Distresse, under the hands of these lustfull Negroes whom you have luckily murthered, shall so much imbolden mée, though unto my hearts great Griefe, to discourse the first Cause of my miserable Fortune.

My Father (quoth shée) whilst Gentle Fortune smiled upon him, was a Duke, and sole Commander of the State of Normandy, a Countrey now situated in the Kingdome of France, whose Lands and Revenues in his Prosperity was so great, that he continually kept as Statly a Train, both of Knights and gallant Gentlemen, as any Prince in Europe: whereat the King of France greatly envyed, and by Bloody Wars deposed my Father from his Princely Dignity, who for Safegard of his life, in company of me his onely Heire and Daughter, betook us to these solitary Woods, where ever since wée have secretly remained in a poore Cell or Hermitage, the which by our industrious Paines hath bèen builded with Plants of Vines and Oaken Boughs, and covered over-head with clods of Earth, and Turfs of Grasse: seven yéeres wée have continued in great Extremities, sustaining our Hungers with the Fruits of Trées, and quenching of our Thirsts with the Dew of Heaven, falling Nightly upon fragrant Flowers: and here in stead of Princely Attire, Imbroidered Garments, and Damask Vestures, we have bèen constrained to cloath our selves with Flowers, the which we have painfully woven up together.

Here in stead of Musick, that wont each Morning to delight our Eares, we have the whistling Windes resounding in the Woods: our Clocks to tell the minutes of the wandring Nights, are Snakes and Toads that sleep in rots of rotten Trees: our Canopies to cover us, are not wrought of Median Silk, the which Indian Virgins weave upon their Silver Loombs, but the Sable Clouds of Heaven, when as the chéerfull day hath closed her christall windows up.

Thus in this manner continued wée in this solitary Wilderneſſe, making both Birds and Beaſts our chiefe Companions, till theſe mercileſſe Tawny Moores (whoſe hatefull Breaſts you have made to water the parched Earth with Streames of Blood) who as you ſée came into our Cell, or ſimple Cabbinet, thinking to have found ſome ſtore of Treaſure. But caſting their gazing Eyes upon my Beauty, they were preſently enchanted with luſtfull Deſires onely to crop the ſweet bud of my Virginity. Then with Furious and Diſmall Countenances, more black than the Sable Garments of ſad Melpomine, when ſhée mournfully writes of bloody Tragedies, and with Hearts more Cruel than was Neroes the Tyrannous Romane Emperour, when he beheld the Entrailes of his Naturall Mother laid open by his inhumane and mercileſſe Commandement, or when hée ſtood upon the higheſt top of a mighty Mountain, to ſée that Famous and Imperiall City of Rome ſet on Fire by the remorſeleſſe Hands of his unrelenting Miniſters, that added unhallowed Flames to his unholy Furies.

In this kinde I ſay theſe Mercileſſe and Wicked minded Negroes with Violent Hands took my Aged Father, and moſt cruelly bound him to the blaſted Body of a withered Oak, ſtanding before the Entry of his Cell: where neither the Reverend Honour of his Silver Haires, glittering like the frozen Icikles upon the Northern Mountaines, nor the ſtrained Sighes of his Breaſt, wherein the Pledge of Wiſdome was Inhabitized, nor all my Teares, or Exclamations could any whit abate their Cruelties, but (grim Dogs of Barbary) they left my Father faſt bound unto the Tree, and like Egregious Vipers took me by the Trammells of my Golden Haire, dragging me like a ſilly Lamb unto this ſlaughtering Place, intending to ſatisfie their Luſts, with the Flower of my Chaſtity.

Being uſed thus, I made my humble Supplication to the Higheſt Maieſty, to be revenged upon their Cruelties: I repented to them the Rewards of bloody Raviſhments by the Example of Tereus ſometime King of Thrace, and his Furious wife, that in Revenge of her Siſters raviſhment, cauſed her Husband to eat the Fleſh of his own Sonne. Likewiſe (to preſerve my undefiled Honour) I told them that for the

Rape

Rape of Lucrece the Roman Matron, Tarquinius and his whole name was for ever banished out of Rome: with many other examples: thus like the Nightingale, recorded I nothing but Rape and Murther.

Yet neither the feares of Heaven, nor the terrible threats of Hell, could mollifie their bloody minds: but they protested to persevere in that wickednesse, and vowed that if all the leaves of the Trees that grew within the Wood were turned into Indian Pearle, and that place made as wealthy as the golden Streames of Pactolus, where Midas washt his golden Wish away, yet should they not redeeme my Chastity from the staine of their insatiable and lustfull desires.

This being said, they bound mee with the trammels of mine owne haire to this Orange Tree, and at the very instant they proffered to defile my unspotted body, you happily approached, and not only redeemed mee from their tyrannous desires, but quit the World from three of the wickedest creatures that ever Nature framed. For which (most Noble and invincible Knights) if ever Virgins Prayers may prevaile, humbly will I make my Supplications to the Deities that you may prove as valiant Champions as ever put on Helmet, and that your Fames may ring to every Princes eare, as farre as bright Hyperion doth shew his golden face.

This Tragicall Tale was no sooner ended, but the three Knights (with remorsefull hearts sobbing with sighes) imbraced the sorrowfull Maiden betwixt their Armes, and earnestly requested her to conduct them unto the place whereas she left her Father bound unto the withered Oak. To which she willingly consented, and thanked them highly for their kindnesse: but before they approached to the old mans presence, what for the griefe of his banishment, and the violent usage of his Daughter, hee was forced to yeild up his miserable life to the mercy of unavoydable death.

When Saint George's valiant Sonnes (in company of this sorrowfull Maiden) came to the Tree, and (contrary to their expectations) found her Father cold and stiffe, devoyd of sense and feeling, also his hands and face covered with greene Mosse, which they supposed to bee done by the

Robin Red-breast, and other little Birds, who doe use naturally to cover the bare parts of any body that they finde dead in the Field, they all fell into a new confused extremity of griefe.

But especially his Daughter, having lost all joy and comfort in this World, made both Heaven and Earth resound with her exceeding Lamentacions, and mourned without comfort, like weeping Noibe, that was turned into a Rock of Stone, lamenting for the losse of her Children: thus when the three yonng Knights perceived the comfortlesse sorrow of the Virgin, and how shee had vowed never to depart from those solitary Groves, but to spend the remnant of her Dayes in company of her Fathers dead body, they courteously assisted her to Bury him under a Chesnut-Tree, where they left her behind them bathing his senseless Grave with her teares, and returned back to their Horses, where they left them at the entry of the Forrest tyed to a lofty Pine, and so departed on their iourney.

Where wee will leave them for a time and speak of the seven Champions of Christendome, that were gone on Pilgrimage to the City of Ierusalem, and what strange Adventures hapned to them in their Travel.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Adventures of the Golden Fountain in *Damasco*: how six of the Christian Champions were taken Prisoners by a mighty Gyant, and how after they were delivered by S. *George*: and also how he redeemed fourteen Jewes out of Prison: with divers other strange accidents that hapned.

Let us now speak of the favourable clemency that smiling Fortune shewed to the Christian Champions in their Travels to Ierusalem. For after they were departed from England, and had tourneyed in their Pilgrims Attyre through many strange Countreys, at last they arrived upon the Confines of Damasco, which is a Countrey not onely beautified with sumptuous and costly Buildings, framed by the curious Architecture of mans device, but also furnished with all the precious gifts that nature in her greatest liberality could bestow.

In this fruitfull Dominion long time the Christian Champions rested their weary steps, and made their abode in the house of a rich and courteous Jew, a man that spent his wealth chiefly for the succour and comfort of Travellers, and wandring Pilgrims: his House was not curiously erected up of Carved Timber-work, but framed with Quarries of Blew Stones, and supported by many stately Pillars of the purest Marble: the Gates and Entry of his House

Houſe were continually kept open, in ſigne of his bountifull minde: ouer the Portall thereof did hang a brazen Table, whereon was moſt curiouſly engraven the Picture of Ceres the Goddeſſe of Plenty, dekt with Garlands of Wheat, Wreathes of Olives, bunches of Vines, and with all manner of fruitfull things: the Chamber wherein theſe Champions took their nightly repoſes and Golden Sleeps, was garniſhed with as many Windowes of Chryſtall glaſſe, as there were dayes in the yeer, and the Walls painted with as many Stories as were yéers ſince the World Creation: it was likewiſe built four ſquare, after the manner of the Pyramides in Greece, at the Eaſt end thereof was moſt liuely portrayed, bright Phœbus riſing from Auroraes Golden Bed, with a glittering countenance diſtayning the Element for her departure. At the Weſt-ſide was likewiſe portrayed how Thetis tripped upon the Siluer Sands when as Hiperions Carre driues to the watrey Ocean, and takes his nights repoſe upon his Lobers Boſom: on the North ſide was painted high Mountains of Snow, whoſe tops did ſeem to reach the Clouds, and mighty Woods ouer-hung with Siluer-Iſikles, which is the nature of the Northerne Climate.

Laſtly, upon the Weſt-ſide of the Chamber, ſate the God of the Seas, riding upon a Dolphins back, a Troop of Mer-maids following him, with their Golden trammels floating upon the ſiluer Waues, there the Trytons ſéemed to dance about the Chryſtall Streames: with a number of other ſilver ſcaled Fiſhes that made it ſéeme delightfull for pleaſure.

Ouer the Roof of the Chamber was moſt perfectly portrayed the four Ages of the World, which ſéemed to ouerhang the reſt of the curious works.

Firſt, the Golden Age was Pendant ouer the Eaſt: the ſecond being the Siluer (a Mettle somewhat baſer) ſéemed to ouerſpread the freezing North. The third which was the Brazen Age, beautified the Weſtern Parts: The fourth and laſt of all being of Iron, (the very baſeſt of them all) ſéemed to bée fired toward the Southerne Climate.

Thus in this curious Chamber reſted theſe wearie

Champions

Champions a long season, where their food was not delicious, but wholesome, and their services not curious, but comely: answerable to the brave minds of such Heroycall Champions as they were: the courteous Jew their friendly Host, whom Nature had honoured with seven comely Sonnes, daily kept them company, and not only shewed them the curiosities of his Habitation, but also described the pleasant situation of his countrey, how the Towns and Cities were adorned with all manner of delights, whereby they seemed like the imperial Palaces of Iove, where are heard most delightfull Harmonies, and the pleasant Fields and flourishing Medowes so beautified with Natures gladsome ornaments, that they seemed for pleasure to exceed the Pallace of the great Turk, or any other Potentate whatsoever in the World.

Some dayes were spent away in this manner to the exceeding great pleasure of the Christian Knights, and evermore when the dark night approached, and the wonted time of sleep summoned them to their silent and quiet rests, the Jewes Children, being seven as brave and comely Boyes as ever Dame Nature framed, filled the seven Champions eares, with such sweet and delicate Melodies, gently strained from their Ivory Lutes, that not Arion (when all the art of sweet Musick consented with his tune, voice, and hand, when hee won favour of the Dolphin, being forsaken of men) was comparable thereto: whereby the Christian Champions were Inchanted with such delights that their sleepes seemed to bee as pleasant as was the sweet joyes of Elizium.

But upon a time, after the courteous Jew had intelligence how they were Christian Knights, and such admired Martiall Champions, whom Fame had canonized to bee the wonders of the World for Martiall Discipline and Knightly Adventures: and finding a fit opportunity as he walked in their companies, upon an evening under an Arbour of Vine-branches, he revealed to them the secrets of his Soul, and the cause of his so sad and solitary dwelling.

So standing bare headed in the middle of the Champions, with his white haire hanging down to his shoulders, in colour like the Silver Swanne, and softer than the

Down of Thistles, or Median Silke untwisted, hée beganne with a sober countenance and gallant demeannour to speake as followeth.

I am sure (quoth hee) you invincible Knights, that yée marvell at my solitary course of living, and that you greatly muse wherefore I exempt my self from the company of worldlings, except my seven Sons, whose sights bee my chiefe comfort, and the only prolongers of my life. Therefore prepare your eares to entertain the strangest Discourse that ever tongue pronounced, or ever wearied old man in the heigth of his extremity delivered.

I was in my former yéers (whilst Fortune smiled upon my happinesse) the principall commander and chiefe owner of a certain Fountain, of such wonderfull and precious vertue, that it was valued to bée worth the Kingdom of India: the water thereof was so strange in the operation, that in four and twenty houres it would convert any Mettall, as of Brasse, Copper, Iron, Lead, or Tinne, into rich refined Gold: the Stony Flint it would turn into pure Silver, and any kinde of earth into excellent mettall. By the vertue whereof, I have made the leaves of Trées a flourishing Forrest of riches, and the blades of grasse valuable to the Jewels that bée found in the Countrey of America.

The vertue whereof was no sooner bruited through the World, but it caused many forreign Knights to try the Adventure, and by force of Armes to bereave me of the honour of this Fountain.

But at that time nature graced me with one and twenty Sons, whereof seven bée yet living, and the only comfort of my age: but the other fourteen (whom frowning Fortune hath bereaved me of) many a day by their valiant prowesse and matchlesse fortitudes defended the Fountain from many great and furious assaylers: for there was no Knight in all the World that was found so hardy or of such invincible courage, that if they but once attempted to encounter with any of my valiant Sons, they were either taken prisoners, or slain in the combat.

The fame of their valours, and the riches of the Fountain rung through many strange Countreys, and lastly, came to the eares of furious Gyant, dwelling upon the

the borders of Arabia: who at the report thereof came armed with his Steely Coat, with a mighty Bat of Iron on his neck, like to furious Hercules that burst the Brazen Gates of Cerberus, and bore the mighty Mountan Atlas upon his shoulders: hée was the Conquerour of my Sons, and the first causer of my sudden downfall. But when I thus had intelligence of the overthrow of fourtéen of my Sons, and that hée had made Conquest of my wealthy Fountain, I with the rest of my children, thinking all hope of recovery to bée past, betook our selves to this solitary course of life, where ever since in this Mansion or Hermitage we have made our abode and residence, spending our wealth to the releéfe of travelling Knights, and wandring Pilgrims: hoping once again that smiling Fortune would advance us to some better hap: and to be plain, right worthy Champions, since then my hope was never at the heigth of full perfection till this présent time, wherein your Excellent Présences almost assure me that the hideous Monster shall be Conquered, my Fountain restored, and my Sons deaths (for dead sure they are) revenged.

The Champions with great admiracion gave ear to the strange Discourse of this Reverend Jew, and intended in requitall of his extraordinary kindnesse to undertake this Adventure. And the more to encourage the other, Saint George began in this maner to utter his minde, speaking both to the Jew their Host, and his Valiant fellow Champions.

I have not without great wonder (most reverend and courteous Old Man) heard the strange Discourse of thy admirable Fountaine, and do not a little lament that one of so kinde and Liberall a Disposicion should be dispossessed of such exceéding riches, neither am I lesse sorry, that so inhumane a Monster and knowen enemy to all Courtesie and Kindenesse should have the fruition of so exceéding great Treasure: for to the Wicked, Wealth is the cause of their more wickednesse.

But that which most grieveth me, is: that having had so many valiant Knights to thy Sons, they all were so unfortunate to fall into the hands of that Relentlesse Monster. But bée comforted, kinde Old man, for I hope by the Power of my Maker, we were directed hither to punish that hatefull

Gyant, revenge the iniuries offered to thine age, satisfie, with his death, the death of thy Children, if they bée dead, and restore to thy Bounteous Possession that Admirable Rich Fountain againe.

And now to you my valiant Champions I speak, that with me through many dangers have Adventured: let us Couragiously attempt this rare Adventure, wherein such Honour to our Names, such Happinesse to our friends, such Glory to God consists, in recovering Right to the Wronged, and punishing rightfully the wrongers of the oppressed. And that there be no contention among us who shall begin this Adventure, for I know all of you thirst after Honour, therefore let Lots be made, and to whomsoever the chief Lot falleth let him be formost in assaying the Gyant, and so good Fortune be our Guides.

The exceeding ioy which the Old Iew conceived at the speeches of Saint George, had nere hand bereft him of the use of sense, for above measure was he over ioyed. But at length, recovering use of speech, he thus thankfully brake forth.

How infinitely I finde my self bound unto you, you Famous and undoubted Christian Champions, all my ableneſſe is not able to expresse: onely thankfulneſſe from the depth of a true heart shall to you be rendred.

The Champions without more words disrobing themselves from their Pilgrims attire, every one selected forth an Armour fitting to their Portly Bodies, then ready in the Iewes house, and in stead of their Ebon Staves, tipt with Silver, they wielded in their hands steeled blades, and their feet that had wont to indure a painefull Pilgrimage upon the bare ground, were now readyprest to mount the Lofty Stirrop: but as I said, they purposed not generally to assaile the Gyant, but singly every one to try his own fortune, thereby to obtain the greater Honour, and their Déeds to merit the higher Fame: therefore the Lots being cast among themselves which should begin the Adventure, the Lot fell first to Saint Dennis the Noble Champion of France, who greatly reioyced at his Fortune, and so departed for that night to get things in readineſſe: but the next morning no sooner had the Golden Sun displayed his Beauty in the East, but S. Dennis

arose

arose from his sluggish Bed and attired himself in costly Armour, and Mounted upon a Stéed of Iron Gray, with a spangled Plume of Purple Feathers on his Burgonet, spangled with Stars of Gold, resembling the Azure Firmament beautified with glittring Stars.

Where after he had taken leave of the other Champions and had demanded of the Jew where the Gyant had his residence, hée departed forward on his tourney, and before the Sun had mounted to the top of Heaven, he approached to the Gyants presence, who as then sate upon a Block of Stéel directly before the golden Fountain, satisfying his hunger with raw flesh, and quenching his thirst with the iuyce of ripe grapes.

The first sight of his ugly and deformed proportion almost daunted the valour of the French Champion, that hée stood in a maze, whether it were better to try the Adventure or return with dishonour back to his other fellow knigts. But having a heart furnished with true Magnanimity, he chose rather to die in the Encounter, than to return with infamy: so committing his trust to the Unconstant Quéen of Chance, hée spurred forth his Horse, and assayed the Gyant so furiously, that the strokes of his sword sounded like a waighty blow hammered upon an Anvile.

But so smally regarded the Gyant the puissant force of this single knight, that he would scarce rise from the place where he sate: but yet remembring a strange Dream, that a little before he had in his sléep, which revealed unto him, how that a knight would come from the Northern Clymates of the Earth, which should alone end the Adventure of the Fountain, and vanquish him by Fortitude: therefore not minding to be taken at an advantage, he suddenly started up, and with a Grim and Furious countenance hée ran upon Saint Dennis, and took him, Horse, Armour, Furniture & all, under his left Arm, as lightly as a strong man would take a sucking infant from his Cradle, and bore him to a hollow Rock of stone, bound about with barres of Iron, standing nèer unto the Fountain, in a Valley betwixt two mighty Mountaines. In which Prison hée closed the French Champion, amongst fourtéen other knights, that were all Sons to the Courteous Jew, as you heard before discoursed, and being proud of that attempt, hée returned to the Block of Stéele, where we will leave him sit-

ting, glorying in his own conceit, and speak of the other Champions remayning in the Jews Houle, expecting the French Knights Fortunate returne: but when the Sable Curtains of darknesse were drawn before the Chrystall windowes of the Day, and Night had taken possession of the Elements, and no newes was heard of the Champions successe, they iudged presently that either he was slain in the Adventure, or discomfited and taken prisoner.

Therefore they cast Lots again which of them the next morning should try his Fortune, and revenge the French Knights Quarrell, so the Lot fell to Saint Iames, the Noble Champion of Spain, whereat his Princely heart more reioyced than if hee had beene made King of the Western World.

So in like manner on the next morning by breake of day hee attired himselfe in Rich and costly Armour like the other Champion, and mounted upon a Spanish Gennet, in Pace most swift and speedy, and in portly State like to Bucephalus the Proud Steed of Macedonian Alexander: his Caparison was in colour like to the Waves of the Sea, his Burgonet was beautified with a Spangled Plume of Sable Feathers: and upon his breast hee bore the Armes of Spain.

Thus in this Gallant manner departed he from the Iewes habitacion, leaving the other Champions at their Divine Contemplations for his happy successe, but his Fortune chanced contrary to his wishes, for at the Gyants first encounter hee was likewise borne to the Rock of Stone, to accompany Saint Dennis.

This Gyant was the Strongest and Hardiest Knight at Armes that ever set foot upon the Confines of Damasco, his strength was so invincible, that at one time hee durst Encounter with an hundred Knights: But now return we again to the other Champion, whom when Night approached, and like wise missing the company of Saint Iames: they cast Lots the third time, and it fell to the Noble Champion of Italy, Saint Anthony, who on the next Morning attired himself in Costly Habiliments of Warre and mounted upon a Barbarian Palfrey, as richly as did the Valiant Iason, when hee adventured into the Ile of Colcos for the Golden Fleece, and for Medea's love: his Helmet Glistered

like

Gliſtered like an Iſle Mountain, Deckt with a Plume of Ginger coloured Feathers, and beautified with many Silver Pendants. But his ſhining glory was ſoon blemiſhed with a Cloud of miſchance, for although hee was as valiant a Knight as ever Brandiſht weapon in the Fields of Mars, yet he found a diſability in his fortitude, to withſtand the furious blowes of the Gyant, in ſuch ſort that hée was forced to yéeld himſelf priſoner like the former Champions.

The next Lot that was caſt, chanced to Saint Andrew of Scotland, a Knight as highly honoured for Martiall Diſcipline as any of the reſt: his Stéed was clad with a Capariſon after the manner of the Grecians, his Armour barniſhed with Gréen Dyes, like the Colour of the Summer Fields, upon his breaſt he bore a Croſſe of Purple Silk, and on his Burgonet a goodly Plume of Feathers: but yet Fortune ſo frowned upon his Enterprize, that hée nothing prevailed, but committed his life to the mercy of the Gyant, who likewiſe impriſoned him with the other Knights.

The fifth Lot fell to Saint Patrick of Ireland, as brave a Knight as ever Nature Created, and as adventurous in his Atchievements: Iſt ever Hector upon his Phrygian Stéed pranced up and down the ſtreets of Troy, and made that age admire his fortitude, this Iriſh Knight might counterbail his valour.

For no ſooner had the Silver Moon forſook the Azure Firmament, and had committed her Charge to the Golden Burniſht Sun: but Saint Patrick approached the ſight of the Gyant, Mounted upon his Iriſh Hobby, clad in a Cozlet of proof, beautified with Silver Nayles: his Plume of Feathers of the colour of Virgins Hayre, his Horſe covered with a Vayl of Orange Tawnis Silke, and his Saddle bound about with Plates of Stéele, like to an Iron Chaire.

The ſight of this Valiant Champion ſo daunted the courage of the Gyant, that hée thought him to bée the Knight that the Viſion had revealed, and by whom the Adventure ſhould bée accompliſhed: therefore with no Cowardly Fortitude hée Aſſayled the Iriſh Knight, who with as Princely Valour indured the Encounter: but the unkinde Deſtinies not intending to give him the Honour of the Victory,

com-

compelled the Champion to yéeld to the Gyants force, and like a Captive to accompany the other imprisoned Champions.

The next Lot fell to Saint David of Wales, who nothing discouraged at the discomfiture of the other Christian Knights, but at the Morning Suns uprise into the Azure Firmament glistered in his silver Armour before the Fountain, with a Golden Griffon shining on his breast, where hée indured a long and dangerous Combat with the Gyant, making the Skies resound with Ecchoes of their strokes: but at last when the Gyant perceived that Saint David began to grow almost breathlesse, in defending the huge and mighty blowes of his Shéeld Batte, and chiefely through his long Encounter, the Gyant renewed his strength, and so redoubled his stroakes, that Saint David was constrained like to the other Christian Champions to yéeld to the Gyants mercy.

But now the Invincible and Heroycall Champion of England Saint George, hée that is Fames true Knight, the Map of Honour, and the Worlds wonder, remaining in the Jews Pavillion, and pondring in his minde the bad successe of the other six Champions, and that it was his turn to try his Fortune the next morning in the Adventure: hée fell into great Contemplation; (quoth hée) I that have fought for Christian Knights in Fields of Purple Blood, and made my enemies to Swim in streames of Crimson Goze, shall I not now Confound this Bloody and Inhumane Monster, that hath discomfited six of the Brabest Knights that ever Nature Framed. I slew the Burning Dragon in Egypt: I conquered the Terrible Gyant that kept the Inchanted Castle amongst the Amazonians, then Fortune let me accomplish this dangerous Adventure, that all Christians and Christian Knights may applaud thy Name.

In this manner spent he away the night, hoping for the happy successe of the next dayes Enterprize, whereon hée bowed by the Honour of his Golden Garter, either to return a worthy Conquerour, or to die with Honour Valiantly.

And when the Day began to beautifie the Eastern Elements with a fair Purple colour, hée repaired to the Jewes Armory, and clad himself in a black Corslet, mounting himself upon a Pitchie coloured Stéed, Adorned with a Blood-red Caparison,

Caparison, in sign of a bloody and Tragicall Adventure: his Plume of Feathers was like a Flame of Fire quencht in blood, as a token of spéedy revenge: hée armed himself not with a sturdy Launce, bound about with Plates of Brasse, but took a Javelin made of Stéel, the one end sharpened like the point of a Néedle, at the other end a Ball of Iron in fashion of a Mace or Club.

Being thus Armed according to his wished desires, hée took leave of the Jew and his seven Sonnes, sitting all attired in black and mournfull Ornaments, praying for his happy and fortunate Successe: and so departed spéedily to the Golden Fountain, where he found the Gyant sléeping carelesly upon his Block of Stéele, dreading no ensuing danger.

But when the Valiant Champion Saint George was alighted from his Horse, and sufficiently beheld the Deformed proportion of the Gyant: how the Hayre of his Head stood staring upright like the Brisles of a wilde Boze, his Eyes gazing open like two Blazing Comets, his Téeth long and sharp like to Spikes of Steel, the Nayles of his Hands like the Tallents of an Eagle, over which was drawn a paire of Iron Globes: and every other Limbe huge and strongly proportioned, like to the body of some mighty Oake, the worthy Champion awakened him in this order.

Arise said (said he) unreasonable deformed Monster, and either make delivery of the Captive Knights whom thou wrongfully detainest, or prepare thy ugly self to abide the uttermost force of my warlike Arm and Death-prepared Weapon.

At which words the furious Gyant started up, as one suddenly amazed or affrighted from his sléep: and without making any reply at all, took his Iron Mace fast in both his hands, and with great terrour let drive at the most worthy English Champion, who with excéeding cunning and nimblenesse defended himself from that danger, by spédy avoyding the blowes violence, and withall returned on his Adversary a mighty thrust with the pointed or sharp end of his Javelin, which rebounded from the Gyants body, as if it had béen run against an Adamantine Pillar.

The which the invincible Knight Saint George perceiving turned his heavie round Ball end of his Mallie Javelin, and so mightily assayled the Gyant, redoubling his heavie blowes with such couragious fortitude, that at last hée beat his braines out of his deformed head: whereby the Gyant was constrained to yéeld up the Ghost, and to give such a hideous roare, as though the whole frame of the Earth had béene shaken with the violence of some clap of Thunder.

This being done, Saint George cast his loathsome Carkasse as a prey for the Fowles and ravenous Beasts to seize upon: and after very diligently searched up and downe, till hee found the Rock wherein all the Knights and Champions were imprisoned: the which with his steélie Javelin hée burst in sunder, and delidered them presently from their servitudes, and after returned most triumphantly back to the Jewes Pavillion, in as great Majestie and Royalty as Vespasian with his Romane Nobles and Péeres returnd into the Confines of flourishing Italy, from the admired and glorious Conquest of Ierusalem and Iudea.

But when the reverend old Jew saw the English Champion returne with Victory, together with his other six fellow Champions, and likewise beheld his fourteene Sons safely delivered, his joy so mightily exceéded the bounds of reason, that hee suddenly swouned, and lay for a time in a dead trance, with the great exceéding pleasure hée conceived.

But having a little recovered his decayed senses, hee gladly conducted them into their severall Lodgings, and there they were presently unarmed, and their wounds washed in white Wine and new Milke, and after banqueted them in the best manner hée could devise. At which Banquet there wanted not all the excellency of Musick that the Jewes seven younger Sonnes could devise, extolling in their swéet Sonnets the excellent fortitude of the English Champion, that had not only delivered their captived Brethren, but restored, by that ugly Gyants deserved death, their aged Father to the repossession of his golden Fountaine.

Thus

Thus after Saint George with the other six Champions had sojourned there for the space of thirty dayes, having placed the Jew with his Sonnes in their former desired Dignities, that is, in the Government of the Golden Fountaine; they cloathed themselves againe in their Pilgrims Attyre, and so departed forward on their intended journey to visit the holy Sepulchre at Ierusalem.

Of whose noble Adventures you shall heare more in the Chapter following.

CHAP. V.

Of the Champions return to *Ieruſalem*, and after how they were almoſt famiſhed in a Wood: and how Saint *George* obtained them food by his Valour in a Gyants Houſe, with other things that hapned.

THe Champions after this Battell of the Golden Fountain never reſted travelling till they arrived at the holy Hill of Sion, and had viſited the Sepulchre, the which they found moſt richly built of the pureſt Marble, garniſhed curiouſly by cunning Architecture, with many Carbuncles of Jaſper, and Pillars of Jeat. The Temple wherein it was erected, ſtood ſeven degrées of Staires down within the Ground, the Gates whereof were of Burniſht Gold, and the Portals of Refined Silver, cut as it did ſeem, out of moſt excellent beutified Alablaſter Rock.

But in it continually burned a ſweet ſmelling Taper, alwayes maintained by twelve of the Nobleſt Virgins dwelling in Iudea, attending ſtill upon the Sepulchre, clad in ſilken Ornaments, in colour like to Lillies in the flouriſhing pride of Summer: the which coſtly Attyre, they continually wore as an evident ſigne of their pure and unſpotted Virginities: many dayes offered up theſe worthy Champions their Ceremonious Devotions, to that ſacred Tombe, waſhing the Marble Pavement with their

true and unfained Teares, and witnessing their true and Hearty zeals, with their continuall Volleyes of discharged sighes.

But at last upon an Evening, when Titans Golden beames began to descend the Westerne Element, as those Princely minded Champions, in company of these twelve admired Maydens, kneeled before the Sepulchre, offering up their Evening Orizons, an unseen voyce (to the amazement of them all) from a hollow Vault in the Temple uttered these words:

You Magnanimous Knights of Christendom, whose true Nobilities hath circled the Earth with Reports of Fame, whose bare feet for the love of our sweet Saviour, have set more weary Steps upon the parched Earth, than there be Stars within the golden Canopy of Heaven: Return, return into the bloody Fields of War, and spend not the Honours of your time in this Ceremonious manner: for great things by you must be accomplished, such as in time to come shall fill large Chronicles, and cause Babes as yet unborne to speak of your honourable Atchievements.

And you chaste Maidens that spend your time in the Service of your God, even by the plighted promise you have made to true Virginity, I charge you to furnish forth these warlike Champions with such approved Furniture as hath been offered to this Royall Sepulchre, by those travelling Knights, which have fought under the Banner of Christendome. This is the pleasure of High Fates, and this for the redresse of all wronged Innocents in Earth, must bee with all immediate dispatch forthwith accomplished.

This unexpected Voice was no sooner ended, but the Temple (in their conceits) seemed strangely to resound, like the melody of Celestiall Angels, or the Holy Harmony of Cherubins, as a signe that the Gods were pleased at their Proceeding: whereupon the twelve Virgins arose from their Divine contemplations, and conducted the seven Champions to the further side of Mount Sion, and there bestowed frankly upon them, seven of the bravest Steeds that they ever beheld, with Martiall

Furniture answerable thereunto, befitting Knights of such esteeme: Thus the Christian Champions being proud of their good fortunes, Attyred themselves in rich and sumptuous Coullets, and after mounted upon their warlike Coursers, kindly bidding the Ladies adiew, betook them to the Worlds wide tourney. This Travell began at that time of the yeare, when the Summers Quéene began to spread her beauteous mantles among the gréen and fresh boughes of the high and mighty Cedars, when as all kinde of small Birds flew rounde about, recreating themselves in the beauty of the day, and with their well-tuned notes making a swéet and heavenly melody: at which time I say, these mighty and well estéemed Knights, the seven Champions of Christendome, took the way from Jerusalem, which they thought to bee most used: in which they had not many dayes travelled through the Desarts, and over many a Mountaine top, but they were marvellously féeble for lack of their accustomed and daily victuals, and could not hide nor dissemble their great hunger, so that the Warre which they sustained with Hunger, was farre greater than the Battels that they had fought against their Enemies, as you heard discoursed in the first part of this History.

So upon a Summers Evening, when they had spent the day in great extreamity, and night grew on, they happened into a Thicket of mighty Trées, when as the silver Moone with her bright beames glistred most cléerely, yet to them it séemed to bee as dark as pitch, for they were very sore troubled for lack of that which should sustaine them, and their faces did shew and declare the perplexities of their stomacks.

So they sate them downe upon the gréene and fresh Hearbes, very pensive of their extream necessity, providing to take their rests that night: but all was in vaine, for that their corporall necessities would not consent thereunto: but without sléeping they walked up and downe for that night, till the next day in the morning that they turned to their accustomed Travell and Journey, thinking to finde some food for the cherishing of their stomacks, and had their eyes alwayes gazing about, to spie some Village

or

or House, where they might satisfie their hunger and take their rests.

Thus in this helpless manner spent they away the next day, till the closing of the evenings light, by which time they grew so faint, that they fell to ground with feblenesse: Oh what a sorrow was it to Saint George, not only for himselfe, but to see the rest of the Champions in such a miserable case, being not able to help themselves! and so parting a little from them, hee lamented in this manner following:

Thou that hast given mee many Victories: thou that hast made mee Conquerour of Kings and Kingdomes: and thou by whose invincible power I have tamed the black faced Furies of dark Cositus, that maskt abroad the World in humane shapes: look downe sweet Queene of Chance I say, from thy Imperiall Seat: shew me some favour, and doe not consent that I and my company perish for hunger and want of Victuals: make no delay to remedy our great necessity: let us not bee meat for Birds hovering in the Ayre, nor our bodies cast as a prey for ravenous beasts ranging in these Woods: but rather, if we must needs perish, let us die by the hands of the strongest Warriers in the universall World, and not basely here lose our lives with cowardly hunger:

These and such like Lamentations uttered this valiant Champion of England, till such time as the day appeared, and the sable curtains of coal black night were withdrawn. Then turned hee to the rest of his Company, where hee found them very weak and feeble: but hee encouraged them in the best manner hee could devise, to take their Horses and try the Chance of their utmost unkinde Fortune.

Although Saint George as they travelled was ready to die by the way, and in great trouble of minde for want of food: yet rode hee first to one, then to another, comforting them, and making them ride apace: which they might very well do, for that their Horses were not so unprovided as their Masters, by reason of the goodly grasse that grew in those Woods, wherewith at pleasure they filled them every night.

By

By this time the Golden Sun had almost mounted to the top of Heaven, and the glorious prime of the day began to approach, when they came into a great Field very plain, where in the midst of it was a little Mountain, out of the which there appeared a great smoak, which gave them to understand that there should bee some Habitation in that place.

Then the Princely minded Saint George said to the other Champions: take comfort with your selves, and by little and little come forward with an easie pace: for I will ride before to see who shall bee our Host this ensuing night. And of this, brave Knights and Champions, bee all assured: whether hee bee pleased or no, hee shall give us Lodging & entertainment like travelling Knights, and therewithall he set spurres to his Horse, & swiftly scoured away, like to a Ship with swelling Sails upon the Marble coloured Ocean: his hast was so speedy, that in a short time hee approached the Mountain, where at the noyse and rushing of his Horse in running, there arose from the ground a mighty and terrible Gyant, of so great height, that hee seemed to bee a big grown Tree, and for hugeneese like to a Rock of Stone: but when hee cast his staring eyes upon the English Knight, which seemed to him like two Brazen plates, or two torches ever flaming, he layd his hand upon a mighty Club of Iron which lay by him, & came with great lightnesse to meet S. George, but when hee approached his presence, he thinking him to bee a Knight but of small valour and fortitude, hee threw away his Iron Bat, and came towards the Champion, intending with his Fists to buffet and beat out his Brains, but the courage of the English Champion so exceeded, that hee forgot the extremity of hunger, and like a couragious Knight raised himself in his Stirrops, otherwise hee could not reach his Head, and gave him such a blow upon the Fore-head with his keen edged Fauchion, that hee cut his Head half in sunder, and his Braines in great abundance ran down his deformed body: so that amazed hee fell to the ground and presently died. His fall seemed to make the ground to shake, as though a Stony Tower had been overturned, for as he lay upon the Earth hee seemed to be a great Make blown up by the Rots with a Tempestuous Whirle-winde.

At

At that instant the rest of the Champions came to that place with as much joy at that present, as before they were sad and sorrowfull.

And so when Saint Dennis with the other Knights did see the greatnesse of the Gyant, and the deformity of his body, they advanced his valour beyond imagination, and deemed Saint George the fortunatest Champion that ever nature framed, holding that Adventure in as high honour, as the Grecians held Iasons Prize, when hee returned from Colchos with Medea's Golden Fleece: and with as great danger accomplished as the twelve fearefull labours of Hercules: but after some few speeches passed, Saint George desired the rest of the Champions to goe and see what store of victuals the Gyant had prepared for him.

Whereupon they concluded, and so generally entred the Gyants House, which was in the manner of a great Barn cut out of hard Stone, and wrought out of a Rock: therein they found a very large Copper Cauldron standing upon a Trevet of Steele, the feet and supporters thereof were as bigge as great Iron Pillars: under the same burned such a huge flaming Fire, that it sparkled like the fiery Furnace in burning Acharon.

Within the Cauldron were boyling the Flesh of two fat Bullocks, prepared only for the Gyants Dinner: the sight of this ensuing Banquet gave them such comfort, that every one fell to work, hoping for their Travell to eat part of the meat: one turned the Beefe in the Cauldron: another encreased the Fire, and others pulled out the Coales so that there was not any idle in hope of the benefit to come.

The hunger they had, and their desire to eat, caused them to fall to their meat before it was halfe ready, as though that it had beene over sodden: but the two Knights of Wales and Ireland, not intending to Dine without Bread and Drink, searched in a secret hollow Cave, whereas they found two great Loaves of Bread, as bigge in compasse as the circle of a Well, and two great Flagons full of as good Wine as ever they tasted, the which with great joy and pleasure they brought from the Cave, to the great and exceeding contentment of the other Champions,

In stead of knives to cut their Victuals, Saint George used his Curtle Axe which he had lately béen stained with the hatefull Gyants detested blood, and imbrewed with his loathsome braines.

Thus, and after this manner qualified they the pinching paines and torments of hunger, whereof they took as toyfull a repast as if they had banqueted in the richest Kings Pallace in the World.

So being toyfull for their good and happy fortunes, Saint George requested the Champions to take Horse, and mounted himself upon his Palfrey, and so they travelled from thence thorow a narrow path, which séemed to bée used by the Gyant, and so with great delight they travelled all the rest of that day, till night closed in the Beauty of the Heavens: at which time they had got to the top of a high Mountain, from whence a little before night they did discover marvellous and great Playnes, the which were inhabited with faire Cities and Towns: at which sight these Christian Champions received great contentment and toy, and so without any staying, they made haste onward on their tourney till such time as they came to a low Valley lying betwixt two running Rivers: where in the middest of the way they found an Image of fine Chrystall, the Picture and lively forme of a beautifull Virgin, which séemed to bée wrought by the hands of some most excellent Workman, all to bespotted with blood.

And it appeared by the wounds that were cunningly formed in the same Picture, that it was the Image of some Lady that had suffered Torments, as well with Terrible Cuttings of Irons, as Cruell Whippings: the Ladies Legs and Armes did séeme as though they had been Martyred, and wrong with Cords, and about the Neck, as though she had been forcibly strangled with a Napkin or Towell. The Chrystall Picture lay upon a rich adorned Bed of black Cloathes, under an Arbour of purple Roses: by the Curious Faire Formed Image, sate a goodly aged Man in a Chaire of Cypresse Wood, his Attyre was after the manner of the Arcadian Shepheards, not curious but comely, yet of a black and sable colour, as a sure signe of some deadly discontent, his haire hung down below

his

his shoulders, like untwisted Silk, in whitnesse like Downe of Thistles, his Beard over grown, dangling downe as it were frozen Icikles upon a Hauthorn Tree, his Face wrinkled and over-worn with Age, and his eyes almost blinde in bewailing the griefes and sorrowes of his heart.

Which strange and wofull Spectacle, when the Christian Champions earnestly beheld, they could not by any manner of meanes refrain from shedding some few sorrowfull teares, in seeing before them the Picture of a Woman of such excellent Beauty, which had beene oppressed with cruelty. But the pittifull English Knight had the greatest compassion, when hee beheld the counterfeit of this tormented Creature, who taking truce with his sorrowfull heart, hee courteously desired the old Father, sitting by this wofull Spectacle, to tell the cause of his sorrow, and the Discourse of that Ladies passed Fortunes, for whose sake hee seemed to spend his dayes in that solitary Order: to whom the old man with a number of sighes thus kindly replyed:

Brave Knights, for so you seeme by your courtesies and Behaviours, to tell the Story of my bitter Woes, and the causes of my endlesse Sorrowes, will constrain a spring of Teares to trickle from the Conduits of my aged Eyes, and make the mansion of my Heart rive in twaine, in remembring of my undeserved Miseries: as many drops of blood hath fallen from my Heart, as there bee silver Haires upon my Head, and as many sighes have I fetched from my Breast, as there be minutes in a yeare, for thrice seven hundred times the mornings Dew hath wet my silver Hayres, and thrice seven hundred times the Winters Frosts hath nipt the Mountaine tops since first I made these rufull Lamentations: during all which time I have sate before this Chrystall Image, hourely praying that some courteous Knight would bee so kinde as to aide me in my bowed revenge, and now Fortune I see hath smiled upon me, in sending you hither to worke a iust Revenge for the inhumane Murther of my Daughter, whose perfect Image lieth here carved in fine Chrystall, as the continuall object of my griefe: and because you shall understand the true Discourse of her timelesse Tragedy, I have written it downe in a Paper-Booke with mine owne Blood, the which my sorrowfull

tongue is not able to reveale, and thereupon he pulled from his bosome a golden covered Book with silver Claspes, and requested Saint George to read it to the rest of the Knights, to which he willingly condescended, so sitting down amongst the other Champions upon the greene grasse, hee opened the bloody written Book and read over the Contents, which contained these sorrowfull words following.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

What hapned to the Champions, after they had found an Iamage of fine Chrystall, in the form of a murthered Mayden: where Saint *George* had a golden Book given him, wherein was written in blood, the true Tragedies of two Sisters: and likewise how the champions intended a speedy revenge upon the Knight of the Black Castle, for the deaths of the two Ladies.

IN former times whilest Fortune smiled upon mée, I was a wealthy Shepheard, dwelling in this unhappy Countrey, not onely held in great estimation for my Wealth, but also for two fair Daughters which Nature had made most excellent in Beauty: in whom I took such excéeding joy and delight, that I accounted them my chiefest happinesse: but yet in the end, that which I thought should most content mée, was the occasion of these my endlesse sorrowes.

My two Daughters (as I said before) were endued with wonderfull Beauty, and accompanied with no lesse honesty: the Fame of whose Vertues was much blazed into many Parts of the World: by reason whereof there repaired to my Shepheards Cottage, divers strange and worthy Knights, with great desire to marry with my Daughters. But above them all, there was one named Leoger, a Knight

of a black Castle (wherein hée now remaineth) being in distance from this place two hundred Leagues, in an Iland encompassed with the Sea.

This Leoger I say, was so entangled with the Beauty of my Daughters, that hée desired mée to give him one of them in Marriage: when I little mistrusting the Treason and cruelty that after followed, but rather considering the great Honour that might redound thereof, for that hée was a worthy Knight, as I thought, and of much fortitude: I quickly fulfilled his desire, and granted to him my eldest Daughter in Marriage, where after Hymens holy Rites were solemnized in great pomp and state, she was conducted in company of her new wedded Lord to the black Castle, more like a Princesse in state, than a Shepheards Daughter of such low degrée.

But still I retayned in my company the youngest, being of farre more Beauty than her elder Sister: of which this Trayterous and unnaturall Knight was informed, and her surpassing Beauty so excelled, that in a small time hée forgot his New Married Wife and Sweet Companion, and wholly gave himself over to my other Daughters love, without consideration that hée had married her Sister: So this inordinate and lustfull love kindled and encreased in him every day more and more, and hée was so troubled with this new desire, that hée daily devised with himself by what meanes hée might obtaine her, and kéep her in despight of all the World: in the end he used this Policy and Deceit to get her home into his Castle: When the time grew on, that my eldest Daughter his Wife should bée delivered, hée came in great Pomp, with a stately Traine of Followers to my Cottage, and certified me that his Wife was delivered of a goodly Boy, and thereupon requested mée with very faire and loving words, that I would let my Daughter goe unto her Sister, to give her that contentment which shée desired, for that shée did love her more dearely than her owne Soule: Thus his crafty and subtill perswasions so much prevailed, that I could not frame an excuse to the contrary, but must néeds consent to his Demand: so straight way when hée had in his power that which his Soule so much desired, hée presently departed, giving mée to

understand

understand that hée would carry her to his Wife, for whose sight shée had so much desired, and at whose comming shée would receive so great joy and contentment: her sudden departure bred such sorrow in my heart (being the only stay and comfort of my declining Age) that the Fountaines of my Eyes rained downe a showre of Salt Teares upon my aged breast, so deare is the love of a Father unto his Child: But to bée short, when this lustfull minded Caitiffe with his Pompous Traine came in sight of his Castle, he commanded his Followers to ride forwards, that with my Daughter he might secretly conferre of serious matters, and so staid lingring behind, till hee saw his Company almost out of sight, and they two alone together, then hée found opportunity to accomplish his lustfull desires, and so rode into a little Grove, which was hard at hand, close by a Rivers side, where without any more tarrying hée carryed her into the thickest part thereof, where hée thought it most convenient to performe so wicked a déed.

When hee beheld the Branches of the thick Trées to withhold the Light of Heaven from them, and that it séemed a place as it were over spread with the sable mantles of Night, hée alighted from his Horse, and willed my welbeloved Daughter that she would likewise alight: she in whose heart raigned no kinde of suspition, presently alighted, and sate her downe by the Rivers side, and washed her faire whyte hands in the Streames, and refreshed her mouth with the Chrystall Waters.

When this dissembling Traytour could no longer refraine, but with a Countenance like the lustfull King of Thrace when hée intended the Ravishment of Progne, or like Tarquinius of Rome when hee deflowred Lucrecia, hée let her understand by some outward shewes, and darke sentences, the kindled fire of love that burned in his heart, and in the end hée did wholly declare his devilish pretence and determined purpose.

So my unmarryed Daughter being troubled in minde with his lustfull Assaylments, began in this manner to reprehend him: Will you (said shée) defile my Sisters Bed, and staine the Honour of your House with Lust? Will you bereave mée of that precious Jewell, the which I hold more

deare

deare than my life, and blot my true Virginity with your false desires? Brought you mée from the comfortable sight of my Father to bée a ioy unto my Sister, and will you flourish in the spoyle of my true Chastity? Look, look, immoderate Knight, (I will not call thée Brother) look I say how the Skies blush at thy attempts, and sée how chast Diana sits upon the winged Firmaments, and threatens vengeance for her Virgins sake: wash from thy heart these lustfull thoughts with showres of repentant Teares, and séek not in this sort to wrong thy Marriage Bed, the which thou oughtest not to violate for all the Kingdoms in the World.

When this accursed Knight, séeing the chast and vertuous Mayden to stand so boldly in the defence of her Virginity, with his rigorous hand hée took fast hold by her neck, and with a wrathfull countenance hée delivered these words: doe not think stubborne Damsell to preserve thy Honour from the purpose of my desires, for I sweare by the Chrystall Towers of Iupiter, either to accomplish my intent, or put thée to the cruellest death that ever was devised for any Damsell or Mayd: at which words the most sorrowfull and distressed Virgin, with a showre of Pearled Teares trickling downe her séemely blushing Cheeks, replyed in this order. Think not, false Traytour (quoth shée) that feare of death shall cause mée to yéeld to thy filthy desires: no, no, I will account that stroak ten times more happy, and welcome to my soule than the toyes of Wedlock: then might I walk in the Elizian Fields amongst those Dames that died true Virgins, and not live to behold the bud of my Maydens glory withered with the nipping Frosts of thy unnaturall desires.

Those words being well understood by the lustfull Knight, who with a countenance more furious than the savage Lyons in the Desarts of Lybia, took her by the slender waste, and rigorously dasht her body against the ground, and therewithall spake these words: Understand said hée, and bée well perswaded, thou unrelenting Damsell, that either living or dead, I will performe my will and intended purpose; for in my heart there burnes a fire that all the water in the Seas can never quench, nor all the drizling Clouds of raine, if they

should

should drop eternall Showers: but it is the water of thy sweet Virginity that must quench my furious burning love: and thereupon in a madnesse hée cut a great part of the train of her Gown, and bound it very fast to the Hayre of her Head, which glittered like to Golden Wyers, and drag'd her up and down the Grove, till the grèen Grasse turned to a purple colour with the blood that issued from her Body: by which cruelty he thought to enforce her to his pleasure, but she respected not his wicked cruelty, and the more he procured to torment her, the more earnestly she defended her Honour.

When this cruell and inhumane Monster saw that neither his flattering Spéeches, nor his cruell Threats were of sufficiency to prevail, he began to forget all Faith and Loyalty hée ow'd unto the Honour of Knighthood, and the respect hée should bear unto Woman-kinde, and blesphemed against Heaven, tearing her Cloaths all to pieces, he stripped her stark naked, and with the Raines of the Bridle of his Horse, he cruelly whipped and scourged her white and tender Back, that it was full of blew spots, and horrible circles of black and setled blood, with such extream cruelty, that it was a very grievous and sorrowful sight to behold. And yet this did profit him nothing at all, for shée continued in her former resolution.

Hée seeing that shée still persevered in the defence of her Honour, he straight wayes, like a bloody Monster, heaped cruelty upon cruelty: and so took and bound her well proportioned Legs, Chrystalline Armes, straightly unto a withered Trée, saying: Oh cruell, and more cruell than any Woman in the World hath ever béen: why dost thou suffer thy self to be tormented, and not give consent to procure thy ease? Dost thou think it better to endure this torment, than to live a most loving, sweet, and contented life? and therewith his anger so encreased, that hée staring on her face with his accursed eyes, fixed in such sort that hée could not with-draw them back.

The which being perceived by this distressed Virgin, as one farre more desirous of death than of life, with a furious voyce shée said: Oh thou Traytor, thou wicked Monster,

thou utter Enemy to all Humanity, thou shameleſſe Creature, more cruell than the Lyons in the Deſarts of Hircania: thou ſtaine of Knighthood, and the bloodieſt Wretch that ever Nature framed in the World, wherein doſt thou contemplate thus thy ſelf? thou fleſhly Butcher, thou unmercifull Tyger, thou Lecherous Hogge, and diſhonourer of thy Progeny: make an end (I ſay) of theſe my Torments, for now it is too late to repent thée, gore my unſpotted breaſt with thy bloody Weapon, and ſend my ſoul into the boſome of Diana, whom I beheld ſitting in her Celeſtiall Pallace, accompanied with numberleſſe Troopes of Veſtall Virgins, ready to entertain my bléeding Ghoſt into her pleaſant Manſion.

This mercyleſſe Knight ſéeing the ſtedfaſtneſſe that thée had in the defence of her Honour, with a cruell and infernall heart took a ſilken Scarfe which the Damſell had girded at her Waiſte, and with a brutall anger doubled it about her Neck and pinched it ſo ſtrait, that her ſoul departed from her Terreſtriall body.

O you Valiant Knights that by your Proweſſe come to the reading of this diſmall Tragedy, and come to the hearing of theſe bloody Lines contained in this golden Book: conſider the great conſtancy and Chaſtity of this unfortunate Mayden, and let the griefe thereof move you to take vengeance of this Cruelty ſhewed without any deſert.

So when this infernall minded Knight ſaw that thée was dead, hée took his Horſe and rode after his fellowes, and in a ſhort time he overtook them, and looked with ſo furious and fretfull a Countenance, that there was none durſt hée ſo hardy to aſk him where my daughter was, but only one of his Squires that bore mée great affection for the kindneſſe and courteſie I offered to him at his Ladies and my Daughters Eſpecials, who having a ſuſpition by the great alteration that appeared

appeared in his Master, and being very desirous to know what was become of the Damsell, for that hée came alone without bringing the Damsell with him, neither could hée have any sight of her: hée then presently with-drew himselfe back, and followed the footings of the Horse, and ceased not untill hée came to the place where this cruelty was wrought: whereas hée found the Mayden dead, at the view whereof hée remained almost beside himselfe, in such sort that hée had well néer fallen to the Ground: The sorrowfull Squire remained thus a good while before hée could speak, but at last when hée came again to himselfe, hée began with a dolourous complaint to cry out against Fortune, because shée had suffered so great cruelty to bée committed upon this Damsell.

And making this sorrowfull Lamentation, hée unloosed her from the Trée, and laid her naked body upon part of her Apparell, the which he found lying by, all besmeared in blood, and afterwards complained in this pittifull sort.

O cruell Knight (quoth hée) what Infernall heart remayned in thy breast, or what Hellish Fury did bear thée company, that thy hands have committed this inhumane sacrifice! Was it not possible that this her surmounting Beauty might have moved thée to pitty, when it is of power to move the bloody Canibali to remorse, and constrain even Savage Monsters to relent? so with these, and other like sorrowfull words the wofull Squire spake unto the dead Corps, he cut down Branches from the Trées, and gathered Grasse from the Ground for to cover the Body, and left it lying so, that it séemed to bée a Mountain of gréene Grasse, or a Thicket of springing Trées, and then determined with himselfe in the best manner that hée could, to dissemble the knowledge of the bloody Fact: so hée took his Horse and rode the next way towards the Castle, in which hée rode so fast that he over-took the Knight and his Company at the entring of the Gates, whereas the lustfull Tyrant alighted, and without speaking to any person, entred into his Closet, by reason whereof this kinde and courteous Squire had time to declare all things hée had séen to the new married Lady, and the dolorous end of the constant Damsell her Sister. This sudden and unlooked for sorrow mixed with

anger and wrath, was such in the Lady, that shée caused the Squire not to depart from the Castle, untill such time as more occasion serued, and to kéep all things in secret that héé had séene, shée her selfe remained very sorrowfull, making marvellous and great Lamentations to her selfe all in secret, as if shée would not bée perceiued, yet with a soft voyce shée said:

Oh unfortunate Lady, borne in a sorrowfull houre, when some blazing and unlucky Comet raigned: Oh unhappy Destinies that made mée Wife unto so cruell a Knight, whose foule misdéeds have made the very Elements to blush: but yet I know that Fortune will not be so farre unkind, but that shée will procure a strange revenge upon his purple-stayned Soule: Oh you immortall Powers, revenge me on this wicked Homicide: if not, I sweare that I will with mine owne hands put in practise such an Enterprize, and so stayn my unspotted heart with wilfull Murther, that all the Fates above, and all the bright Celestiall Planets shall sit and lok from their immortall Pallaces, and tremble at the terror of my hate.

This being said, shée took in her hand a Dagger of the Knights, and in her Armes her young Sonne, being but of the Age of forty dayes, saying: Now doe I wish so much evill unto the World, that I will not leave a Sonne of so wicked a Father alive: for I will wash my hands in their accursed Bloods, were they in number as many as King Priams Children: and so in this trefull order entred shée the Chamber where the Knight her Husband was, and finding him tumbling upon his Bed from one side to the other, without taking any rest, but in his fury rending and tearing the silken Ornaments, where with a sorrowfull, weeping and terrible voyce she called him Traytor, and like a fierce Tygresse, with the Dagger that she brought in her hand, before his face shée cut the throat of the innocent Babe, & threw it to him on the Bed, and therewithall said: Take there (thou cruell Traytor) the fruit that thy wicked Séed created in my Body, and then threw she the Dagger at him also, in hope to have killed him, but Fortune would not that it should take effect, for it struck against the Tester of the Bed, and rebounded back unto her hands, which when the Lady saw that it nothing prevailed, she re-

turned

turned upon her ſelfe her out-ragious fury: ſo taking the bloody Dagger, ſhée thruſt it to her heart in ſuch ſort, that it parted it in two pieces, and ſo ſhe fell down dead betwixt yts Armes that was the occaſion of all this bloody cruelty.

The great ſorrow hereat that this falſe and unhappy Knight received, was ſo ſtrange, that hée knew not what counſell to take: but thinking upon a ſevere vengeance that might ſucceéd theſe cruell Acts, hée ſtraight wayes devised that the body of the Lady ſhould be ſecretly buryed, which being done by himſelfe, in the ſaddeſt time of the night, in a ſolitary Garden under his Caſtle wall, he heard a hollow voyce breathe from the déep Vaults of the Earth, this manner of Spéeches following:

For the bloody Fact which thou ſo lately haſt committed, thy life draws neare to a ſhamefull end: and thy Caſtle, with all the treaſure therein ſhalbe deſtroyed, or fall into the hands of him whoſe Daughters thou haſt ſo cruelly Murthered.

Upon this hée determined to uſe a ſecret Policy: which was, to ſet Watch and Ward in every Paſſage neare unto his Caſtle, and to Arreſt all ſuch Travellers, as by adventure landed upon that Iland, not ſuffering them to paſſe untill ſuch time as they had promiſed by Oath to Aid and Aſſiſt him, even unto death, againſt all his Enemies.

In the meane time, the afore named Squire which had ſéene and heard all the Tragicall déalings that have béene here declared, in the beſt wiſe he could, returned again unto my Cottage, and told me all that you have heard, which was unto me very ſorrowfull and heavie Newes: iudge here then gentle Knights and yée Beholders of this wofull Tragedy, what ſorrow I unfortunate Wretch ſuſtained, and what anguiſh I received: for at the hearing thereof, I fell into a ſenſeleſſe ſwoun, and being come again to my ſelf I all to beſmeared my milk-white hayres in duſt, that before were as clear as tryed Silver, and with my teares, being the true ſigns of ſorrow, I bathed the boſome of my mother Earth, and my ſighes paſſed with ſuch abundance from my tormented heart, that they ſtaid the paſſage of my ſpéech, and my tongue could not reveale the griefe that my wofull thoughts conceived.

In this dumbe silence and sorrow of minde I remained three dayes, and three nights, numbring my silent passions with the minutes of the day, and my nightly griefes with the Starres when frosty bearded Winter hath clad the Elements with sparkling Diamonds: but at last, when my amazed griefes were something abated, my eyes (almost blinde with weeping) requiring some sleep, thereby to mitigate the sorrowes of my heart, I made my repayre into a certaine Meddow adioyning neare unto my Cottage, where amongst the greene springing Downes, I purposed to take some rest, and to lock up the closets of my fearefull eyes with golden slumbers, thinking it to bee the greatest content my sobbing heart required: But before I could settle my senses to a quiet sleep, I was constrayned to breathe this wofull Lamentation from my oppressed soule:

Oh unhappy Chance (quoth I,) oh cruell and most spightfull Fortune! Why diddest thou not make me lose this bitter and sorrowfull life in my child-hood? Or why didst thou not permit and suffer mee to be strangled, in my Mothers Wombe, or to have perished in my Cradle, or at my Nurses Pap? then had my heart never felt this sorrow, my eares heard the Murther of my Children, nor mine eyes had never wept so many helplesse teares.

Oh you Mountaines, you untamed Beasts! oh you deep Seas, and you infernall Powers of revengefull Hell! come all I say and willingly assist me in this mortall tragedy, that these my aged Hands, which never yet practised any hainous Crime, may now bee stayned in his accursed blood that hath bereaved mee of the prop and stay of declined Age, my Daughters (I meane) whose bleeding Ghosts will never bee appeased, nor never sleep in quiet upon the joyfull Banks of the Elyzian Fields, but wander up and down the World, filling each Corner of the Earth with fearfull and dolefull clamours of Murther and Revenge, nor ever shall the furies of my angry Soule bee pacified, untill mine Eyes behold a streame of purple gore runne trickling from the detestable breast of that accursed Ravisher, and that the blood may issue from his guilty heart like a Fountaine with a number of Springs, where the Pavements of his Castle may bee sprinkled with the same, and the Walls of his Turrets

coloured

coloured with a crimson hue, like to the Stréets of Troy, when as her Channels ran with blood: at the end of this sorrowfull Lamentation, what for grief, and what for want of naturall rest, my Eyes closed together, and my Senses fell into a heavie sléep.

But as I lay slumbring in the green Meddowes, I dreamed that there was a great and fierce Wilde-man, which stood before me with a sharp Fauchion in his hand, making as though he would kill me, whereat mée thought I was so frighted, that I gave (in my troublesome Dream) many terrible shrikes, calling for succour to the empty Ayre. Then mée thought there appeared before my face a company of courteous Knights, which said unto mée, Fear not, old man, for we bée come from the Souls of thy Daughter to ayd and succour thée: but yet for all this the Wilde man banished not away, but struck with his Fauchion upon my breast, whereat it séemed to open, and then the Wilde Centaure put his hand into the gaping wound, and pulled out my bleeding heart: where, at the same instant, mée thought that one of the Knights likewise laid hold upon my heart, and they strove together with much contencion, who should pull it from the others hands, but in the end, each of them remained with a piece in his hand, and my heart parted in two.

Then the piece which remained in the Wilde-mans képing, turned into a hard stone, and the piece which remained in the power of the Knight, converted into red blood, and so they banished away.

Then straight after this, there appeared before mine Eyes the Image of my murthered Daughter, in the self same manner and forme as you behold her portrayed, who with a naked body all besmeared in blood, reported unto mée the true Discourse of her unhappy Fortunes, and told mée what place, and where her body lay in the Woods, dishonoured for want of Burial: Also desiring me not of my self to attempt the revengement, for it was impossible, but to Intomb her corpes by her Mother, and cause ỳ Picture of her Body to bée most lively Portrayed and wrought of fine Chrystall, in the same manner that I found it in the Woods, and after erect it neare unto a common Passage, where Adventurous Knights doe usually travell. And assuring mée that thither

would

would come certain Christian Champions that should revenge this inury and inhumane Murther.

Which words being finished, mée thought she vanished away with a grievous and heavie groan, leaving behinde her certain drops of Blood sprinkled upon the Grasse: Whereat with great perplexity and sorrow, I awaked out of my Dreame, bearing it in my grievous minde, not telling it, or not so much as to the vaile Ayre, but with all expedition performed her bléeding Souls request.

Where, ever since, most courteous and Noble Knights, I have here lamented her untimely death, and my unhappy fortune, spending the time in writing her dolefull Tragedy in blood-red lines, the which I sée with great grief you have read in this Book of Gold.

Therefore most courteous Knights, if ever Honour encouraged you to fight in Noble Adventures, I now most earnestly intreat you with your Magnanimous Fortitudes to assist me to take Revengement, for the great cruelty that hath béen used against my unfortunate Daughter.

At the reading of this sorrowfull History, Saint George with the other Champions, shed many teares, wherewith there did encrease in them a further desire of revengement, and being moved with great compassion, they protested by their promises made to the Honour of Knight-hood, to persevere spéedily on their vowed revenge and determined purpose: so sealing up a Promise to their plighted Oaths, protesting that sooner should the lives of all the famous Romanes bée raised from death, from the time of Romulus to Cæsar, and all the rest unto this time, than to bée perswaded to return from their Promises, and never to Travell back into Christendome till they had performed their Vowes, and thus burning with desire to sée the end of this sorrowfull Adventure, Saint George clasped up the bloody written Book, and gave it again to the Shepheard, and so they proceeded forwards toward the Iland were the Knight of the Black Castle had his residence, guided only by the direction of the old man whose aged Limbs séemed so lusty in travelling, that it prognosticated a lucky event: in which iourney wee will leave the Champions for a time, with the wonderfull

provision

proviſion that the Knight of the Black Caſtle made in his defence, the ſucceſſe whereof will be the ſtrangeſt that ever was reported, and returne and ſpeak of Saint George's three Sonnes in the purſuit of their Father: where we left them (as you heard before) travelling from the Confines of Barbary, where they redeemed the Normane Lady from the tawny-Pagans.

I CHAP.

Chap. VII.

A wonderfull and strange Adventure that hapned to Saint *George* his Sons, in the pursuit of their Father, by finding certain drops of blood, with Virgins Haire scattered in the Fields, and how they were certified of the injurious dealing of the Knight of the Black Castle against the Queen of *Armenia*.

MAny and dangerous were the Adventures of the three young valiant Princes in the pursuit of their Father Saint George, and many were the Countreys, Ilands, and Princes Courts, that they searched to obtain a wished sight of his Martiall countenance, but all to small purpose, for Fortune neither cast them happily upon that Coast where hee with his Famous Champions had their residence, nor luckily sounded in their eares the places of their Arrivals.

In which pursuit I omit and passe over many Noble Adventures that these three Princes atchieved, as well upon the Raging Ocean, as upon the Firme Land, and onely Discourse upon an Accident that hapned to them in an Iland bordering upon the Confines of Armenia, neere unto the Iland where the Knight of the Black Castle remained, as you heard in the last Chapter, upon which

Coast

Coast after they were Arrived, they travelled in a broad and straigt Path, untill such time as they came to a very faire and delectable Forrest, whereas sundry chirping Birds had gathered themselves together, to refresh and shroud themselves from the parching heat of the Golden Sun, filling the Ayre with the pleasures of their shrill tuned notes.

In this Forrest they travelled almost two houres, and then they went up to the top of a small Mountain which was at hand, from the which they discovered very fair and well Towred Townes, Princely Pallaces, very sumptuous to behold: likewise they discovered from the hill a fair Fountain wrought all of Marble like unto a Pillar, out of which did proceed foure Spouts running with water, which fell into a great Cesterne, and comming to it, they washed their Hands, refreshed their Faces, and so departed.

After they loked round about them on every side, and toward their right hand they espied amongst a company of grëen Trées, a small Tent of black Cloath, towards which these young Princes directed their courses, with an easie Pace, but when they had entred the Tent, and saw no body therein, they remained silent awhile, hearkening if they could hear any stirring, but they could neither sée nor hear any thing, but onely they found the print of certain little fëet upon the Sand, which caused them more earnestly to desire to know whose footsteps they were, for that they sëemed to bë some Ladies or Damsels: so finding the Trace, they followed them, and the more the Knights followed, the more the Ladies sëemed to haste: so long they pursued after the Trace, that at the end they approached a little Mountain, whereas they found scattered about certain locks of yellow Haire, which sëemed like shrëeds of Gold, and stooping to gather them up, they perceived that some of them were wet with drops of blood, whereby they well understood, that in great anger they were pulled from some Ladies Head: likewise they saw in divers places how the Earth was spotted with drops of Crimson blood: then with a more desire than they had before, they went up to the top of that little Mountain, and having lost the foot-

steps, they recovered it again by gathering up the haire, where they had not travelled far upon the Mountain, but towards the Waters side they heard a grievous complaint, which seemed to be the voice of a Woman in great distresse, and the words which the Knight did understand, were these: O Love, now shalt thou no more reioyce, nor have any longer dominion over mee, for death I see is ready to cut my thréd of life, and finish these my sorrowful Lamentacions: how often have I askt revengement at the hands of Fortune against that wicked Wretch that hath béen the Causer of my Banishment, but yet thée will not hear my Request! How oft have I made my sad Complaints to Hell! yet have the Fatall Furies stopt their eares against my wofull Cryes.

And with this thée held her peace, giving a sorrowful sigh: which being done, the thrée Christian Knights turned their eyes to the place from whence they heard this Complaint, and discovered among certain grèen trées, a Lady who was endued with singular Beauty, being so excellent, that it almost deprived them of their Hearts, and captivated their Senses in the snares of love, which liberty as yet they never lost: thée had her Hayre about her eares, which hung dissolvedly down her comely Shoulders, through the violence thée used against her selfe, and leaning her Chéek upon her Delicate white Hand that was all to bespotted with the Blood which was constrained by the scratching of her Nayles upon her Rosie coloured Face: by her stood another Damsell which they conjectured to be her Daughter, for thée was clad in Virgin coloured Silke as white as the Lillies of the Fields, and as pleasant to behold, as the glittring Moon in a cléer Winters freézing Night: notwithstanding all this delectable sight, the thrée Princely Knights would not discover themselves, but stood closely behinde thrée Pine Trees which grew nèer unto the Mountain, to hear the Event of this Accident: where, as they stood cloked in silence, they heard her thus to confer with her Beautiful Daughter:

Oh my Rosana (quoth thée) the unhappy figure of him, that without pity hath wounded my heart, and left me comfortlesse with the greatest cruelty that ever Knight or Gentleman left Lady: how hath it béen possible that I have had the force

force to bring up thée the child of such a Father which hath bereaved mée of my Liberty! O you Soveraign Powers, grant that I may establish in my minde the remembrance of the Love of thy Adulerous Father: Oh Girle, borne to a further grief, here do I desire the Guiders of thy Fortunes, that thy Glistring Beauty may have such force and power, whereby the shining beames thereof may take revengement of the dishonour of thy Mother: give ear dear Childe, I say, unto thy dying Mother, thou that art born in the dishonour of thy Generation, by the losse of my Virginity, here do I charge thée upon my Blessing even at my houre of death, and swear thée by the bands of Nature, never to suffer thy Beauty to bée enioyed by any one, until thy disloyall Fathers Head be offered up in Sacrifice unto my Grave, thereby somewhat to appease the fury of my discontented Soul, and recover part of my former Honour.

These and such like words spake the afflicted Quéene, to the wonderful amazement of the three young Knights, which as yet intended not to discover themselves, but still to mark the Event, for they conjectured that her woful complaints were the induction of some strange Accident: Thus as they stood obscurely behinde the Trées, they saw the young and Beautiful Damsell give unto her dying Mother, Paper, Pen and Ink, the which she pulled from her fair Bosome, with which the grieved Quéen subscribed certain sorrowfull Lines unto him that was the Causer of her Banishment: and making an end of her writing, they heard her (with a dying breath) speak unto her Daughter these sorrowfull words following:

Come Daughter (quoth she) behold thy Mother at her latest gasp, and Imprint my dying Request in thy Heart, as in a Table of Brasse, that it never may be forgotten: time will not give longer respite, that with words I might shew unto thée my déep affections, for I féele my Death approaching, and the fatall Sisters ready to cut my Thread of Life asunder between the edges of their Sheares, insomuch that I most miserable Creature do féele my Soul trembling in my Flesh, and my Heart quivering at this my last and fatall Hour, but one thing (my sweet and tender Childe) do I desire of thée before I die: which is, that thou wouldest procure that this

Letter may bée given to that cruell Knight thy disloyall Father, giving him to understand of this my troublesome death, the occasion whereof was his unreasonable cruelty: and making an end of saying this, the miserable Quéen fell down, not having any more strength to sit up, but let the letter fall out of her hand, the which her sorrowfull Daughter presently took up, and falling upon her Mothers Breast, she replyed in this sorrowfull manner:

Oh my sweét Mother, tell me not that you will die, for it addes a torment more grievous unto my Soul than the punishment which Danaus Daughters feele in Hell: I had rather bée torne in pieces by the fury of some mercilesse Monster, or to have my heart parted in twaine by the hands of him that is my greatest enemy, than to remain without your company. Sweét Mother, let these my youthfull Yeers, and this gréen budding Beauty encourage you still to revive, and not to leave mée comfortlesse, like an Exile in the World: but if the glomy Fates do tryumph in your death, and abridge your breathing Trunk of life, and that your Soule must néeds go wander in the Elizian Shades, with Tysa's Shaddow, and with Dido's Ghost, here doe I protest by the great and tender love I béare you, and by the du Obedience that I owe unto your Age, either to deliver this your Letter into the hands of my unkinde Father, or with these my rufull Fingers to rend my Heart in sunder: and before I will forget my Vow, the silver streamed Tygris shall forsake her course, the Sea her Tydes, and the glistering Quéen of Night her usuall Changes: neither shall any forgetfulnesse bée an occasion to withdraw my minde from performing your dying Requests: Then this weak Quéen (whose power and strength was wholly decayed, and her hour of death drew near at hand,) with a féeble voyce she said, O you Sacred and Immortall Gods, and all you bright Celestiall Powers of Happinesse, into your Divine Bosomes now do I commend my dying Soul, asking no other revengement against the Causer of my death, but that hée may die like me for want of love.

After this the dying Quéen never spake word more, for at that instant the cruell Destinies gave end unto her life: but when Rosana perceived her to be dead, and shée left to

the

the World devoyd of comfort, shée began to teare the golden trammels from her Head, and most furiously to beat her white and Ivory Breast, filling the empty Ayre with clamors of her moanes, making the Skies like an Eccho to resound her Lamentations, and at last taking her Mothers Letter in her hands, washing it with floods of teares, and putting it next unto her naked Breast, shée said: Here lie thou, neare adopting to my bleeding heart, never to bee removed untill I have performed my dying Mothers Testament. Oh work, and the last work of those her dying hands, here doe I sweare by the honour of true Virgins, not to part it from my grieved bosome untill such time as love hath rent the disloyall heart of my unkind Father, and in speaking this shée kissed it a thousand times, breathing forth millions of sighes, and so with a blushing countenance, as radiant as Aurora's glistring Beams, shée rose and said to her selfe: What is this Rosana, dost thou think to recall thy Mothers life with ceremoneous complaints, and not performe that which by her was commanded thée? Arise, arise, I say, gather unto thy selfe strength and courage, and wander up and downe the World, til thou hast found thy disloyall Father, as thy true heart hath promised to doe.

These words were no sooner finished, but Saint George's Sonnes like men whose hearts were almost overcome with griefe, came from the Pine Trees, and discovered themselves to the Damsell, and courteously requested her to Discourse the Story of all her passed miseries, and as they were true Christian Knights, they promised her (if it lay in their powers) to release her sorrowes, and to give end unto her miseries. Rosana when shée beheld these courteous and well demeanor'd Knights, which in her conceit carried relenting minds, and considering how kindly they desired to bée partners in her griefes, she stood not upon curious terms, nor upon vaine exceptions, but most willingly condescended to their requests: so when they had prepared their eares to entertain her sad and sorrowful Discourse, with a sober countenance, she began in this manner:

Lately, I was (quoth she, whilst Fortune smiled on mée) the only Child and Daughter of this liveleste Quéene that you behold here lying dead, & she before my Birth whilst Fortune

granted

granted her prosperity, was the Mayden Queene of a Countrey called Armenia, adioyning neare unto this unhappy Iland: whom in her young yeares when her Beauty began to flourish, and her high renowne to mount upon the wings of Fame, she was so intrapped with the golden bait of blind Cupid, and so intangled with the love of a disloyall Knight called the Knight of the Black Castle, who after hée had flourisht in the spoyle of her Virginity, and had left his fruitful Séed springing in her Wombe, grew weary of her love, and most discourteously left her as a shame unto her Countrey, and a staine unto her Kindred, and after gave himselfe to such lustful and lascivious manner of life, that hée unlawfully marryed a Shepheards Daughter in a forraigne Land, and likewise ravished her owne Sister, and after committed her most inhumane slaughter in a Desart Wood: this being done, hée fortified himselfe in his Black Castle, & only consorted with a cunning Negromancer, whose skill in Magick is now growne so excellent, that all the Knights in the World can never conquer the Castle, where ever since he hath remained in despight of the whole Earth.

But now speak I of the Tragicall Story of my unhappy Mother. When as I her unfortunate Babe began first to struggle in her Wombe, wherein I wish I had béene strangled: she heard newes of her Knights ill demeanour, and how he had wholy given himselfe to the spoyle of Virginity, and had for ever left her love, never intending to returne againe, the griefe whereof so troubled her minde, that she could not in any wise dissemble it, and so upon a time being amongst her Ladies, calling to remembrance her spotted Virginity, and the Séed of dishonour planted in her Wombe, she fel into a wonderful and strange Trance, as though shée had béene oppressed with sudden death, which when her Ladies and Damsels beheld, they presently determined to unbrace her rich Ornaments, and to carry her unto her Bed, but shée made signes with her hands that they should depart and leave her alone, whose commandement was straightway obeyed, not without great sorrow of them all, for their loves were deare unto her. This afflicted Queene, when shée saw that she was alone, began to exclaim against her Fortune, reviling the Fates with bitter Exclamations:

Oh

Oh unconstant Quéene of Chance (said shée) thou that hast wrapped such strang Webs in my Kingdom, thou that gavest my Honour to that Tyrants lust, which without all remorse hath left me comfortlesse, it is thou that didst constraine me to set my life to sale, and to sell my Honour as it were with the Cryer, compelling mée to doe that which hath spotted my Princely Estate, and stained my bright Honour with black infamy: woe is me for my Virginity! that which my Parents gave mée charge to have respect unto, but I have carelelly kept it, and smally regarded it: I will therefore chastise my body, for thus forgetting of my selfe, & be so revenged for the little regard that I have made of my Honour, that it shall be an example to all noble Ladies and Princes of high Estate in the whole world.

Oh miserable Quéen, oh fond and unhappy Lady! thy spéeches be too foolish, for although thy desperate hand should pull out thy despised heart from thy bléeding breast, yet canst not make satisfaction for thy dishonour.

Oh you Clouds! Why doe you not cast some fiery thunder-Bolt downe upon my Head? or why doth not the Earth gape and swallow my infamous Body? Oh false and deceiving Lord, I would thy loving and amorous words had never béene spoken! nor thy quick sighted Eyes never gazed upon my Beauty, then had I flourisht still with glory and renowme, and lived a happy Virgin of chaste Diana's Traine.

With these and other like Lamentations this grieved Quéene passed away the time from day to day, till at last she felt her Womb to grow big with Child: at the which she received double pain, for that it was impossible to cover or hide it, and séeing her selfe in this case, like a woman hated and abhorred, shée determined to discover her selfe, publikely unto her Subiects, and deliver her body unto them to be Sacrificed unto their Gods: and with this determination, one day she caused certaine of her Nobles to bée sent for, who straight way came, according to her commandement, but when shée perceived her Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen of Honour were come thither before her, she covered her selfe with a rich Robe, and sate upon her Bed in her private Chamber, being so pale and leane, that all they that saw her had

great compassion upon her sorrow: being all set round about her Bed, and keeping silence, shée revealed to them the cause of her griefe in this manner:

My Lords (quoth shée) I shame to entitle my selfe your Quéene and Soveraigne, in that I have defamed the Honour of my Countrey, and little regarded the welfare of our Common-Wealth: my glittring Crowne, mée thinks, is shaded with a cloud of black disgrace, and my Princely Attyre converted into unchaste Habiliments: in which I have both lost the liberty of my heart, and withall my wonted joy, and now am constrained to endure perpetuall pain, and an ever pining death: for I have lost my Honour, and reaped nothing but shame and infamy.

To conclude, I have forgone the liberty of a Quéene, and sold my selfe to a slavish sinne, only mine owne is the fault, and mine owne shall bée the punishment. Therefore without making any excuse: I here surrender up my body into your Powers, that you may (as an evill Quéene) sacrifice mée unto our Gods: for now my Lords you shall understand, that I am dishonoured by the Knight of the Black Castle, hée hath planted a Vine within my fruitfull Garden, and also sowne a Séed within my accursed Wombe, that hath made Armenia infamous: hée it is that hath committed hourely evils in the world, hée it is that delights in Virgins spoyles, and he it is that hath bereaved me of my Honour, but with my consent I must néeds confesse, and left me for a testimony of this my evill déed, big with Child, by which my Virgins glory is converted to a monstrous scandall: and with this shée made an end of her Lamentable Spéech: And being grievously oppressed with the paine of her burthenous Womb, shée sate her down upon her rich Bed, and attended their wils.

But when those Earls, Lords, and honourable Personages that were present, had understood all that the Quéene had said unto them, like men greatly amazed, they changed their colours from red to white, and from white to red, in sign of anger, loking one upon another, without speaking any word, but pinting in their hearts the fault done by their Quéen, to the great disgrace of their Countrey, they without any further consideration, deprived her from all Princely Dignity, both

of

of Crowne and Regiment, and pronounced her perpetuall Banishment from Armenia, like Subiects not to be Governed by such a defamed Prince, that hath gr. fted the Fruit of such a wicked Tree within her Womb.

So at the time appointed, like a Woman forlorn and hated of all Companies, she stored he selfe with sufficient Treasure and betook her selfe to her appointed Banishment. After whose departure, the Armenians elected themselves another Prince, and left their luckfull Queen wandring in unknown Ilands, big with Child, devoid of succour and relieſe, where in stead of her Princely Bed covered with Canopies of Silk, she took her nightly repoſes upon the green Grasſe, shadowed with the sable Curtaines of the Skies, and the Nurses that were provided against her delivery, were Nymphes and Fayries dancing in the night by Proserpines commandement. Thus in great griefe continued shée many dayes, contenting her selfe with her appointed Banishment: making her Lamentations to whispering Winds, which séemed in her conceit to re-answer her complaints: at length the glistring Moone had tenne times borrowed light of golden Phœbus, and the Nights cleare Candle was now almost extinguished, by which time approached the houre of her labourſome Travell, where without help of Woman, she was Delivered of mée her unhappy Daughter, where ever since I have béen nourished in these unfrequented Woods, and many times when I came to years of discretion, my wofull Mother would Discourse unto me this Lamentable Story of both our miseries, the which I have most truly declared unto you.

Likewise shée told me, that many times in my Infancy, when shee wanted Milk in her Breasts to nourish me, there would come a Lyoneſſe, and some times a shée-Beare, and gently give mée suck, and contrary to the nature of wild Beasts, they would many times sport with me, whereby shée conjectured that the Immortall Powers had preserved mée for some strange fortune: Likewise at my Birth, nature had pictured upon my Breast, directly betwixt my two Paps, the lively form of a purple Rose, which as yet doth beautifie my bosome with a vermilion colour: and this was the cause that my Mother named mée Rosana, answerable to my natures mark.

After this we lived many a yeare in great distresse, penury, and want, intreating Time to redresse our woes, more often then we had lived houres: the abundance of our teares might suffice to make a watry Sea, and our sighes counterbaile the Stars. But at last, the fatall Sisters listning to my Mothers moans, and to my great sorrowes, depriued her of her life, where now I am left a comfortlesse Orphant to the World, attending the time untill I finde some courteous Knight that may conduct me to the Black Castle, where my disloyall Father hath his residence, that I may there performe my Mothers dying Will.

These words being finished, Rosana stood silent, for that her extreame griefe bindred the passage of her tongue, and her eyes rained such a shower of pearled teares upon the liueleſſe body of her Mother, that it constrained Saint George's Sonnes to expresse the like sorrow: where after they had let fall a few salt teares down from their sad eyes, and had taken truce for a time with griefe, they took Rosana by the hand (which before that time neuer touched the hand of any man) and protested neuer to depart from her company till they had safely conduted her to the Black Castle.

Thus after this when the Christian Knights had pittifully bewailed the misery and untimely death of her Mother, they took their Daggers and digged a deep Grave under a Bay Tree, and buryed her Body therein, that hungry Rauens might not seize upon it, nor furious Beares tear it in pieces, nor rauenous Harpies deuoure it, and after with the point of their Daggers, they engraued this Epitaph in the rinde of the Bay Tree, which words were these that follow:

The EPITAPH *over the Grave* of the unfortunate Queen of ARMENIA.

Here lies the body of a helpleſſe Queen,
Whoſe great good-will to her ſmal joy did bring:
Her willing minde requited was with teen:
Though ſhe deſerv'd for love a Regall King.
And as her Corps incloſed here doth lie,
Her luckleſſe Fate, and Fame ſhall never die.

So when they had made this Epitaph and covered her Grave with green Turfes, they departed forward on their journey towards the Black Caſtle, where we will leave them in their Travels, and return to the diſloyall Leoger, and how he Fortified his Caſtle by Magick Art, according to the learned skill of a cunning Negromancer, and of the Adventure that hapned to Saint George with the other three Chriſtian Champions in the ſame Caſtle, therefore grant you Immortall Powers of Invention, that my Pen may bee dipt in the Water of that Learned Fountain, where the nine Siſters do inhabite, that by the help of that ſweet liquor my Muſe may have a delightfull vain, ſo that mixing the Speech of Mercury, with the Proueſſe of Mars, I may Diſcourſe the ſtrangeſt Accident that ever happned to wandring Knights.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the preparation that the Knight of the Black Caſtle made by Magick Art, to withſtand his Enemies, and how the ſeven Champions entred the ſame Caſtle, where they were enchanted into a dead ſleep: ſo long as ſeven Lamps burned, which could not be quenched but by the water of an Enchanted Fountain.

THE wicked Leoger, as you have read of before, being the Knight of the Black Caſtle, and one that for Wealth and Treaſure ſurpaſſed moſt of the Potentates, when hée grew deteſted and abhorred in every company, as well by Noble Knights as gallant Ladies, for the ſpoyle and Murther of thoſe three Virgin Dames, whoſe pittifull Stories you heard in the two former Chapters, & fearing ſudden Vengeance to fall upon his Head, he fortified himſelf ſtrongly in his Caſtle, and with his Treaſure hired many furious Gyants to defend it: wherein if they failed, and ſhould chance to bée overcome, he conſorted with a wicked Negromancer, that hée with Charmes and Spels ſhould work Wonders in his Caſtle, which Magicall accompliſhments wée will paſſe over till a more convenient time

time, because I purpose to explain the History in good order to the Reader.

First, speak we of Saint George with the other Christian Knights that came in revenge of the Shepheard and his unfortunate Daughter, who with good successe arrived upon the shoar of the Iland, where this wicked Leoger and the Magician had Fortified their Black Castle: In which Countrey the Christian Champions like the invincible Followers of Mars, fearing no danger, nor the frownes of unconstant Fortune, betook themselves to the readiest way towards the Castle, in wich iourney they were almost ravished with the pleasure of the Iland: for entring into a narrow and straight Lane, garnished on both sides with Trées of divers sorts, they heard how the Summer Birds recorded their pleasant melodies, and made their sweet and accustomed Songs without fear of any man to molest them. In which row of pleasant Trées that delighted them on both sides, there wanted not the grán Lauzell, so much eſtæmed of learned Schollars: nor the sweet Myrtle Trœ, loved by Ladies: nor the High Cypresse, so much regarded of Lovers: nor the stately Pine, which for his flourishing heigth is called the Prince of Trees: whereby they iudged it to bée rather an habitation for Gods & Goddesses, than a terrestriall Countrey, for that the Golden Sun with his glittering Beams did passe through those grén & pleasant trées without any hindrance of black Clouds: for the Skies were as clear as tryed Silver: likewise the Western Wind did softly shake the shivering leaves, whereby it made as sweet a harmony as if they had bén Celestiall Cherubins: a thousand little streamed Brooks ran upon ỹ enameled Ground, making sundry fine works by their crooked turnings, and toyning one Water with another, with a very gentle meeting, making such silver Musick, that ỹ Champions with the pleasure thereof were almost ravished, and small regarded whether their Horses went right or no, and travelling in this sort, they rode forward till they came into a marvelous great and wide Meddow, being of such excéding fairenesse, that I am not able with Pen to paint out the excellency thereof: whereas were féeding both wilde and tame Harts, adorned with great and cragged Hornes: Likewise the furious wilde Boare, the fierce Lyon, and the

simple

simple Lambes were all together, feeding with so great friendship, as on the contrary, by nature, they were enemies.

Whereat the Noble Champions were almost overcome in their own conceits, and amazed in their imaginations, to see so strange love, clean contrary unto nature, and that there was no difference betwixt the love of wilde Beasts and tame: in this manner they travelled along, till upon a sudden they arrived before the Buildings of the Black Castle: and casting their eyes toward the same, they beheld near unto the principall Gate, right over the Castle, twelve Marble Pinacles, of such an exceeding heigth, that the Pyramides of Egypt were very low in comparison of them: in such sort that whosoever would look upon them, was scant able with his sight to comprehend the heigth thereof, and they were all painted most gorgeously with severall colours.

Down below under the Castle there was an Arch with a Gate, which seemed to be of Diamonds, and all was compassed about with a great Moat or Ditch, being of so great a depth, that they thought it to reach to the midst of the Earth, and it was almost two hundred paces broad, and every Gate had his Draw-Bridge, all made of red Boards, which seemed as though they had been bathed all in Blood.

After this the Champions rode to the other side of this goodly Castle, wondring at the curious and sumptuous workmanship, where they espyed a Pillar of beautifull Jasper stone, all wrought full of Precious Stones of strange works, the which Pillar was of great value, and was garnished with Chaines of Gold, that were made fast unto it by Magick Art, at which Pillar likewise hung a very costly Silver Trumpet, with certain Letters carved about the same, the which contained these words following:

If any dare attempt this place to see,
By sounding this, the Gate shall opened be;
A Trumpet here enchain'd by Magick Art,
To daunt with fear the proudest Champions heart:
Look thou for blowes that entrest in this Gate,
Return in time; repentance comes too late.

The

The which when Saint George beheld, and had understood the meaning of those mysticall Letters, without any more tarrying, hee set the Silver Trumpet to his Mouth, and sounded such a vehement blast, that it seemed to Eccho in the foundation of the Castle: whereat the principall Gate presently opened, and the drawbridge, was let down, without the help of any visible hand, which made the Champions to wonder, and to stand amazed at the strange accident, but yet intending not to return, like Cowards daunted with a puffe of winde, they alighted from their Warlike Steeds, and delibered them into the old Shepherds hands, to bee fed upon the fragrant and green Grasse, till they had performed the Adventure of the Castle, the which they vowed either to accomplish, or never to return: so locking down their Beavers, and drawing forth their keen-edged Fauchions, they entred the Gates, and being safe within, the Champions loked round about them to see if they could espie any body, but they saw nothing but a pair of winding Staires, whereat they descended, but they had not gone many steps therein when as there was so great a darkenesse, that scarse they could see any light, so that it rather seemed the similitude of Hell, than any other worldly place, yet groping by the walls, they kept their going down those narrow and turning Staires, which were very dark, and of such length, that they thought they descended into the middle of the Earth.

They spent a great time in descending those Staires, but in the end they came into a very fayre and large Court all compassed with Iron Gates like unto a Prison, or a place provided to keep untamed Lyons, wherein casting their eyes up to the top of the Castle, they beheld the wicked Knight walking with the Negromancer upon a large Gallery supported with huge Pillars of Brasse: likewise there were attending upon them seven Gyants cloathed in mighty Iron Coats, holding in their hands Bats of Steel: to whom the bold and venturous Champion of England spake with an undaunted Courage and lowd Voyce in this manner, saying:

Come down thou wicked Knight, thou spoyle of Virginity, thou that art inbroned with these monstrous Gy-

Gyants, these the wondring works of Nature, whose daring looks seeme to scale the Clouds, much like unto the pride of Nimrod, when hée offered to Build up Babels confused Tower.

Come downe I say, from thy Brazen Gallery, and take to thée thy Armour, thou that hast a heart to commit a Virgins Rape, for whose revenge we come, now likewise have a courage in thy defence: for we vow never to depart out of thy Castle, till wée have confounded thée, or by thy force be discomfited.

At which words hée held his peace, expecting an answer. Whereat the wicked Knight when hée heard these Heroycall Spéeches of Saint George, began to fret and fume like to the starved Lyon, famished with hunger, or the cruell Tyger mulling in humane blood, with a great desire to satisfie his thirst: or like the wrath of dogged Cerberus when as hée feasted with Alcides Flesh; even so raged Leoger the Knight of the Black Castle, threatning forth fury from his sparkling eyes: and in this vile manner hée re-answered the Noble Champion of England:

Proud Knight (said he) or Peasant, whatsoever thou art, I passe not the smallest haire of my head, for thy upbraiding mee with thy unruly tongue, I will return thy Spéeches on thy self, for the Pavements of my Castle shall be sprinkled with thy accursed blood, and the bones of those thy unhappy Followers shall bée buryed in the Sinks of my Channels. If thou hadst brought the Army of invincible Cæsar, that made all Lands to tremble where hée came, yet were they but as a blast of winde unto my Force. Séest thou not my Gyants which stand like Oakes upon our Brazen Gallery! they at my Commandement shall take you from the places where you stand: and throw you over the Wals of this my Castle, in such sort, that they shall make you flée into the Ayre, more than tenne fathoms high. And for that thou hast upbraided mée with the disgrace done unto a Virgin, I tell thée, if I had thy Mother here, of whom thou tookest first the ayre of life, my hand should split her Wombe, that thou mightest sée the Bed of thy Conception, as Nero did in Rome: or if thy Wife and Children were here present before thy face, I would abridge their lives, that thy accursed eyes might be witnesses

of

of their bloody Murthers: so much wrath and hate now rageth in my heart, that all the blood in thy Body cannot wash it thence.

At which words the Gyants which hée had hyred to defend him from his Foes, came unto him very stongly armed with sturdy Weapons in their hands, and requested him to bée quiet, and to abate his so incensed anger, and they would fetch unto his presence, all those braving Knights that were the occasion of his disquietnesse and anger: and so without tarrying for any answer, they departed down into the Court, and left the Knight of the Castle with the Magician, standding still upon the Gallery to behold the Following Encounters.

But when the Gyants approached the Champions presence, and saw them so well proportioned and furnished, and Knights of so gallant statures, they flourished about their knotty Clubs, and purposed not to spend the time in words but in blowes.

Then one of the fiercest and cruellest Gyants of them all (which was called Brandamond) séeing Saint George to bée the forwardest in the Enterprize, and iudging him to be the Knight that had so braved his Lord, he began with a stern countenance to speak unto him in this manner: Art thou that bold Knight (said the Gyant) that with thy witlesse words hast so angred the mighty Leoger the Lord of this Castle? If thou be, I advise thée by submission to séek to appease his furious wrath before revengement bée taken upon thy person.

Also I do charge thée (that if thou wilt remaine with thy life) that thou dost leave thy Armour, and yéld thy self, with all these Followers, with their hands bound behind them, and go and aske forgivenesse at his fét: To which Saint George with a smiling countenance answered: Gyant (said hée) thy counsell I do not like, nor thy advice will I receive, but rather do we hope to send thée and all thy Followers, without tongues, to the infernall King of fiery Phlegeton, and for that you shall not have any more time to speak such folly and foolishnesse, either return your wayes from whence you came, and repent you of this which you have said, or else prepare your selves to mortall Battell.

The Gyants when they heard the Champions resolu-cions, and how slightly they regarded their proffers, without any longer tarrying they straight-way fell upon Saint George and his Company, intending with their knotty Bats of Steele to beat them as small as Flesh unto the Pot, but the Queene of Chance so smiled upon the Christian Champions, that the Gyants smally prevailed, for betwixt them was fought a long and terrible Battell, in such danger that the Victory hung wavering on both sides, not knowing to whom it would fall: the Bats and Fauchions made such a noyse upon one anothers Armour, that they sounded like to the blowes of the Cyclops working upon their Anviles: and at every blow they gave, fire flew from their Steeled Corslets, like sparkles from the flaming Furnaces in Hell, the Skies resounded back the Ecchoes of their strokes, and the ground shook as though it had beene oppressed with an Earth-quake: the Pavement of the Court was over spread with an entermixed colour of blood and sweat, and the Wals of the Castle were mightily battered with the Gyants Clubs: by the time that glistering Sol, the Dayes bright Candle, began to decline from the top of Heaven, the Gyants (wearied in fight) began to faint: whereat the Christian Knights with more Courage, began to encrease in strength, and with such vigour assayled the Gyants, that before the golden Sunne had dived to the Western World, all the Gyants were quite discomforted and slaine: some lay with their heads dismembred from their Bodies, welltring in purple gore: some had their Braines sprinkled against the Wals, some lay in Channels with their Intrales trailing down in streams of Blood: and some joyntlesse, with Bodies cut in pieces: so that there was not one left alive to withstand the Christian Champions.

Whereat Saint George with the other six Knights fell upon their knees, and thanked the immortall Rector of all good Chance for their Victory.

But when the Knight of the Black Castle which stood upon the Gallery during all the time of ỳ Encounter, and saw how all the Gyants were slaine by the Prowesse of those strange Knights, he raged in great wrath, wishing that the Ground might gape and swallow him, before he were delivered

into

into the hands of his Enemies, and presently would have cast himself headlong from the top of ỳ Gallery, thereby to have dasht out his Brains against the Pavement, had not the Negromancer, who likewise beheld the Event of the Encounter, intercepted him in his intended drift, promising to perform by Art what the Gyants could not do by force.

So the Negromancer fell to his Magick Spels and Charms, by which the Christian Champions were nightly troubled and molested, and brought in danger of their lives, by a fearefull and strange manner, as shall bée hereafter shewn.

For as they stood after their long Encounters, unbuckling their Armors to take the fresh Ayre, and wash their bloody wounds received in their last conflict: the Magician caused by his Art a Spirit in the likenesse of a Lady of a marvellous and fair Beauty, to look through an Iron Grate, who seemed to lean her fayr Face upon her white Hand very pensively, and distilled from her Christall Eyes great abundance of teares. When the Champions saw this beautifull Creature, they remained in great admiration, thinking with themselves, that by some hard misfortune shée was imprisoned in those Iron Grates: at which this Lady did seem to open her fair and Christaline Eyes, looking earnestly upon Saint George, and giving a grievous and sorrowfull sigh, she withdrew her self from the grate; which sudden departure caused the Christian Knights to have a great desire to know who it should bée, suspecting that by the force of some enchantment, they should bée overthrown: but casting up their eyes again to sée if they could sée her, they could not, but they saw in the very same place, a Woman of a great and Princely stature, who was all Armed in Silver Plates, with a Sword girded at her Waste, sheathed in a golden Scabberd, & had hanging at her Neck an Ivory Bow and a guilt Quiver: this Lady was of so great Beauty, that shée seemed almost to exceed the other, but in the same sort as the other did, upon a sudden shée vanished away, leaving the Champions no lesse troubled in their thoughts than before they were.

The Christian Knights had not long time bewailed the

absence of the two Ladies, but that without seeing any body they were stricken with such furious blowes upon their backs, that they were constrained to stoop with one knée upon the ground, yet with a trice they rose again, and loking about them to sée who they were that struck them, they perswaded themselves to bée the likenesse of certain Knights which in great hast seemed to run in at a Doore that was at one of the corners of the Court, and with the great anger that the Champions received, seeing theemselves so hardly entreated, they followed with their accustomed lightnesse after the Knights, in at the same Doore: wherein they had not entered three steps, but that they fell down into a déep Cave which was covered over in such subtill sort, that whosoever did tread on it, straight way fell into the Cave, except hée was advertized thereof before. Within the Cave it was as Dark as the silent Night, and no Light at all appeared: but when the Champions saw themselves treacherously betrayed in the Trap, they greatly feared some further mischief would follow, to their utter overthrowes, so, with their Swords drawne, they stood ready charged to make their defence, against whatsoever should after happen: but by reason of the great darknesse that they could not sée any thing, neither discover wherein they were fallen, they determined to settle themselves against some thing, either Post, Pillar, or Wall, and groping about the Cave, they searched in every place for some other Doore that might bring them forth out of the darksome Den, which they compared to the Pit of Hell.

And as they went groping and féeling up and down, they found that they did tread upon nootherthinges but dead Mens bones, which caused them to stand still: and not long after, they espyed a secret Window, at the which entred a little clearnesse, and gave some light into the Den where they were, by which they espyed a Bed most richly furnished with Curtaines of Silk, and golden Pendants, which stood in a secret Roum of ỳ Cave, behung with rich Tapestry of a sable colour: which Bed when the Champions beheld, and being somewhat weary of their long fight which they had with the Gyants in the Court of the Castle, they required some

some rest, and desired to sleep upon the Bed: but not all at one instant: for they feared some danger to be at hand, and therefore Saint George as one most willing to be their Watch man, and keep Sentinell in so dangerous a place, caused the other Champions to take their reposes upon the Bed, and hee would bee as wakefull as the Cock against all dangerous Accidents: so the six Christian Knights repayred to the Bed, whereon they were no sooner laid but presently they fell into a heavy and enchanted sleep, in such sort that they could not bee awaked by any manner of violence, not all the Warlike Drums in Europe if they were sounded in their eares, nor the rattling Thunder-claps of Heaven were sufficient to recall them from their sleeps: for indeed the Bed was enchanted by the Negromancers Charmes in such manner that whosoever but sate upon the sides, or but toucht the Furniture of the Bed, were presently cast into as heavie a sleep, as if they had drunk the Juyce of Dwaile, or the seed of Poppy: where we will leave them for a time like men cast into a Trance, and speak of the terrible Adventure that hapned to Saint George in the Cave, who little mistrusting of their Enchantments, stood like a carefnl Guard, keeping the furious Wolfe from the spoyl of the silly Sheep: but upon a sudden his heart began to throb, and his haire to stand upright upon his head, yet having a heart fraught with invincible courage, hee purposed not to awake the other Knights, but of himselfe to withstand whatsoever hapned: so being in this Princely cogitation, there appeared to him, as he thought, the shape of a Magician, with a Visage leane, pale, and full of wrinckles, with locks of black hayre hanging downe to his Shoulders, like to wreathes of envenomed Snakes, and his Body seemed to have nothing upon it but skin and bones, who spake unto Saint George in this despightfull manner: In an evill houre (said the Magician) camest thou hither, and so shall thy Lodging bee, and thy entertainment worse: for now thou art in a place where as thou shalt look for no other thing but to be meat unto some furious Beast, and thy surmounting strength shall not be able to make any defence.

The English Champion whose heart was oppressed with extreame wrath, Answered, O false and accursed

Charmer

Charmer (saide hée) whom ill Chance confound for thy condemned Arts, and for whom the Fiends have digged an everlasting Tomb in Hell, what Fury hath incenst thée, that with thy false and devillish Charmes thou dost practise so much evill against Travelling and Adventurous Knights? I hope to obtain my Liberty in despight of all thy mischiefe, and with the strength of this Arme to break all thy Bonds in sunder.

All that thou dost and wilt doe I suffer at thy hands, replyed the Negromancer: onely for revengement that I will take of thée for the slaughter of my Makers Gyants, which as yet lie Murthered in the Court, and that very quickly: and therewithall hée went invisibly out of the Cave. So not long after at his back hée heard a sudden noyse, and beheld as it were a Windowe opening by little & little where as there appeared a clear light by the which Saint George plainly perceived that the Walls of the Cave were dasht with blood, and likewise saw that the Bones whereon they did tread at their first entry into the Den were of humane Bodies, which appeared not to be very long since their Flesh was torn off with hard and cruell Téeth. But this consideracion could not long indure with him, for that he heard a great rushing, and looking what it should be, he saw comming forth of another Den, a mighty Serpent with Wings, as great in Body as an Elephant, hée had onely two Féet which appeared out of that monstrous Body but of a span length, and each Foot had three Clawes of thrée spans in length, shée came with her Mouth open, of so monstrous and huge a bignesse, and so deformed, that a whole Armed Knight, Horse and all, might enter in thereat: she had upon her Jawes two Tusks, which séemed to bée as sharp as Néedles, and all her Body was covered with sharp Scales of divers colours, and with great fury shée came with her Wings all abroad. Saint George although he had a valiant and an undaunted minde, yet could he not chuse but bée troubled at the sight of so Monstrous a Beast.

But considering with himself, that it was then time and great néed to have Courage, and to be expert and valiant for to make his defence, hée took his good cutting Sword in his hand, and shrouded himself under his hard

and

and strong shield, and tarried the comming of that ugly Monster.

But when the furious Beast saw that there was a prey whereon shée might employ her sharp téeth, shée struck with her invenemous Wings, and with her piercing Clawes she griped, & laid fast hold upon Saint George's hard Shield, pretending to have swallowed whole this corragious Warriour, and fastning her sharp Tuskes upon his Helmet, which she found so hard, that she let goe her hold, and furiously pulled at his Target with such a strength that she drew it from his Arm: With that the English Knight struck at her head a most mighty and strong blow with his Sword, but in no wise it could hurt her by reason of the hard scales wherewith it was covered, and though he gave her no wound, yet for all that shée felt the blow in such sort, that it made her to recoyle to the ground, and to fall upon her long and hideous Taile: then this valiant Knight made great hast to redouble his force to strike her another blow, but all was in vain, for that upon a sudden shée stretched her selfe so high, that hée could not reach her head: but yet kinde Fortune so favourd his hand, that hée struck her upon the belly, whereas she had no defence with scales, nor any other thing but feathers, whereout issued such abundance of black blood, that it besprinkled all the Den about.

This terrible and furious Serpent, when she felt her selfe so sore wounded, struck at Saint George such a terrible blow with her Taile, that if hée had not séene it comming it had béene sufficient to have parted his Body in pieces, The Knight to cleare himselfe from the blow, fell flat upon the ground, for hée had no time to make any other defence: But that terrible blow was no sooner passed over him, but streight-wayes hée recovered his feet, at such time as the furious Serpent came towards him. Here Saint George having a great confidence in his strength, performed such a valiant Exployt, that all former Adventures that have béene ever done by any Knight, may hée put in oblivion, and this kept in perpetuall memory: for that hée threw his Sword out of his hand, and ran unto the Serpent, and caught her betwixt his Armes, and did so squéeze her, that the furious Beast could not help her selfe with her sharp clawes, but only

with her wings she beat him on every side. This valiant Champion and noble Warriour would never let her loose, but still remained holding her betwixt his armes continuing this perilous and dangerous fight, til all his bright Armour was imbrued with her bestiall blood, by which occasion shée lost a great part of her strength, and was not able long to continue.

Long indured this great and dangerous Encounter, and the infernall Serpent remained fast unto the noble and valiant breast of the English Knight, till such time as hée plainly perceived that the Monster began to wax faint, and to lose her strength. Likewise it could not bée otherwise, but Saint George waxed somewhat weary, considering the former fight hée had so lately with the Gyants. Notwithstanding, when hée felt the great weaknesse of the Serpent, hée did animate himselfe with Courage, and having opportunity by reason of the quantitie of blood that issued from her wounds, he took his trusty Sword and thrust it into her heart with such violence, that hée clove it in two pieces: so this infernall Monster fell downe dead to the ground, and carryed the Christian Champion with her, for that they were fast closed together, but by reason that the Serpent lacked strength, hée quickly cleared himselfe out of her Clawes and recovered his Sword. But when hée saw certainly that hée was cleare from the Monster, and that shée had yeelded up her detested breath into the brittle Ayre, hée kneeled downe and gave thanks to the happy Queene of Chance for his delivery. The venome was so great that the Serpent threw out to infect the Knight, that if his Armour had not béene of a precious vertue, hée had bén impoysoned to death.

After the Victory was obtained and the Monster dead, hée grew very weary and unquiet, and was constrained to sit and cole himselfe by a Well which was full of water, standing by in a corner of the Cave, from whence the monstrous Serpent first appeared and came forth. And when hée found himselfe refreshed, hée repaired to the enchanted Bed whereupon the other six Champions lay sleeping, and dreamed of no such strange accident that had happed to him: to whom hée purposed to reveale the true

Discourse

Discourse of all the dangers that had befaln him in that Accident.

But no sooner approached he unto that enchanted Bed, and had set himself down upon the one end thereof, and thinking to begin his Discourse, but hée presently fell into a heavy and dead slumber.

There will wée leave them sléeping and dreaming upon the enchanted Bed, not to be wakened by any meanes, and return to the Negromancer, that was busied all the time of the Serpents Encounter, with Leoger in burying of the dead Gyants, but now hée knew by his Art, that the Serpent was slain, and likewise Saint George oppressed with a Charmed sléep in company of the other Champions upon the Enchanted Bed, from whence hée purposed that they never more should awake, but spend the rest of their fortunes in eternall sléeps.

Whereupon by his Devillish Arts hée caused Lamps to burne continually before the entry of the Cave, the properties whereof were so strange that so long as the Lamps continued burning, the Champions should never be waked, and the fires should never bée quenched but by the water of an Enchanted Fountain, the which hée likewise by Magick Art had erected in the middle of the Court, guarded most strongly with fearefull Spyrights: and the water should never be obtained but by a Virgin which at her Birth should have the form of a Rose lively pictured upon her Breast.

These things being performed by the secrets of the Magicians Skill, added such a pleasure to Leogers heart, that he thought himself Elevated higher than the Towers of his dwelling: for hée accounted no toy so pleasing unto his soul, as to sée his mortall Enemies captivated in his power, and that the Magician had done more by his Art, than all the Knights in Asia could perform by Prowesse. Wée will not now onely leave the Champions in their sléeps, dreaming of no Mishap, but also the Magician with Leoger in the Black Castle, spending their time securely, careless of all insuing danger, and speak now of the old Shepherd whom the Champions at their first entering in at the Gates of the Castle, left to look unto their warlike Palfries, as they fed upon the grèen grasse: which Old man, when hée could heare

no newes of the Champions return, he greatly mistrusted their confusion, and that by some treachery they were intercepted in their vowed revengement, therefore hee protested secretly with his own soul, if that for his sake so many brave Champions had lost their lives, never to depart out of those Fields, but to spend his dayes in such sorrow as did that hapless King of Babylon, that for seven parching Summers, and as many freezing Winters was constrained to feed upon the Flowers of the Fields, and to drink the dew of Heaven, till the hairs of his Head grew as stiffe as Eagles Feathers, and the Nailes of his Fingers like unto Birds Clawes: the like extremity he vowed to endure untill hee either re-obtained a wished sight of these invincible Knights (the Flowers of Chivalry) or else were constrained by course of Nature to yeeld up his loathed life to the fury of the three fatall Sisters: In this deep distresse will my Weary Muse likewise leave this old Shepheard mourning for the long absence of the English Champion, and the other Christian Knights, and turn unto Saint George's valiant Sons, whom we left travelling from the Queen of Armeniah's Grave with her unhappy Daughter Rosana, to take revengement of her disloyall Lord being the Knight of this Black Castle, of whose villanies you have heard so much before.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

How Saint *George's* three Sons after their departure from the Queen of *Armenia's* Sepulchre, in company of her Daughter *Roſana*, met with a Wild-man, with whom there hapned a ſtrange Adventure: and after how they entred the Black Caſtle, whereas they quenched the Lamps, and awaked the ſeven Champions of Chriſtendome; after they had ſlept ſeven dayes upon an Enchanted Bed, with other things that chanced in the ſame Caſtle.

THe budding Flowers of Chivalry the valiant Sons of Saint George to perform their Knightly promiſes, and to accompliſh what they had protеſted to Roſana, at the Queen her Mothers Grave, which was to bring her ſafely unto the Black Caſtle, where her unkinde Father had his reſidence. Firſt, they provided her a Palfrey, or Jennet, bred upon the Borders of Spain, which was furniſhed with black Capariſons, in ſigne of her heavie and diſcontented minde, and his fine head beautified with a ſpangled Plume of Feathers

Wherewith in her company travelled they day and night from the Confines of Armenia, with successfull fortune, till they happily arrived upon the Iland of the Black Castle: where they were constrained to rest themselves many nights under the shadows of grèen leaved Trées, where the melodie of silver tuned Birds brought to them swèet slèeps: and in stead of delicate Fare, they were forced to satisfie their hungers with swèet Oranges and ripe Pomegranets, that grew very plentifully in that Iland.

But at last, upon a morning, when the Skies appeared in their sight very clear and pleasant, and at such time as when the Sun began to spread his glittering Beames upon the lofty Mountains and stately Cedars, they set forward on their Iourney, hoping before the closing in of the dayes bright countenance, to arrive at the Black Castle, being their long wisht for Haven and desired Port. But entring into an unknown way and narrow Path not much used, they were intercepted by a strange and wonderfull Adventure.

For as they travelled in those untrodden passages, spending the time in pleasant conference without mistrusting of any thing that should happen to them in that pleasant Iland: upon a sudden (not knowing the occasion) their Horses started and rose up with their fore fèet, and turned backward into the Ayre in such sort, that they had almost unsadled their Masters: whereat the valiant Knights upon a sudden looked round about them to sée who or what it was that caused so much feare: but when they perceived nothing, nor could conjecture what should bée the occasion of such terrour, they grew wonderfully troubled in minde. Then one began to encourage the rest, saying: Beléeve mée Brethren, I muse what should bée the cause of this alteration in our Horses: hath some Spirit glided by us? or remaineth some Devill among these Bushes? Whatsoever it be, let us by the power and favour of all good luck attempt to know, and with our Warlike weapons revenge the frighting of our Horses, for our mindes are not daunted by the prowesse of men, nor are we afraid of the fury of Devils.

These words being spoken with great Courage and Majesty, caused Rosana to smile with a chearefull countenance,

nance, and to imbolden her heart against all ensuing accidents: so presently they came unto a River which was both cleare and deep, the which they iudged to run quite thorow the middle of the Iland: and so travelling along by the River side where within a little while their Horses began againe to startle, and to be wonderfully afraid: whereupon the Knights casting about their vigilant eyes, to see if they could perceive what it should be that made their Horses so timerous, they espyed a terrible Monster in the shape and forme of a Satyre or a wilde man, which did crosse overthwart the Iland, of a wonderfull great and strange making, who was as bigge and broad as any Gyant, for hee was almost foure square: his face was three foot in length, and had but one eye, and that was in his fore-head, which glistred like a blazing Comet or a fiery Planet: his body was covered all over with long and shagged hair, and in his breast there was as though it had beene glasse, out of the which there seemed a great and shining light to proceed.

This Monster directed his way towards certaine Rocks of Stone which stood in the Iland, and by reason of the straging and great noyse that the Horses made, he cast his head aside, and espyed the three Knight travelling in company of the Lady: upon whom hee had no sooner cast his blazing eye, but with a devilish fury hee ran towards them, and in stead of a Club, he bare in his hand a great and knotty Maple Tree.

These valiant Knights never dismayd at the sight of this deformed Creature, but against his comming, they cheared up their Horses, and pricked their sides with their golden Spurs, giving a great shout, as in sign of encouragement, and withall drawing forth their sharp cutting Swords, they stood attending the fury of the Monster, who came roaring like a Bull, and discharged his knotty Tree amongst the magnanimous Knights, who with light leaps cleared themselves from his violent blowes, so that his Club fell downe to the ground with a terrible fall: as though with the violence it would have overthrown a Castle.

With that the Knights presently alighted from their Horses thinking thereby more nimbly to defend themselves, and with more courage to assaile the Satyre Many were the

blowes

blowes on both sides, and dangerous the encounter, without signe of victory inclining to either party.

During the Battell, Rosana (through the griefe and feare that she received) swounded upon her Palfrey, and had fain beside his back, if she had not first closed her hands about the pummell of the Saddle: and being come a little unto her selfe, shée made humble Supplication unto Lady Chance, soliciting her that shée might rather bée buried in the Monsters bowels, thereby to satisfie his wrath, than to sée such Noble Knights lose the least drop of blood, or to have the smallest haire upon their heads diminished: such was the love and true zeale she bore unto those thrée Knights.

But Saint George's Sonnes so manfully behaved themselves in the Encounter, bearing the Prowesse of their Fathers minde, that they made very déep wounds in the Monsters Flesh, and such terrible gashes in his Body, that all the gréene Grasse was covered with his black blood, and the Ground all to besmeared and strewed with his mangled Flesh.

When the Devillish Monster felt himselfe wounded, and saw how his blood stood upon the Earth like congealed gore, hée fled from them more swifter than a whirl-winde, or like to an Arrow forced from a Musket, and ran in great haste to the Rocks that stood there by, where presently he threw himselfe into a Cave, pulling down after him a Rock of Stone, which did close up the Entry, the which was done with so great lightnesse, that the Knights had no time to strike him, but after a while wondring with themselves to sée such a strange and sudden thing, they assayed by strength to remove the Stone, and clear the mouth of the Cave, the which they did, not without great difficulty.

Yet for all that they could not finde which way they might enter in thereat, but like unto Lyons fraught with anger, fretting and chafing, they went searching round about the Rock to sée if they could espie any entry, and at last they found a great cliffe on the one side of the Rock, and looking in thereat, spyed the Monster, lying upon the Flore licking of his bléeding wounds with his purple tongue.

And séeing him, one of the Knights said, O thou Traytor and Destroyer by the High-wayes! O thou infernall Devill

and

and Enemy unto the World: thou that art the devourer of Humane Flesh, and drinker of mans blood, think not that this thy strong and fast closing up of thy selfe in this Rock of Stone shall availe thée, or that thy devilish body shall escape unslaughtred out of our hands: No, no, our bloody Weapons shall be sheathed in thy detested bowels, and rive thy damned heart asunder; and therewithall they thrust their Weapons through the Clift of the Rock, and pierced his throat in such sort that the Monster presently dyed, the which being done, they returned in tryumph like Conquerors to Rosana, where they found her halfe dead lying upon her Palfrey.

But when shée saw them returne in safety, with a joyfull and lowd voyce shée said, O sweet Queene of Chance, how hath it pleased thy Divine Majesty, to furnish these Knights with more strength and Prowesse than any other in all the World, else could they not have chosen but have béene overcome by this remorcelesse Monster, which séemed to be of force to destroy Kingdomes; therewithall shée alighted in good state from her Palfrey, and sate her downe under the shadow of a Pine Tréé, where the three Knights likewise sate downe, and laid their weary Heads upon her soft Lap to sléep, upon whose Faces she Fanned a cole breathing Ayre, and wiped their sweaty Browes with her Handkercher, using all meanes shée could to procure them contentment.

Long had they not reposed themselves upon Rosana's Lap, refreshing their weary Bodies with a Golden slumber, but they awaked and mounted upon their Stéeds, and the next morning by break of day, they approached the sight of the Black Castle: before whose Walls they found seven portly Steeds, féeding within a grécne Pasture, and by them an ancient man, bearing in his face the true picture of sorrow, and carving in the Barks of Trées the true subject of all his passed grief: this man was the old Shepheard which the seven Champions of Christendome (before their enchanted sleeps in the Castle) left without the Gates to over-see their Horses, as you heard before in the last Chapter.

But Saint Georges Sonnes (after they had awhile beheld the manner of the Shepheards silent Lamentations)

demanded the cause of his griefe, and wherefore hée remained so neare the danger of the Castle: to whose demands, the courteous old man answered in this manner:

Brave Knights (said he) for you séeme to bée no lesse by your Princely demeanors, within this Castle remaineth a bloody Tyrant and a wicked Homicide, called Leoger, whose Tyranny and Lust hath not onely ravished but murthered two of my Daughters, with whom I was honoured in my young yeares, in whose revenge there came with mée seven Christian Knights of seven severall Countreys, that entred this accursed Castle about seven dayes since, appointing mée to stay without the Gates, and to have a vigilant care of their Horses, till I heard either newes of the Tyrants confusion, or their overthrowes: but never since by any meanes could I learne whether good or bad were befallen them.

These words strook such a terror to their hearts, that for a time they stood speechlesse, imagining that those seven Knights were the seven Champions of Christendom, in whose pursuits they have travelled so many Countreys. But at last, when Saint George's Sonnes had recovered their former speeches, one of them (though not intending to reveale what they imagined) said to the old Shepheard: that likewise they came to bée revenged upon that accursed Knight, for the spoyle of a beauteous and worthy Virgin Queene, done by the same lust-inflamed Tyrant.

Then the Lady and the three Knights alighted from their Horses and likewise committed them to the keeping of the old Shepheard: who courteously received them, and earnestly prayed for their prosperous procéedings. So the three Knights buckled close their Armours, laced on their Helmets, and put their Shields upon their Arms, and in company of Rosana they went to the Castle Gate, the which glistered against the Sun like burnisht Gold: whereat hung a mighty Copper Ring, wherewith they beat so vehemently against the Gate that it séemed to rattle like a violent tempestuous Storme of Thunder in the Element.

Then presently there appeared (looking out of a Marble pillared window) the Magician, newly risen from his Bed, in a wrought shirt with black Silk, and covered with a night-

Gowne

Gown of Damask Velvet: and seeing the Knights with the Lady standing before the Gate, hee thus discourteously greeting them.

You Knights of strange Countreys, said he, for so doth it appear by your strange demeanours, if you desire to have the Gates opened, and your Bones buryed in the Vaults of our Castle, turn back unto the Jasper Pillar, behinde you, and sound the Silver Trumpet that hangs upon it, so shall your entry be easie, but your coming forth miraculous. And thereupon the Magician left the Window.

Whereupon one of the Knights went unto the Jasper pillar, & with a vehement breath sounded the enchanted Trumpet, as Saint George did before, whereat the Gates flew open in like manner: whereinto (without disturbance) they entred: and comming into the same Court where the Champions had fought with the Gyants, they espied the Enchanted Lamps, which hung burning before the entry of the Cave where the Champions lay upon the Enchanted Bed. Under the Lamps hung a Silver Tablet in an Iron Chain, in it was written these words following.

These fatall Lamps with their Enchanted Lights,
In deaths sad sleep have cast seven Christian Knights,
Within this Cave they lie with sloth confounded,
Whose Fame but late in every place resounded.
Except the flaming Lamps extinguisht be,
Their golden thoughts shall sleep eternally.

A Fountain fram'd by Furies raisd from Hell,
About whose Spring doth fear and terrour dwell:
No earthly water may suffice but this,
To quench the Lamps where Art commander is,
No wight alive this water may procure,
But she that is a Virgin chast and pure,
And Nature at her Birth did so dispose,
Vpon her Breast to print a purple Rose.

These Verses being perused by the three Knights, and finding them as it were contrived in the manner of a mysticall Oracle, they could not imagine what they should signifie:

but Rosana being singular well conceited, and of a quick understanding, presently knew that by her the Adventures should bee finished, and therefore shee encouraged them to a forwardnesse, and to seek out the enchanted Fountain, that by the water thereof the Lamps might be quenched, and the seven Champions delivered out of Captivity.

This importunate desire of Rosana, caused the three young Knights not to lose any time, but to search in every corner of the Castle, till they had found the place wherein the Fountain was: for as they went towards the North side of the Court, they espyed another little Doore standing in the Wall, and when they came to it, they saw that it was made all of very strong Iron, with a Portall of Steel, and in the key-hole thereof there was a brazen key, with the which they did open it, whereat presently (unto their wonderfull amazements) they heard a very sad and sorrowfull Voyce breath forth these words following:

Let no man be so foolish hardy, as to enter here, for it is a place of terrour and confusion.

Yet for all this they entred in thereat, and would not bee daunted with any ceremonious feare, but like Knights of an Heroicall estimation they went forward: wherein they were no sooner entred, but they saw that it was wonderfull dark, and it seemed unto them that it should bee a very large Hall, and there they heard very fearfull howlings, as though there had been a Legion of Hell-hounds, or that Plutoe's Dog had been Vice-gerent of that Place. Yet for all this these valiant Knights did not lose any of their accustomed Courage, nor would the Lady leave their companies for any danger at all: but they entred in further, and took off their Gauntlets from their left hands, whereon they wore Marvellous great and fine Diamonds, which were set in Rings, that gave so much light, that they might plainly see all things that were in the Hall, the which was very great and wide, and upon the Walls were painted the Figures of many furious Fiends, Devils, with other strange Visions framed by Magick Art, onely to terrifie the Beholders. But loking very circumspectly about them

them on every side, they espyed the Enchanted Fountain standing directly in the middle of the Hall, towards which they went with their Shields braced on their left Arms, and their good Swords charged in their right hands, ready to withstand any dangerous Accident whatsoever should happen.

But coming to the Fountain, and offering to fill their Helmets with water, there appeared before them a strange and terrible Gryphon, which seemed to bee all of flaming fire, who struck all ỳ thrée Knights one after another in such sort, that they were forced to recoyl back a great way: yet notwithstanding with great discretion they kept themselves upright, and with a wonderfull lightnesse, accompanied with no lesse anger, they threw their Shields at their backs, and taking their Swords in both their hands, they began most fiercely to assayle the Gryphon with mortall and strong blowes. Then presently there appeared before them a whole Legion of Devils with Flesh-hooks in their hands, spitting forth Flames of Fire, and breathing from their Nostrils smoaking Sulphur and Brimstone. In this terrible sort tormented they these thrée valiant Knights, whose yéeres although they were but young, yet with great wrath and redoubled force adventured they themselves amongst this Hellish Crew, striking such terrible blowes, that in spight of them they came unto the Fountain, and proffered to take of the water: but all in vain, for they were not onely put from it by this devillish Company, but the water it self glided from their hands.

Oh in what great travell and perplexity these Knights remained amongst this wicked and devillish Generation, for to defend themselves, that they might attain to the finishing of this Adventure, according to their Knightly promise.

But during the time of all these dangerous Encounters, Rosana stood like one bereft of sense, through the terrour of the same: but at last remembring her self of the superscription written in the silver Tablet, the which the Knights perused by the enchanted Lamps: the signification of which was that the quenching of the Lights should be accomplished by a pure Virgin that had the lively forme of a Rose natu-

rally pictured upon her Breast, all the which Rosana knew most certainly to be comprehended in her self, therefore whilest they continued in their dangerous fight, she took up a Helmet that was pulled from one of the Knights Heads by the furious force of the Gryphon, and ran unto the Fountain, and filled it with water, wherewith shée quenched the Enchanted Lamps, with as much ease as though one had dipped a waxen Torch in a mighty River of water.

This was no sooner done and finished, to Rosana's chiefest contentment, but then the Skies began to wax dark, and immediately to bée over spread with a black and thick Cloud, and it came with great Thundrings and Lightnings, and such a terrible noyse as though Earth would have sunk: and the longer it endured, the more was the fury thereof, in such sort that the Gryphon with all that deluding Generation of Spirits vanished away, and the Knights forsook their Encounters, and fell upon their knées: and with great humility they desired in their hearts to be delivered from the fury of that excéeding and terrible Tempest.

By this sudden alteration of the Heavens, the Knight of the Castle knew that the Lamps were extinguished, the Champions redeemed from their Enchanted sléeps, the Castle yéelded to the pleasure of the three Knights, and his own life to the fury of their Swords, except hée preserved it by sudden flight, so presently he departed the Castle and secretly fled out of the Iland unsuspected by any one: of whose after Fortunes, miseries and death, you shall hear more hereafter in the course of the History following.

The Negromancer by his Art likewise knew that the Castle was yéelded unto his Enemies Power, and that his Charms and Magick Spels nothing prevailed: therefore he caused two Ayrie Spirits in the likenesse of two Dragons to carry him swiftly through the Ayre in an Ebon Chariot.

Here we likewise will leave him in his wicked and Devillish Attempts, and Damned Enterprises, which shall bée Discoursed hereafter more at large: because it appertaineth to our History now to speak of the seven renowned Champions of Christendom, that by the quenching of the Lamps, were awakened from their Enchantments, wherein they had laine in obscurity for the space of seven dayes. For

when

when they were risen from their sléep, and had rowsed up their drowsie spirits, like men newly recovered from a Trance, being ashamed of that dishonourable Enterprize, they long time gazed on each others Face, being not able to expresse their minds, but by blushing looks, being the silent speakers of their extream sorrowes. Yet at last, Saint George began to expresse the extremity of his griefe in this manner:

What is become of you brave Europs Champions (said hée) where is now your wonted Valours, of late so much renowned through the World? what is become of your surmounting strengths, that hath brused enchanted Helmets, and quaild the power of mighty multitudes? what is become of your terrible blowes, that have subdued Mountaines, hewed in sunder Diamond Armours, and brought whole Kingdomes under your subiections? Now I sée that all is forgotten and nothing worth, for that wée have buried all our Honours, Dignities, and Fames, in sléepful slumbers, upon a silken Bed

And thereupon he fell upon his knées, and said, thou that art the Guider of all our Fortunes, to thée I invocate and call, and desire thée to help us, and do not permit us to have our Fames taken away for this dishonour, & let us merit Dignity be our Victories, and that our bright Renownes may ride upon the glorious wings of Fame, whereby the Babes as yet unborn may speak of us, and in time to come fill whole Volums with our Princely Atchievements.

These and suchlike Spéeches pronounced this discontented Champion, till such time as the Elements cleared, and that golden faced Phœbus glistred with splendant brightnesse into the Cave through a secret hole, which séemed in their conceits to dance about the Vayle of Heaven, and to réioyce at their happy deliveries.

In this ioyfull manner returned they up into the Court of the Castle, with their Armours buckled fast unto their Bodies, which had not béen unbraced in seven dayes before, where they met with the thrée Knights comming to salute them, and to give them the courtesies of Knighthood.

But when Saint George saw his Sonnes, whom hée had not

not seene in two yeares before, hée was so ravished with ioy, that he swounded in their Bosomes, being not able to give them his Blessing, so great was the pleasure hée took in their sights.

Here I leave the ioyful greeting betwixt the Father and his Sonnes to those that knowe the secret love of Parents to their Children, and what deare affection long absence breedeth.

For when they had sufficiently opened the integrity of their Soules each to other, and had at large explained how many dangers every Knight and Champion had passed since their departure from England, when as they begun first their intended Pilgrimage to Ierusalem as you heard in the beginning of this Book, they determined to search the Castle, and to finde out Leoger with his Associate the wicked Enchanter, that they might receive due punishments for their committed offences, but they like wily Foxes were fled from the Hunters Traps, and had left the empty Castle to the spoyle of the Christian Champions: but when Rosana saw her selfe dismist from her purpose, and that she could not performe her Mothers will against her disloyall Father, shée protested by her Mothers Name, never to close up her carefull Eyes with quiet slumbers, nor never rest her weary Limbs in Bed of Downe, but travell up and downe the circled Earth, till shée enioyed a sight of her disloyall Father, whom as yet her Eyes did never see. Therefore shée conjured the Champions by the love and honour that Knights ought for to beare unto poore distressed Ladies, to grant her liberty to depart, and not to hinder her from her intended Travell.

The Knights considered with themselves that shée was a Lady of a divine Inspiration, born unto some strange fortune, and one by the Heavens appointment which had redeemed them from a wonderfull misery.

Therefore they condescended to her desires, and not onely gave her leave to depart, but furnished her with all things belonging to a Lady of so brave a minde.

First, they found within the Castle an Armour fit for a woman, the which the Enchanter had caused to be made by

magick

magick Art, of such a singular nature, that no weapon could pierce it, and so light in wearing, that it wayed no heavier than a Tygers Skin: it was contrived after the Amazonian fashion, plated before with silver plates, like the Scales of a Dolphin, and riveted together with golden Nailes: so that when she had it upon her back, she seemed like to Diana, hunting in the Forests of transformed Acteon.

Likewise they found standing in the Stable at the East side of the Castle, a lusty limbed Steed, big of stature, and of a very good haire, for the halfe parts forwards was of the colour of a Wolfe, and the other halfe was all black, saving that here and there it was spotted with little white spots: his feet were cloven, so that hee needed not at any time to be shod: his Neck was somewhat long, having a little Head, with great Eares hanging down like a Hound: his pace was with great maiesty, and hee so doubled his neck, that his mouth touched his breast: there came out of his mouth two great tuskes like unto an Elephant, and hee did exceed all Horses in the world in lightnesse, and did runne with an exceeding good grace. This likewise bestowed they upon the Lady, the which did more content her minde, than any thing that ever her eye had seene before that time. Also the ten Christian Knights gave her at her departure ten Diamond Rings, continually to weare upon her Fingers, in perpetuall remembrance of their courtesie.

This done, without any longer tarryance, but only thanking them for their great kindnesse shewed unto her in distresse, she leapt into the Saddle without the help of Stirrop or any other thing, and so rode speedily away from their sights, as a shower of raine driven by a violent tempest.

After her departure, the Champions remembred the old Shepheard, whom they had almost forgotten, through the joy that they took in their happy meetings: hee as yet remained without the Castle Gates, carefully keeping their Horses, whom now they caused to come in, and not only gave him the honour due unto his Age, but bestowed frankly upon him the state and government of the Castle, with store of Jewels, Pearls, and Treasure, only to be maintained and kept for relief of poore Travellers.

This being performed with their generall consents, they spent the remnant of the day in banqueting and other pleasant conference of their passed Adventures: And when the Night with her sable Clouds had over-spread the dayes delightfull countenance, they betook them to their rests: the seven Champions in a Chamber that had as many Windowes as there were dayes in the yeere, the old Shepheard by himselfe in a rich furnished Parlor, and Saint George's three Sons in the greatest Hall in the Castle.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

How after the Chriſtian Knights were gone to Bed in the Black Caſtle: Saint *George* was awaked from his ſleep in the dead time of the night, after a moſt fearefull manner, and likewiſe how hee found a Knight lying upon a Tombe that ſtood over a flaming fire, with other things of note that hapned upon the ſame.

MOſt ſweet were the ſleeps that theſe Princely minded Companions took in the Caſtle all the firſt part of the night without moleſtation either by diſquiet Dreames or diſturbing motions of their minds, till ſuch time as the glittering Queene of Night had run half her weary Journey, and had ſpent the better part of the night: for betwixt twelve and one, being the chiefeſt time of feare and terrour in the night, ſuch a ſtrange alteration did worke in Saint Georges thought, that hée could not enioy the benefit of ſweet ſléep, but was forced to lie broad waking, like one diſquieted by ſome ſudden feare: but as hée lay with wakefull eyes thinking upon his paſſed Fortunes, and numbring the minuts of the night with his cogitations, he heard as it were a cry of night Ravens, which flew beating their

fatall wings against the Windowes of his Lodging, by which hée imagined that some direfull Accident was near at hand: yet being not frighted with this fearfull noyse, nor daunted with the croking of these Ravens, he lay still silently, not revealing it to any of the other Champions that lay in the six severall Beds in the same Chamber: but at last being betwéene sléeping and waking, he heard as it were the voyce of a sorowfull Knight that constrained these bitter passions from his tormented Soul, and they contained these words following:

O thou invincible Knight of England, thou that art not frighted with this sorrowfull dwelling, wherein thou canst see nothing but torments, rise up I say, from thy sluggish Bed, and with thy undaunted courage and strong arm, break the Charm of my Enchantment.

And therewithall he séemed to give a most terrible groan, and so ceased. This unexpected noyse caused Saint George (without the knowledge of any of the other Champions) to arise from his Bed, and to buckle on his Armour, and to search about the Castle to sée if he might finde the place that harboured the Knight that made such sorrowfull Lamentation.

So going up and down by corners in the Castle, all the latter part of the night, without finding the adventure of this strange Voice, or disturbance by any other meanes but that he was hindred from his naturall and quiet sleeps, by the break of day, when the dark night began to with-draw her sable curtaines, and to give Aurora liberty to explain her purple brightnesse, hée entred into a four square Parlor, hung round about with black Cloath, and other mournfull Habiliments, where on the one side of the same he saw a Tomb all covered likewise with black, and upon it there lay a man with a pale colour, who at certain times, gave most marvellous and grievous sighs, caused by burning Flames that procéeded from under the Tomb, being such that it séemed that his body therewith should bée converted into Coales: the Flame thereof was so stinking, that it made Saint George somewhat to retyre himself from the place where he did sée that most horrible and fearfull Spectacle.

Hée

Hée which lay upon the Tombe, casting his eyes aside, espyed Saint George, and knowing him to be a humane creature, with an afflicted voyce he said, who art thou Sir Knight that art come into this place of sorrow where nothing is heard but clamours of fear and terrour?

Nay, tell mée said Saint George, who thou art, that with so much grief dost demand of mée, that which I stand in doubt to reveal to thée?

I am the King of Babylon (answered he) which without all consideration, with my cruell hand did pierce thorow the white and delicate breast of my beloved Daughter: wo bée to me, and wo unto my Soul therefore: for she at once did pay her offence by death, but I a most miserable wretch with many Torments doe die living.

When this worthy Champion Saint George was about to answer him, he saw come forth from under the Tomb a Damsell who had her haire of a yellow and wan colour, hanging down about her shoulders, and by her Face shée seemed that shée should be very strangely afflicted with torments, and with a sorrowfull voice shée said:

O unfortunate Knight, what dost thou séek in this Infernall Lodging, where cannot be given thée any other pleasure, but mortall torment, and there is but one thing that can cleat thee from them, and this cannot be told thée by any other but by mée: yet I will not expresse it except thou wilt grant mée one thing which I will ask of thée.

The English Champion that with a sad countenance stood beholding of the sorrowfull Damsell, and being greatly amazed at the sight which he had séen, answered & said: The Powers which were Governours of my Liberty, will do their pleasures, but touching the grant of thy request I never denyed any lawfull thing to either Lady or Gentlewoman, but with all my power and strength I was made to fulfill the same, therefore demand what thy pleasure is, for I am ready to do any thing that may work thy remedy.

And with that the Damsell threw her self into ỳ Sepulchre, and with a grievous Voyce she said: Now most courteous Knight perform thy promise: strike but three stroaks upon this fatall Tomb, and thou shalt deliver us from a world of miseries, and likewise make an end of our continuall torments.

Then the invincible Knight replyed in this order, whether you be humane creatures said hée, placed in this Sepulchre by Enchantment, or Furies raised from fiery Acheron, to work my confusion or no, I know not, and there is so little truth in this infernall Castle, that I stand in doubt whether I may beléeve thy words or not: but yet Discourse unto mée the truth of all your passed Fortunes, and by what meanes you were brought into this place, and as I am a true Knight and one that fights in the quarrell of Christendome, I vow to accomplish whatsoever lyeth in my power.

Then the Damsell began with a grievous and sorrowfull Lamentation to declare as strange a Tragedy as ever was told: And lying in the fatall Sepulchre unséen of Saint George, that stood leaning his back against the Wall to heare her Discourse and Lamentable Storie: with a hollow Voyce like a murthered Lady, whose bléeding Soule as yet did féele the terrible stroke of her death, thée repeated this pitifull Tale following.

CHAP. XI.

Of a Tragicall Discourse pronounced by a Lady in a Tombe, and how her enchantment was finished by Saint *George*, with other strange Accidents hapned to the other six Champions of Christendome.

IN famous Babylon sometimes reigned a King, although a Heathen, yet adorned with noble and Vertuous Customes, and had onely one Daughter that was very faire, whose name was Angelica, humble, wise, and chaste: who was beloved of a mighty Duke and a man wonderfull cunning in the Black Art. This Magician had a sage and grave countenance, and one that for wisdome better deserved the Goverment than any other in the Kingdome, and was very well esteemed throwout all Babylon, almost equally with ỳ King: for the which there ingendred in the Kings heart a secret rancour and hatred towards him. This Magician cast his love upon the young Princesse Angelica, and it was ordained by destiny that shee should repay him with the same affection, so that both their hearts being wounded with love the one to the other, they indured sundry great passions.

Then

Then love which continually seeketh occasions, did on a time set before this Magician, a waiting Maide of Angelica's, named Fidela: she which thing seemed to be wrought by the immortall power of the Goddesse Venus: Oh in what feare the Magician was to discover unto her all his heart and to bewray the secrets of his love-sick soule: but in the end, by the great industry and diligence of the waiting Maide (whose name was answerable unto her minde) there was order given that these two Lovers should met together.

This faire Angelica for that she could not at her ease enioy her true Lover, she did determine to leave her owne naturall Country and Father: and with this intention being one night with her Love, shee cast her Armes about his Neck and said:

Oh my sweet and welbeloved Friend, seeing that my Destinies have beene so kinde to me, as to have my heart linked in thy breast, let no man finde in thee ingratitude, for that I cannot live, except continually I enioy thy sight: and doe not muse (my Lord) at these my words, for the entire love that I bear to you, constraineth mee to make it manifest. And this beleeve of a certainty, that if thy sight bee absent from mee, it will bee an occasion that my heart will lack his vitall recreation, and my soule forsake her earthly habitation. You know (my Lord) how that the King my Father doth bear you no good will, but doth hate you from his soule, which will be an occasion that we cannot enioy our hearts contentments: for the which I have determined (if you think well thereof) to leave both my Father and my native Countrey, and to goe and live with you in a strange Land. And if you deny me this, you shall very quickly see your loving Lady without life: but I know you will not deny mee, for thereon consisteth the benefit of my welfare, and my chiefest prosperity. And therewithall shedding a few teares from her Christall eyes, she held her peace.

The Magician (as one halfe ravished with her earnest desires) answered and said:

My Love and sweet Mistresse, wherefore have you any doubt that I will not fulfill and accomplish your desire in all things: therefore out of hand put all things in a readi-

nesse

nesse that your pleasure is to have done: for what more benefit or contentment can I receive, than to enioy your sight continually, in such sort that neither of us may depart from the others company, till the fatall Destinies give end to our lives? Or if it so fall out that Fortune frown upon us, that wee bee espyed and taken in our Enterprise, and suffer death together, what more glory can there happen unto mee, than to die with thee, and to end my life betwixt thy Armes? therefore doe not trouble your selfe deare Lady and Mistresse, but give mee leave for to depart your presence, that I may provide all things in readinesse for our departures: and so with this conclusion they took leave one of the other, and departed away with as great secrecie as might possibly bee devised.

After this, within a few dayes, the Magician by his Enchantment caused a Chariot to be made, that was drawne by two flying Dragons, into the which without beeing espyed of any one, they put themselves, together with their trusty waiting Maid, and in great secrecie they departed out of the Kings Palace, and took their iourney towards the Countrey of Armenia: in the which Countrey in a short time they arrived, and came without any misfortune unto a place whereas deep Rivers did continually strike upon a Rock, upon the which stood an old and ancient Building, wherein they intended to inhabit, as a most convenient place for their dwelling, whereas they might without all feare of being found, live peacefully, enioying each others love.

Not farre from that place there was a small Village, from whence they might have necessary Provision for the maintaining of their bodies. Great ioy and pleasure these two Lovers received when they found themselves in such a place whereas they might take their fill of each others loves.

The Magician delighted in no other thing but to goe a hunting with certaine Countrey Dwellers that inhabited in the next Village, leaving his sweet Angelica accompanied with her trusty Fidelia in that strong House, so in this order they lived together foure yeeres, spending their dayes in great pleasure: but in ẏ end, Time (who never resteth in one degree)

did take from them their Rest, and repayed them with sorrow and extream misery. For when the King her Father found her missing, the sorrow and griefe was so much that hée received, that hée kept his Chamber a long time, and would not be comforted of any body.

Foure years hée passed away in great heavinesse, filling the Court with Ecchoes of his beloved Daughter, and making the Skies to resound his Lamentations: sorrow was his food, salt Teares his Drink, and Griefe his chiefe companion.

But at last, upon a time as hée sate in his Chaire, lamenting her absence with great heavinesse, and being over-charged with griefe, hée chanc'd to fall into a troublesome Dreame, for after quiet sléep had closed up the closets of his eyes, he dreamed that hée saw his Daughter standing upon a Rock by the Sea side, offering to cast her body into the Waves before she would return at Babylon, and that he beheld her Lover with an Army of Satyres, and wild men ready furnished with Habiliments of Warre to pull him from his Throne, and to deprive him of his Kingdom.

Out of this Vision he presently started from his Chair, as though it had béen one frighted with a Legion of Spirits, and caused foure of the chiefest Péeres of his Land to be sent for, to whom hée committed the Government of his Countrey: certifying them that hée intended a Voyage to the Sepulchre at Memphis, thereby to qualifie the fury of his Daughters Ghost, whom hée dreamed to be drowned in the Seas, and that except hée sought by true Submission to appease the angry Fates, whom hée had offended, hée should be Deposed from his Kingdom.

None could withdraw him from his determination, though it was to the prejudice of his whole Land: therefore within twenty dayes hée furnished himselfe with all necessaries, as well of Armour and Martiall Furniture, as of Gold and Treasure, and so departed from Babylon privately and alone, not suffring any other (though many desired it humbly and very earnestly) to beare him company.

But he travelled not as he told his Lords, after any Ceremonious Order, but like a blood Hound searching Countrey

after

after Countrey, Nation by Nation, and Kindome by Kingdome, that after a barbarous manner he might be revenged upon his Daughter for her disobedience. And as hee travelled, there was no Cave, Den, Wood, or Wilderneſſe, but hee furiously entred, and diligently searched for his Angelica.

At last, by strange Fortune hee hapned into Armenia, neare unto the place whereas his Daughter had her residence, where after he had intelligence by the Commons of the Countrey, that shee remained in an old ruinated Building on the top of a Rock neare at hand, without any more delay he travelled unto that place, at such a time as the Magician her Husband was gone about his accustomed Hunting: where comming to the Gate and finding it lockt, he knockt thereat so furiously that hee made the noyse resound all the House over with the redoubling Eccho.

When Angelica heard one knock, shee came unto the Gate, and with all speed did open it, where when shee thought to imbrace him, thinking it to be her Lover, shee saw that it was her Father, and with a sudden alteration shee gave a great shrike, and ran with all the speed shee could back into the House.

Her Father being angry, like a furious Lyon followed her, saying: It doth little avayle thee Angelica to run away, for that thou shalt die by this revengefull hand, paying mee with thy death, the dishonour that my Crowne hath received by thy flight.

So hee followed her till hee came to the Chamber where her waiting Maide Fidelia was, who likewise presently knew the King: upon whose wrathfull countenance appeared the Image of pale Death, and fearing the harm that might happen unto her Lady, she put her selfe over her Ladies body, and gave most terrible, loud, and lamentable shrikes.

The King, as one kindled in wrath, and forgetting the naturall love of a Father towards his Child, hee laid hands upon his Sword, and said: It doth not profit thee Angelica to flie from thy death, for thy desert is such, that thou canst not escape from it: for here mine own Arme shall bee the killer of mine own flesh, and I unnaturally hate that, which Nature it selfe commandeth me especially to love.

Then Angelica with a countenance more red than Scarlet, answered and said: Ah my Lord and Father, will you bée now as cruell unto mée, as you had wont to be kinde and pittifull? Appease your wrath, and withdraw your unmercifull Sword, and hearken unto this which I say in discharging my selfe of that you charge me withall. You shall understand my Lord and Father, that I was overcome and constramed by love for to love, forgetting all fatherly love and duty towards your Maiesty: yet for all that, having power to accomplish the same, it was not to your dishonour, in that I live honourably with my Husband: then the King (with a visage fraught with terrible ire) more liker a Dragon in the Woods of Hircania, than a man by nature, answered and said,

Thou viperous Brat, degenerat from Natures kinde, thou wicked Traytor to thy Generation: what reason hast thou to make this false excuse, when as thou hast committed a crime that deserves more punishment than humane nature can inflict? And in saying these words, hée lift up his Sword, intending to strike her into the heart, and to bath his weapon in his own Daughters blood: whereat Fidelia being present, gave a terrible shrike, and threw her selfe upon the body of unhappy Angelica, offering her tender Breast to the fury of his sharp cutting-Sword, only to set at liberty her dear Lady and Mistresse.

But when the furious King saw her in this sort make her defence, he pulled her off by the haire of the Head, offering to trample her delicate Body under his Feet, thereby to make a way that he might execute his determined purpose without resistance of any.

Fidelia, when shée saw the King determined to kill his Daughter, like unto a Lionesse, shée hung about his Neck, and said: Thou monstrous Murtherer, more cruell than the mad Dogges in Egypt, why dost thou determine to slaughter the most chaste and Loyallest Lady in the World, even shée within whose lap untamed Lyons will come and sléep?

Thou art thy selfe (I say) the occasion of all this evill, and thine only is the fault, for that thy self wert so malicious and

and so full of mischiefe, that she durst not let thée understand of her love.

These words and teares of Fidelia did little profit to mollifie the Kings heart, who rather like a wilde Boar in the Wilderneſſe being compaſſed about with a company of dogs, moſt trefully ſhook his Limbs, and threw Fidelia from him, in ſuch ſort, that he had almoſt dasht her Braines against the Chamber Walls, and with double wrath hée did proceéd to execute his fury. Yet for all this, Fidelia with terrible ſhrikes ſought to hinder him, till ſuch time as with his cruell hand he thruſt his Sword into her Ladies Breaſt, ſo that it appeared forth at her back, whereby her Soule was forced to leave her terreſtriall habitation, and flie into the wide Ayre, after thoſe which dyed for true loves ſake.

Thus this unhappy Angelica, when shée was moſt at quiet, and content with her mean kind of life, then Fortune turned her unconſtant Wheéle, and caſt her from a glorious delight to a ſudden death.

The trefull King, when hée beheld his Daughters blood ſprinkled about the Chamber, and that by his own hands it was committed, hée repented himſelfe of the déed, and accurſed the houre wherein the firſt motion of ſuch a crime entred into his minde, wiſhing the hand that did it ever after might bée lame, and the heart that did contrive it, to bée plagued with more extremities than was miſerable Oedipus, or to be terrified with her ghaſtly ſpirit, as was the Macedonian Alexander with Clitus ſhadow, whom hée cauſelly murthered.

In this manner the unfortunate King repented his Daughters bloody Tragedy, with this determination not to ſtay till the Magician returned from his Hunting Exerciſe, but to exclude himſelfe from the company of all men, and to ſpend the remnant of his loathſome life among untamed Beaſts in ſome wilde Wilderneſſe. Upon this reſolution hée departed the Chamber, and withall ſaid, Farewell thou liveleſſe Body of my Angelica, and may thy blood which I have ſpilt, crave vengeance of the Fates againſt my guilty Soule, for my earthly Body ſhall indure a miſerable punishment. Likewiſe at his departure hée writ upon the

Chamber Walls these Verses following with his daughters blood:

Now unto Hils, to Dales, to Rocks, to Caves I goe,
To spend my dayes in shame, in sorrow, griefe, and woe.

Fidelia (after the departure of the King) used such violent fury against her selfe, both by rending the golden trammels of her haire, and tearing her Rose-coloured Face with her furious Nayles, that she rather seemed an infernall Fury, subject to Wrath, than any Earthly Creature furnished with clemency: shee sate over Angelica's Body, wiping her bleeding bosome with a Damask Scarf, which shee pulled from her Waste, and bathing her dead Body in luke-warme Teares, which forcibly ranne downe from her eyes like an over-flowing Fountaine.

In this wofull manner spent the sorrowfull Fidelia that unhappy day, till bright Phœbus went into the Westerne parts: at which time the Magician returned from his accustomed Hunting, and finding the Doore open, hee entred into Angelica's Chamber, where when hee found her Body welt'ring in congealed blood, and beheld how Fidelia sate weeping over her bleeding wounds, hee cursed himselfe, for that hee accounted his negligence the occasion of her death, in that hee had not left her in more safety. But when Fidelia had certified him, how that by the hands of her owne Father shee was slaughtered, hee began like a frantick tyrant to rage against blacke destiny, and to fill the Ayre with terrible exclamations.

Oh cruell Murtherer (said hee) crept from the wombe of some untamed Tyger: I will bee so revenged upon thee, O unnaturall King, that all Ages shall wonder at thy misery.

And likewise thou unhappy Virgin shalt endure like punishment, in that thy accursed tongue hath bruited this fatall Deed unto my Eares: the one for committing the Crime, and the other for reporting it. For I will cast such deserved vengeance upon your Heads, and place your Bodies in such continuall torments, that you shall lament my Ladies death, leaving alive the Fame of her with your Lamentations.

And

And in saying these words, hée drew a Book out of his Bosome, and in reading certain Charms, and Enchantments, that were therein contained, hée made a great and very black Cloud appear in the Skies, which was brought by terrible and hasty winds, in the which hée took them up both, and brought them into the enchanted Castle, where ever since they have remained in this Tombe cruelly tormented with unquenchable Fire, and must for ever continue in the same extremity, except some courteous Knight will vouchsafe to give but three blowes upon the Tombe, and break the Enchantment.

Thus have you heard, you magnanimous Knight, the true Discourse of my unhappy Fortunes. And the Virgin which for the true love she bore unto her Lady was committed to this torment is my selfe, and this pale Body lying upon the Tombe, is the unhappy Babylonian King which unnaturally murthered his owne Daughter: and the Magician which committed all these villanies, is that accursed wretch, which by his Charms and Devillish Enchantments hath so strongly withstood your Encounters.

These words were no sooner finished, but Saint George drew out his shar, cutting Sword and gave three blowes upon the enchanted Tombe, whereat presently appeared the Babylonian King standing before him, attyred in rich Robes, with [illegible] Imperiall Diadem upon his Head: and the Lady standing by him, with a countenance more beautifull than the Damask Rose.

When Saint George beheld them, hée was not able to speak for joy, nor to utter his minde, so exceeding was the pleasure that hée took in their sights. So without any long circumstance hée took them betwixt both his hands, and led them into the Chamber, whereas hée found the other Knights newly risen from their Beds. To whom hée revealed the true Discourse of the passed Adventure, and by what meanes hée redeemed the King and the Lady from their Enchantments, which to them was as great joy as before it was to Saint George.

So, after they had for some six dayes refreshed themselves in the Castle, they generally intended to accompany the

the Babylonian King into his Countrey, and to place him againe in his Regiment.

In which Travell we will leave the Christian Knights to the Conduit of Fortune, and returne againe to Rosana, who (as you heard before) departed from the Castle in the pursuite of her disloyall Father: of whose strange Accidents shall be spoken in this following Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

How the Knight of the Black Caſtle after conqueſt of the ſame by the Chriſtian Champions, wandred up and down the World in great terrour of conſcience, and after how he was found in a Wood by his own daughter, in whoſe preſence he deſperately ſlew himſelf, with other accidents that after hapned.

YOu do well remember when that Chriſtian Champions had ſlain the ſeven Gyants in the Enchanted Caſtle and had made conqueſt thereof, diſloyall Leoger, being Lord of the ſame, ſecretly fled: not for anger of the loſſe, but for the preſervation of his life. So in grief and terrour of conſcience he wandred like a fugitive up and down the World; ſometimes remembring of his paſſed proſperity, other times thinking upon the Rapes he had committed, how diſloyally in former time he had left the Queen of Armenia big with Childe, bearing in her Wombe the ſtaine of her Honour, and the confuſion of her reputation. Sometime his guilty minde imagined that the bleeding Ghoſts of the two Siſters (whom hee both raviſhed and murthered) followed him up and down, haunting his ghoſt with fearfull exclamations, and filling each corner of the Earth with clamours of revengement.

Such fear and terrour raged in his soul, that he thought all places where hée travelled, were filled with multitudes of Knights, and that the strength of Countreys pursued him, to heap vengeance upon his guilty head for those wronged Ladies.

Whereby hée cursed the hour of his birth, and blamed the cause of his creation, wishing the Fates to consume his Body with a flash of Fire, or that the Earth would gape and swallow him. In this manner he travelled up and down, filling all places with Echoes of his sorrowes and grief, which brought him into such a perplexity, that many times he would have slain himself, and have rid his wretched soul from a world of miseries.

But it hapned that one morning very early, by the first light of Titans golden Torch, hée entred into a narrow and straight path which conducted him into a very thick and solitary Forrest, wherein with much sorrow hée travelled till such time as glistring Phæbus had passed the half part of his tourney.

And being weary with the long way and the great waight of his Armour, hée was forced to take some rest and ease under certain fresh and grèen Myrtle Trees, whose large leaves did shadow a very fair and clear Fountain, whose stream made a bubling murmure on the pibbles.

Being set, he began anew to have in remembrance his former committed cruelty, and complaining of Fortune, he thus published his great grief: and although he was weary of complayning, yet séeing himself without all remedy, he resolved like unto the Swan to sing a while before his death: and so thinking to give some ease unto his tormented heart, hée warbled forth these Verses following.

MOurnfull *Melpomene* approach with speed,
And shew thy sacred face with teares besprent:
Let all thy Sisters hearts with sorrow bleed,
To hear my plaints and rufull discontent.
And with your moanes sweet Muses all assist.
My mournfull Song that doth on woe consist.

That

That ſo I may at large paint out my pain,
Within theſe deſart Groves and Wilderneſſe:
And after I have ended to complain,
They may record my woes and deep diſtreſſe:
Except theſe Myrtle Trees relentleſſe be,
They will with ſobs aſſiſt the ſighes of me.

Time wears out life, it is reported ſo,
And ſo it may, I will it not deny:
Yet have I tryd ſo long, and this do know,
Time gives no end to this my miſery:
But rather Fortune, Time, and Fates agree
To plague my heart with woe eternally.

Ye Silvan Nymps that in theſe Woods do ſhrowd,
To you my mournfull ſorrowes I declare:
You Savage Satyres, let your ears be bow'd,
To hear my wo your nimble ſelves prepare:
Trees, Herbs, & Flowr's, in Rurall Fields that grow,
While thus I mourn, do you ſome ſilence ſhow.

Sweet *Philomel*, ceaſe thou thy Song awhile,
And will thy mates their Melodies to leave:
And all at once attend my mournfull ſtile,
Which will of mirth your ſugred notes bereave:
If you deſire the burthen of my Song,
I ſigh and ſob, cauſe Ladies I did wrong.

You furious Beaſts that feed on Mountaines high,
And reſtleſſe run with rage your prey to finde,
Draw neare to him whoſe brutiſh cruelty
Hath cropt the bud of Virgins chaſte and kinde:

This onely thing yet reſts to comfort me,
Repentance comes a while before I die.

Since all agree for to encreaſe my care,
What hope have I for to enjoy delight?
Sith Fates and Fortune do themſelves prepare
To work againſt my ſoul their full deſpight,
I know no meanes to yeeld my heart relief,
'Tis onely death which can diſſolve my grief.

I muſe, and may, my ſorrowes being ſuch,
That my poor heart can longer life ſuſtain,
Sith daily I do finde my grief ſo much,
As every day I feel a dying pain.
But yet alas, I live afflicted ſtill,
And have no hope to heal me of my ill.

When as I think upon my pleaſures paſt,
Now turn'd to pain, it makes me rue my ſtate:
And ſince my joy with woe is over-caſt,
O Death give end to my unhappy fate,
For onely death will laſting life provide,
Where living thus, I ſundry deaths abide.

Wherefore all you that here my mournfull Song,
And taſted have the grief that I ſuſtain,
All luſtfull Raviſhers that have done wrong,
With tear-fill'd eyes aſſiſt me to complain,
All that have being do my being hate,
Crying haſte, haſte, this wretches dying ſtate.

This sorrowfull Song being done, he layd himself all along upon the grẽn grasse, closing up the closets of his eyes in hope to repose himself in a quiet sleep, and to abandon all discontented thoughts; in which silent contemplation wee will leave him for a while, and return to Rosana the Queenes Daughter of Armenia, that bold Amazonian Lady, whom you remember likewise departed from Black Castle (clad with Enchanted Armour) in the pursuit of her disloyall Father, whom shee never in her life beheld. This courteous Lady (to performe her Mothers Will) travelled up and down strange Countreys with many a weary step, yet never could shee meet with her unkinde Father, unto whom shee was commanded to give her Mothers Letter, neither could shee hear in any place whersoever shee came, where she might go to seek him. In the which travell she met with many strange Adventures, which with great Honour to her name shee finished, yet still shee wandred over Hills and Dales, Mountains and Valleys, and through many solitary Woods, till at last shee happed by fortune into the Wilderneſse whereas this discontented Knight lay sleeping upon the grẽn grasse, neer to which place shee likewise reposed her selfe under the branches of a Chesse-nut Tree, desiring to take some rest after her long Travell.

But upon a sudden being betwixt waking and sleeping, she heard towards her left hand a very Dolorous groan, as it were of some sorrowfull Knight, which was so terrible, heavie, and bitter, that it made her to give an attentive eare unto the sound, and to see if shee could hear and understand what it should bee.

So with making the least noyse that she could possibly, shee arose up and went toward ỹ place, whereas she might see who it was, and there shee beheld a Knight very well armed, lying upon the grẽn grasse, under a certain fair and grẽn Myrtle Tree, his Armor was all russet, and full of bars of black steel, which shewed to bee a very sad, sorrowfull, and heavie enamelling, agreeable to the inward sadneſse of his heart.

He was somewhat of a big stature of body, and well proportioned, and there seemed by his disposition to be in his heart great grief: where after shee had a while stood in secret, be-

holding his sorrowfull countenance, in a wofull manner hée tumbled his restlesse body upon the grèen grasse, and with a sad and heavie lok hée breathed forth this wofull Lamentation.

Oh heavie and perverse Fortune (said hée) why dost thou consent that I so vile and cruell a wretch do breathe so long upon the Earth, upon whose wicked head the golden Sun disdains to shine, and the glittering Elements deny their chèerefull lights.

Oh that some ravenous Harpy would swallow from his Den, and make his lothsome bowels my fatall Tombe, or that my eyes were sightlesse, like the miserable King of Thebes, that I never might again behold this Earth, whereon I have long lived and committed so many cruelties.

I am confounded with the curse of sad mischance, for wronging that Mayden Quèen of Armenia, in the spoyle of whose Virginity I made a tryumphant conquest.

Oh Leoger, Leoger, what fury did induce thée to commit so great sin, in leaving her stained with thy lust, and dishonoured by thy disloyalty? Oh cruell and without faith, thou wert nursed with some unkindly milk of Tygers, and born into the world for thine own torment. Where was thine understanding when thou forsookest that gracious Princesse, who not onely yèelded to thée her Liberty, Love, and Honour, but therewith a Kingdom and a golden Diadem? and therefore woe unto me Traytor, and more woes fall upon my soul, than there be haires upon my head, and may the sorrowes of old Priam be my latest punishment.

What doth it profit me to fill the Ayre with Lamentations, when that the crime is already past, without all remedy or hope of comfort? This being said, hée gave a grievous and terrible sigh, and so held his peace.

Rosana, by those heavie and sorrowfull Lamentations, together with his reasons which she heard, knew him to be her disloyall Father, whom shée had so long travelled after to finde out: but when shée remembred how that his unfaithfulnesse and unkindnesse was the death of her Mother, her heart endured such extream pain and sorrow, that she was constrained (without any fèeling) to fall down to the ground.

But yet her courageous heart could not remain long in that passion, but straitwayes she rose up again upon her fèet,

feet, with a desire to performe her Mothers Will, but yet not intending to discover her name, nor to reveal unto him that shée was his Daughter. So with this thought and determination shée went unto the place where Leoger was, who when hée heard the noyse of her comming, straitwayes started up on his feet.

Then Rosana did salute him with a voice somewhat heavie, and Leoger did return his salutation with no lesse shew of grace.

Then the Amazonian Lady took forth the Letter from her naked breast, where so long time she had kept it, and as shée delivered it into his hands, shée said:

Is it possible that thou art that forgetfull & disloyall Knight, which left the unfortunate Quéen of Armenia (with so great pain and sorrow) big with child among those unmercifull Tyrants her Countrey men, which banished her out of her Countrey in revenge of thy commited crime, where ever since shée hath béen companion with wild Beasts that in their natures have lamented her banishment?

Leoger when he heard her to say these words, began to behold her, and although his eyes were all to be blubbered and weary of wéeping, yet he most earnestly gazed in her face, and answered her in this maner:

I will not deny to thée gentle Amazonian (said he) that which the very Clouds do blush at, and the low Earth doth mourn for. Thou shalt understand that I am the same Knight whom thou hast demanded after: Tell me therefore what is thy will?

My will is, said she, thou most ungratefull Knight, that thou read here this Letter, the last work of the white hand of the unhappy Armenian Quéen.

At which words the Knight was so troubled in thought, and grieved in minde, that it was almost the occasion to dissolve his soul from his body: and therewithall putting forth his hand somewhat trembling, hée took the Letter, and set him down very sorowfull upon the grèen grasse, without any power to the contrary, his grief so abounded the bounds of reason.

No sooner had he opened the Letter, but he presently knew it to be written by the hand of his wronged Lady the Armenian Quéen,

Quéene, and with great alteration both of heart and minde hée read the sorrowful lines, which contained these words following:

The Queen of *Armenia* her Letter.

TO thée thou disloyall Knight of the Black Castle, the unfortunate Quéen of Armenia can neither send nor with salutations: for having no health my self, I cannot send it unto him whose cruell minde hath quite forgotten my true love: I cannot but lament continually, yea, and complain unto my Fates incessantly, considering that my fortune is coverted from a Crowned Quéen to a miserable and Banished Caitif, where as Savage beasts are my chief companions, and the mournful birds my best solliciters. Oh Leoger, Leoger, why didst thou leave mée comfortlesse without all cause, as did Aeneas his unfortunate Dido? what second love hath bereaved me of thy sight, and made thée forget her that ever shall remember thée? O Leoger, remember the day when first I saw thy face, which day bée fatall evermore, and counted for a dismall day in time to come, both heavie, black, and full of foul mischances, for it was unhappy unto mée: for in giving thée joy, I bereaved my self of all, and lost the Possession of my Liberty and Honour: although thou hast not esteémed nor took care of my sorrowfull fortunes, yet thou shouldest not have mockt my perfect love, and disdained the fervent affection that I have borne thée, in that I have yeelded to thée that precious Jewell, the which hath bén denyed to many a Noble King. O Love, cruell and spitefull Love, that so quickly didst make me blinde, and deprived me of the knowledge that belonged to my Royall Highnesse. Oh uncourteous Knight, being blinded with thy love, the Quéen of Armenia stayned her honesty, which thée ought to have kept, and preserved it from the biting canker of disloyall love: Hadst thou pretended to mock me, thou shouldst not have suffered me to have lost so much as I did forgoe for thy sake.

Well mée, why didst thou not suffer mée to execute my will, that I might have opened my white breast with a piercing

pierceing Sword, and sent my soul to shady Banks of sweet Elizium? then had it been better for mee to have dyed, than to live still and dayly die.

Remember thy self Leoger, and behold the harme that will come hereof: have thou a care to ỹ pawn which thou hast sealed in my Womb, and let it bee an occasion that thou dost (after all thy violent wrongs) return to see me sleeping on my Tombe, that my childe may not remain fatherlesse in the power of wilde Beasts, whose hearts be fraughted with nothing but cruelty. Doe not consent that the perfect love which I bear thee should be counted vain, but rather performe the promise which thou hast made to me.

Unkind Leoger, O cruell and hard heart! is falshood the firm love that so unfeignedly thou didst profesſe to mee? What is hee that hath been more unmercifull than thou hast been? There is no furious beast nor lurking Lyon in the Desarts of Lybia, whose mercilesse pawes are all besmeared in blood, that is so cruelly hearted as thy self, else wouldst thou not leave me comfortless, spending my dayes in solitary Woods, whereas the Tigars mourn at my distresses, and the chirping Birds in their kinds, grieve at my lamentations: the unreasonable torments & sorrowes of my soul are so many, that if my pen were made of Lidian Steel, and my Inke the purple Ocean, yet could I not write the number of my woes.

But now I determine to advertise thee of my desired death, for in writing this my last Testament, the Fates are cutting asunder my thred of life, and I can give thee knowledge of no more: but yet I desire thee by the true love which I bear thee, that thou wilt read with sorrow these fewe lines, and now I desire of the destinies that thou mayest die the like death that for thee I now do. And so I end,

By her which did yeeld unto thee her Life,
Love, Honour, Fame, and Liberty.

When this sad and heavie Knight had made an end of reading this dolorous Letter, he could not restrain his eyes from distilling salt teares, so great was the grief that his heart sustayned: Rosana did likewise beare

him company to solemnize his heavinesse, with as many teares trickling from the conduits of his eyes.

The great sorrow and lamentation was such and so much in both their hearts, that for a great space the one could not speak unto the other: but afterwards their griefs being somewhat extenuated, Leoger began to say:

Oh Messenger, from her, with the remembrance of whose wrong my heart is wounded, being undeservedly of me evilly rewarded: tell me (even by the nature of true love) if thou do'st know where she is? shew unto me her abiding place, that I may go thither and give a discharge of this my great fault by yeelding unto death.

Oh cruell and without love (answered Rosana) what discharge canst thou give unto her that already (through thy cruelty) is dead and buryed, onely by the occasion of such a forsworn knight?

This penitent and grieved Knight, when hee understood the certainty of her death, with a sudden and hasty fury he struck himself on the breast with his fist, & lifting his eyes unto the Clouds, in manner of exclamation against the Fates, giving deep and sorrowfull sighes, hee threw himself to the ground: tumbling and wallowing from the one side unto the other, without taking any ease, or having any power or strength to declare the inward grief which at that time hee felt, but with lamentations which did torment his heart, hee called continually on the Armenian Queen, and in that Devillish fury wherein he was, drew out his dagger, and lifting up the skirt of his shirt of Male, hee thrust it into his body, and giving himself this unhappy death (with calling upon his wronged Lady,) hee finished his life, and fell to the ground.

This sad and heavie Lady when shee beheld him so desperately to gore his Martiall Breast, & to fall lifelesse to the Earth, shee greatly repented her self that shee had not discovered her name, and revealed to him how that shee was his unfortunate Daughter, whose face before that time he had never beheld: and as a Lyon (though all to late) who seeing before her eyes a young Lyoness evill intreated of the Hunter, even so shee ran unto her murthered Father, and with great speed pulled off his Helmet from

his

his wounded head, and unbraced his Armour, the which was in colour according to his passion, but yet as strong as any Diamond, made by Magick Art. Also shée took away his Shield which had on it a russet Flag, and in the middest thereof was portrayed the God of Love with two Faces, the one was very faire and bound with a cloath about his eyes, and the other was made marvailous fierce and furious.

This being done, with a faire linnen cloath shée wiped off the blood from his wounded body. And when shée was certaine that it was hée after whom shée had travelled so many weary steps, and that hée was without life, with a furious madnesse shée tore her Attyre from her Head, and all to rent her golden Haire, tearing it in pieces, and then returned againe and wiped his bléeding body, making such sorrowfull lamentation, that whosoever had séene her would have béene moved to compassion. Then shée took his Head betwixt her hands striving to lift it up, and to lay it upon her Lap, but séeing for all this, that there was no moving in him, shée joyned her Face unto his pale and dead Cheeks, and with sorrowfull words shée sayd:

Deare Father, open thine eyes and behold mée, open them sweet Father, and look upon mée thy sorrowfull Daughter: if Fortune be so favourable, let me receive some contentment whilst life remaineth: Oh strengthen thy selfe to look upon mée, wherin such delight may come to me, that we may either accompany other. Oh my Lord and onely Father, séeing that in former times my unfortunate Mothers teares were not sufficient to reclaime thée, make mée satisfaction for the great travell which I have taken in séeking thée out. Come now in death and joy in the sight of thy unhappy Daughter, and die not without séeing her: open thine eyes that shee may gratifie thée in dying with thée.

This being said, Rosana began againe to wipe his body, for that it was againe all to bebathed in blood, and with her white hands shée felt his eyes and mouth, and all his Face, and Head, till such time as shée touched his Breast, and put her hand on the mortall wound, where shée held it still and looked upon him whether hée moved or no. But when shée

felt him without sence or feeling shée began anew to complaine, and crying out with most terrible exclamations, shée said.

Oh my hapless Father, how many troubles and great Travels hath thy Daughter passed in seeking thée, watering the Earth with her Teares, and alwayes in vaine calling for thée: Oh how many times in naming thy name hath shée béene answered with an Eccho, which was unto her great dolour and griefe: and now that Fortune hath brought her where thou art, to reioyce her selfe in thy presence, the same Fortune hath converted her wishes into griefe and dolour. Oh cruell and unconstant Quéene of Chance, hath Rosana deserved this, to bée most afflicted when shée expected some ioy? Oh Leoger, if ever thou wilt open thine eyes, now open them, or let the glasses of my eyes be closed eternally.

Herewith she perceived his dim eyes to open, and his senses now a little gathered together: and when he saw himselfe in her Arms, and understood by her words, that shée was his Daughter, whom hée had by the unfortunate Quéen of Armenia, hée suddenly strove against weakenesse, and at last recovering some strength, he cast his yeelding Armes about the milk-white Neck of the fair Rosana, and they ioyned their Faces the one with the other, distilling betwixt them many salt and bitter teares, in such sort that it would have moved the very wild Beasts unto compassion: and then with a feeble and weak voyce the wounded Knight said:

Oh my Daughter, unfortunate by my disloyalty, let me recreate and comfort my selfe, in enioying this thy mouth, the time that I shall remaine alive, and before my silly soule doth depart the company of my dying body: I doe confesse that I have béen pittilesse unto thy Mother, and unkind to thée, in making thée to travell with great sorrow in seeking me, and now thou hast found mée, I must leave thée alone in this sorrowfull place with my dead body pale and wan: yet before my death sweet Girle give me some few gentle kisses: this only delight I crave for the little time I have to tarry, and afterward I desire thée to intombe my body in thy Mothers Grave, though it bée farre in distance from this unlucky Countrey.

Oh

Oh my deare Lord (answered shée) doe you request mée to give your body a Sepulchre? I think it more requisite, to séek some to give it unto us both: for I know my life cannot continue long, if the angry Fates deprive mée of your living company. And without strength to proceed any further in speeches, shée kissed his Face with many sobbings and sighes, and having within her selfe a terrible conflict, shée tarryed for the answer of her dying Father, who with paine and great anguish of death, said:

Oh my Child, how happy should I bee, that thus imbracing one in anothers Arms, we might depart together? then should I be joyfull in thy company, and account my self happy in my death: but alas, I must leave thée unto the World. Daughter farewell, good fortune preserve thée, and for ever may she take thée into her favour. And when he had said these words, inclining his Neck upon the Face of Rosana he dyed.

When this sorrowfull Lady saw that the Soule had got the victory and departed from the body, shée kissed his pale lips, and giving déep and dolorous sighes, shée began a marvellous and most heavy Lamentation, calling her selfe unhappy and unfortunate, and layd her selfe upon the dead body, cursing her destinies, so that it was lamentable to heare.

Oh my deare Father, said shée, what small benefit have I received for all my travell and paine, the which I have suffered in séeking of thée, and now in the finding of thée, the more is my grieve, for that I came to sée thée die? Oh most unhappy that I am, where was my minde when I saw that fatall Dagger pierce thy tender Breast? whereon was my thought? wherefore did I stand still, and did not with courage make resistance against that terrible and fatall blow?

If my strength would not have served me, yet at the least I should then have borne thée company. You furious Beasts that are hid in your Dens and déep Caves, where are you now? why doe you not come and take pitty upon my griefe in taking away my life? doing so, you shew your selves pittifull, for that I doe abhorre this dolorous life. Yet all this while shée did not forget the promise that shée made him, which was to give his body burriall in her Mothers Tombe. Which was the occasion that she did somewhat cease her Lamentation, and taking unto her selfe more courage than her

sorrowfull grieke would consent unto, shée put the dead body under a broad branched Pine-apple Trée, and covered it with leaves and gréene grasse, and withall hung his Armour upon the boughes, in hope that the sight thereof would cause some adventrous Knight to approach her presence, that in kindnesse would assist her to intombe him. This done, here we will leave Rosana wéeping over her Fathers Body, and speak of the Negromancer after his flight from the Black Castle.

CHAP. XIII.

How the Magician found *Leogers* Armour hanging upon a Pine-Tree, kept by *Rosana* the Queens Daughter of *Armenia*, betwixt whom hapned a terrible Battell: also of the desperate death of the Lady: and after, how the Magician framed by Magick Art an Enchanted Sepulchre, wherein he inclosed himself from the sight of all humane creatures.

I Am sure you do well remember, when the Christian Knights had conquered the Black Castle, which was kept by Enchantment, how the furious Negromancer to preserve his life, fled from the same, carried by his Art through the ayre in an Iron Chariot, drawn by two flying Dragons: in which charmed Chariot hee crossed over many Parts and Plaines of the Easterne Climates.

At last, being weary of his journey, he put himself into the thickest of a Forrest, wherein travelling with his whirling Dragons, hee never rested till he came unto mighty and broad River, the which seemed to bee an arme of the Marble-coloured Ocean: there hee alighted from his Chariot for to

to refresh himself, and took water with his hands and drunk thereof, and washed his face: and as hée found himself all alone, there came into his minde many thoughts of his forepassed life, and how hée was banquished by the Christian Knights, for which with great anger hée gave terrible sighes, and began to curse not onely the hour of his Birth, but the whole World, and all the Generation of Mankinde.

Likewise hée remembred the great sorrow and travell that hée ever since had endured, and what toyle travelling Knights do endure: In these variable cogitations spent hée the time away till golden Phœbus began to with-draw himself into his accustomed Lodging, to hide his light in the Occidentall parts, and therewith drew on the dark and tenebrous night, which was the occasion that his pain did the more encrase: all that night hée passed away with such sorrowfull Lamentations for his late disgraces, that all the Woods and Mountains did resound his wofull exclamations, till that Sol with his glistering beams began again to cover the Earth.

The which being séen by the Magician, with a trice hée arose up, and intending to prosecute his tourney: but lifting up his eyes towards the Elements, hée discovered hanging upon a high and mighty Pine-apple Trée the Armour of Leoger.

This Armour was hung there by Rosana, in the remembrance of his death, as you heard in the last Chapter. And although it had almost lost the wonted colour, and began to rust through the abundance of rain that had fallen thereon, yet for all that it seemed of great value and of a wonderfull richnesse: so without any further circumspection or regard, he took down the Knights Armour, and armed himself therewith, & when hée lacked no more to put on but the Helmet, hée heard a voyce that said; Be not so hardy thou Knight as to undo this Trophie, except thou prepare thy self to win it by the sword.

The Magician at this unexpected noyse, cast his Head on the one side, and espied Rosana newly awaked from a heavy sléep, most richly Armed with a strong enchanted Armour, after the manner of the Amazonians, but for all that hée did not let to make an end of arming himself, and having laced on his Burgonet, hée went towards the Demander with his

sword ready drawne in his hand, inviting her to a mortall battell.

Rosana, who saw his determination, did prepare to defend her selfe, and offend her enemy.

Oh my Muse! that I had but learned Eloquence for to set out and declare the noble Encounters of these two gallant Warriours: Rosana though shée was but a Feminina by nature, yet was she as bold in heroical Adventures as any Knight in the world, except the invincible Christian Champions.

But now return we to our History. The valiant Amazonian, when her Enemy came unto her, she struck him so terrible a blow upon the visour of his Helmet, that with the fury thereof she made sparkles of fire to issue out with great abundance, and forced him to bow his Head unto his breast.

The Magician did return unto her his salutation, & struck her such a blow upon her Helmet, that with the great noyse thereof it made a sound in all the Mountaines. And so began betwéen them a marvellous and fearefull Battell. Fortune not willing to use her most extremity, inclined the scale to neither party, nor as yet gave the conquest to any: all the time of the conflict, ỹ furious Magician and the valiant Amazonian thought on no other thing, but either of them endeavoured to bring the other to an overthrow, striking each at other such terrible blowes, and with so great fury, that many times it made either of them senslesse: and both séeing the great force one of another, were marvellously incensed with anger.

Then the valiant Lady threw her Shield at her back, that with more force shée might strike and hurt her Enemy: and therewithall gave him so strong a blow upon the Burgonet, that he fell quite astonied to the Earth without any séeing.

But when the Magician came againe to himselfe, hée returned Rosana such a terrible blow, that if it had chanced to hit right upon her, it would have cloven her head in pieces, but with great discretion she cleared her head in such sort that it was stricken in vaine, and with great lightnesse she retyred, and struck the Magician so furiously, that shée made him once againe to fall to the ground all astonied, and there appeared at the visour of his Helmet, great abundance of blood that issued out of his mouth: but presently he rebated and got up in a trice, with so great

anger, that the smoak which came from his mouth seemed like a mist before his Helmet, so that almost it could not bee seene.

Then this furious Devill (blaspheming against his hard hap) having his sharp sword very fast in his hand, ran towards his Enemy, who (without any feare of his fury) went forth to receive him: and when they met together, they discharged their blowes at once: but it fortuned that the Amazonians blow did first fasten, with so great strength that for all the Helemet of the Magician, which was wrought of the strongest Steele, it was not sufficient to make defence, but with the rigorous force wherewith it was charged, it bented in such sort that it brake into peeces: and the Magicians head was so grievously wounded, that streams of blood ran down his Armour, and he was forced for want of strength to yeeld to the mercy of the valiant Lady, who quickly condescended to his requests, upon this condition, that hee would be a meanes to convey her fathers dead body to an Iland neare adioyning to the Borders of Armenia, and there to intomb it in her Mothers Grave, as she promised when that his ayre of life fleeted from his body,

The Magician for safeguard of his life, presently agreed to performe her desires, and protested to accomplish whatsoever she demanded.

Then presently by his Art hee prepared his Iron Chariot with his flying Dragons in a readinesse, wherein he layd the murthered Body of Leoger upon a Pillow of Mistletoe, and likewise placed themselves therein, wherein they were no sooner entred, with Necessaries belonging to their Travels, but they fled through the Ayre more swifter than a Whirle-winde, or a Ship sayling on the Seas in a stormy tempest.

The Wonders that he performed by the way, be so many and miraculous, that I want an Orators Eloquence to describe them, and a Poets skill to expresse them.

But to be short, when Rosana was desirous to eat, and that her hunger encreased, by his Charms he would procure Birds (of their own accords) to fall out of the Skies, and yeeld themselves unto their pleasures, with all things necessary to suffice their wants.

Thus

Thus Rosana with her Fathers dead Body, carryed through the ayre by Magick Art, over Hills and Dales, Mountains and Valleys, Woods and Forrests, Towns and Cities, and through many both wonderfull & strange places & Countreys.

And at last, they Arrived néer unto the Confines of Armenia, being the place of their long-desired rest. But when they approached neer unto the Quéen of Armenia's Grave, they descended from their Enchanted Chariot, & bore Leogers Body to his burying place, the which they found (since Rosanas departure) over-grown with Mosse and withered Brambles: yet for all that they opened the Sepulchre and laid his Body (yet freshly bléeding) upon his Ladies consumed Carkasse: which being done, the Magician covered again the grave with Earth, and layd thereon grséen Turves, which made it séem as though it never had been opened.

All the time that the Magician was performing the Ceremonious Funerall, Rosana watered the Earth with her teares, never withdrawing her eyes from loking upon the Grave: and when it was finished, shée fell into a sorrowfull lamentation following.

Oh cruell Destinies (said she) sith your rigours have bereaved me of both my Parents, and left me to the world, a comfortlesse Orphan, receive the sacrifice to my chastity, in payment of your vengeance, and let my blood here shed upon this Grave, shew the singlenesse of my heart. And with the like solemnity may all their hearts bée broken in péeces, that séek the downfall and dishonour of Ladies.

As shée was uttering these and the like sorrowes, shée took forth a naked Sword which shée had ready for the same effect, and putting the Pommell to ground, cast her breast upon the point. The which she did with such furious violence and exceeding hast, that the Magician although hée was there présent, could not succour her, nor prevent her from committing on her self so bloody a fact.

This sudden mischance so amazed him, and so grieved his Soule, that his heart (for a time) would not consent that his tongue should speak one word to expresse his passion. But at last (having taken truce with sorrow, and recovering his former spéech) he took up the dead body of Rosana, bathed all in blood, and likewise buried her in her Parents Grave:

and over the same hée hung up an Epitaph that did declare the occasion of all their deaths.

This being done, to expresse the sorrows of his heart for the desperate death of such a Magnanimos Lady, and the rather to exempt himself from the company of all humane creatures, hée erected over the Grave by Magick Art a very stately Tomb, which was in this order framed: First, there were fired four Pillars, every one of a very fine Rubie: upon which was placed a Sepulchre of Chrystall: within the Sepulchre there seemed to be two fair Ladies; the one having her breast pierced thorow with a sword, and the other with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, and so lean of Body that she seemed to pine away: and upon the Sepulchre there lay a Knight all along, with his Face looking up to the Heavens, and armed with a Corslet of fine Steel, of a russet enamelling: under the Sepulchre there was spread abroad a great Carpet of Gold, and upon it two Pillars of the same, and upon them lay an old Shepheard and his sheephook lying at his feet: his eyes were shut, and out of them were distilled many pearled teares: at either Pillar there was a Gentlewoman of a comely feature, the one of them seemed to be murthered, and the other ravished.

And near unto the Sepulchre there lay a terrible great Beast, headed like a Lion, his breast and body like a Wolf, and his tail like a Scorpion: which seemed to spit continually flames of fire. The Sepulchre was compassed about with a Wall of Iron, with four Gates for to enter in thereat: the Gates were after the manner and colour of fine Diamonds: and directly over the top of the chiefest Gate stood a Marble Pillar, whereon hung a Table written with red Letters, the Contents whereof were as follow:

So long shal breathe upon this brittle Earth
The Framer of this stately Monument,
Till that three Children of a Wondrous Birth
Out of the Northern Climate shall be sent:
They shall obscure his name, as fates agree,
And by his fall the *Fiends* shall tamed be.

This

This Monument was no sooner framed by the assistance of Pluto's Legions, and maintained by their devilish powers, but the Negromancer inclosed himself in the Walls, where he consorted chiefly with Furies and walking Spirts, that continually fed upon his blood, and left their damnable seales sticking upon his left side, as a sure token and witnesse that he had given both his soul and body to their Governments after the date of his mortall life was finished.

In which enchanted Sepulchre wee will leave him for a time conferring with his damnable Mates, and return to the Christian Knights where we left them travelling towards Babylon, to place the King again in his Kingdom.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

How the seven Champions of Christendom restored the Babylonian King unto the Kingdom: and after how honourably they were received at *Rome*, where S. *George* fell in love with the Emperours Daughter, being a professed Nun: of the mischief that ensued thereby, and of the desperate end of young *Lucius* Prince of *Rome*.

THe Valiant Christian Champions, having as you heard in the Chapter going before, performed the Adventure of the Enchanted Monument, accompanyed the Babylonian King to his Kingdome of Assyria, as they had all solemnly promised him.

But when they approached the Confines of Babylon, and made no question of peacefull and princely entertainment, there was neither sign of peace, nor likelihood of joyfull and friendly welcome: for all the Countrey raged with intestine War, four severall Competitors unjustly striving for what unto the King properly and of right belonged.

The unnaturall causers and stirrers up to this blood-devouring controversie, were four Noblemen, unto whom the King unadvisedly committed the Government of

of his Realme, when hée went in the Tragicall pursute of his faire Daughter, after his dreaming illusion that caused him so cruely to séek her death. And the breaking out into this horliburly grew first to head in this manner following:

Two yeares after the Kings departure, these Deputies governed the publick Seate in great peace, and with prudent Policy, till after no tidings of the King could be heard, notwithstanding so many Messengers as were into every quarter of the World sent to enquire of him: then did Ambition kindle in all their hearts, each striving to wrest into his hand the sole Possession of the Babylonian Kingdome.

To this end, they all made severall friends: for this had they contended in many Fights, and now lastly, they intended to set all their hopes upon this maine chance of Warre, intending to Fight till thrée fell, and one remained Victor over the rest, whose Head should be beautified with a Crowne.

But of Traytors and Treason the end is sudden and shamefull: for no sooner had Saint George (placing himselfe betwéen the Batteles) in a briefe Oration shewed the adventures of the King, and hée himselfe to the People discovered his reverend Face, but they all shouted for joy, and haling the Usurpers presently to death, they re-installed in his Ancient Dignity, their true, lawfull, and long-lookt-for King.

The King being thus Restored, marryed Fidelia for her faithfulnesse: and after the Nuptiall Feasts, the Champions (at the earnest request of Saint Anthony) departed towards Italy: where in Rome the Emperour spared no cost honourably and most sumptuously to entertaine those never daunted Knights, the famous Wonders of Christendome.

At that time of the yeare when the Summers Queen had beautified the Earth with interchangeable Ornaments, Saint George (in company of the Emperour) with the rest of the Champions, chanced to walk along by the side of the River Tybur, to delight themselves with the pleasant Meads, and beautfull prospect of the Countrey.

Before

Before they had walked halfe a mile from the City, they approached unto an ancient Nunnery, which was very faire and of a stately building, and likewise encompassed about with christall streames and many grèen Medowes, furnished with all manner of beautifull Trées and fragrant Flowers.

This Nunnery was consecrated to Diana the Quéene of Chastity, and none were suffered to live therein, but such chaste Ladies and Virgins as had vowed themselves to a single life, and to kéep their Virginities for ever unspotted.

In this place the Emperours only Daughter lived as a professed Nunne, and exempted her selfe from all company, except it were the fellowship of chaste and religious Virgins.

This vertuous Lnciua (for so was she called) having intelligence before, by the Overséers of the Nunnery, how that the Emperour her Father with many other Knights, were comming to visit their Religious Habitation, against their approach shée attyred her selfe in a Gown of white Satten, all layd over with Gold Lace, having also her golden Locks of haire somewhat layd forth: and upon her Head was knit a Garland of swéet smelling Flowers, which made her séeme like some celestiall or divine creature.

Her Beauty was so excellent, that it might have quailed the heart of Cupid, and her bravery excéeded the Paphyan Quéens. Never could Naturewith all her cunning fraine more Beauty in any one creature, than was upon her Face: nor never could the flattering Syrens more beguile the Travellers, than did her bright countenance enchant the English Champion: for at his first entrance into the Nunnery, hée was so ravished with her sight, that hée was not able to withdraw his eyes from her Beauty, but stood gazing upon her rosie coloured Cheeks, like one bewitched with Meduſaes shadowes. And to be short, her Beauty séemed so Angelicall, and the burning flames of love so fired his heart, that hée must either enioy her company, or give end to his life by some untimely meanes.

Saint George being wounded thus with the Dart of Love, dissembled his griefe, and revealed it not to any one, but

but departed with the Emperour back again to the City, leaving his heart behinde him closed in the Stony Monastery with his lovely Lucina.

All that ensuing night hée could not enioy the benefit of sléep, but did contemplate upon the Divine Beauty of his Lady, and fraughted his minde with a thousand severall cogitations how hée might attain to her love, being a chaste Virgin and a professed Nun.

In this manner spent hée away the night, and no sooner appered the mornings brightnesse in at the Chamber Window, but hée arose from his restlesse Bed, and Attyred himself in watchet Velvet, to signifie his true love, and wandred all alone unto ỹ monastery, where he revealed his déep affection unto the Lady, who was as far from granting to his Requests, as the Skies from ỹ Earth, or the déepest Seas from the highest Elements: for shé protested while life remayned within her Body, never to yéeld her love in the way of marriage to any one, but to remain a pure Virgin, and of Diana's Train.

No other resolution could Saint George get of the chaste Nun, which caused him to depart in great discontent, intending to séek by some other means to obtain her love; so coming to the rest of the Christian Champions, he revealed to them the truth of all things that had happened: who in this manner counselled him, that he should provide a multitude of Armed knights, every one bearing in their hands a Sword ready drawn, and to enter the Monastery at such time as the little mistrusted, and first with fair promises and kinde Speeches to séek her Love, but if shé yéelded not, to fill her eares with cruell threatnings, protesting that if shé will not grant to requite his love with like affection, he would not leave one Stone of that Monastery standing upon another, and likewise to make her a bloody offering up to Diana.

This policy liked well Saint George, though hé intended not to prosecute such cruelty: so the next morning by break of day he went unto the Nunnery in company of no other but the Christian Champions, Armed in bright Armour, with their glistring Swords ready drawn, which they carried under their side Cloaks to prevent suspition.

But when they came to the Monastery, and had entred into the Chamber of Lucina (whom they found kneeling upon the bare ground at her Ceremonious Orisons) Saint George first prefered her kindnesse by fair promises, but finding that thereby hee nothing prevailed, hee then made known his pretended unmercifull purpose, and thereupon all of them shaking their bright Swords against her vertuous Breast, they protested (though contrary to their intents) that except shee would yeeld to Saint George her unconquered Love, they would bath their Weapons in her dearest Blood.

At which words the distressed Virgin being overcharged with fear, sunck down presently to the ground, and lay for a time in a dead agony, but in the end recovering her self, shee lifted up her Angelicall Face, shrouded under a cloud of pale sorrow, and in this manner declared her minde.

Most renowned, and well approved Knight (said shee) it is as difficult to mee to climb up to the highest top of Heaven, as to perswade my minde to yeeld to the fulfilling of your requests. The pure and chaste Goddesse Diana that sits now crowned amongst the golden Stars, will revenge my perjured promise if I yeeld to your desirs, for I have long since deeply vowed to spend my dayes in this Religious House, in honour of her Deity, and not to yeeld the flower of my Virginity to any one, which vow I will not infringe for all the Wealth of Rome: you know brave Champions, that in time the watry drops will mollifie the hardest Diamond, and time may rot this resolution out of my heart. Therefore I request you by Honour of true Knight-hood, and by the loves you bear to your Native Countreys, to grant mee the liberty of seven dayes, that I may at full consider with my heart before I give an Answer to your Demands, and to the intent that I may make some publick Sacrifices, as well to appease the wrath which the chaste Goddesse Diana may conceive against me, as to satisfie my own Soul for not fulfilling my Vow.

These words were no sooner ended, but the Champions incontinently without any more delay joyfully consented, and

and moreover proffered themselves to be all present at the same sacrifice, and so departed from the Monastery with exceeding great comfort.

The Champions being gone, Lucina called together all the rest of the Nuns, and declared to them the whole discourse of her assayment, where after amongst this Religious Company with the help of some other of their approved friends, they devised a most strange Sacrifice, which hath since been the occasion that so many inhumane and bloody Sacrifices have been committed.

The next morning after six dayes were finished, no sooner did bright Phœbus shew his golden beames abroad, but the Nunnes began to prepare all things in readinesse for the Sacrifice: for directly before the doore of the Monastery, they hyred cunning Work men to erect a Scaffold, all very richly covered with Cloth of Gold, and upon the Scaffold (about the middle thereof) was placed a faire Table, covered also with a Carpet of Cloth of Gold, and upon it a Chasing-dish of Coales burning: all this being set in good order, the Emperour with the Christian Champions, and many other Roman Knights being present to behold the Ceremonious Sacrifice, little mistrusted the dolefull Tragedy that after hapned.

The Assembly being silent, there was straight-ways heard a sweet and harmonious sound of Clarions and Trumpets, and sundry other kinds of Instruments: these entred first upon the Scaffold, and next unto them were brought seven Rams, all adorned with fine white Wooll more soft in feeling than Arabian Silk, with huge and mighty craggid Hornes bound about with Garlands of Flowers: after them followed a certain number of Nuns attyred in black Vestures, singing their accustomed Songs in ỳ Honour of Diana: after them followed an ancient Matron drawn in a Chariot by four comely Virgins, bringing in their hands the Image of Diana: and on either side of her two ancient Nunnes of great estimation, each of them bearing in their hands rich Vessels of Gold full of most precious and sweet Wines: then after all this came the beautifull Lucina apparrelled with a rich Robe of estate, being of a great and inestimable value.

Thus ceremoniously they ascended the Scaffold, where the Matron placed the Image of Diana behind the Chafingdish of Coales that was there burning: and the rest of the Dames continued still singing their Songs and drinking of the pretious Wines that were brought in the golden Vessels. This being done, they all at once brought low the necks of the Rams by cutting their throats, whose blood they sprinkled round about the Scaffold, and opened their bowels, and burned their inward parts in the Chafingdish of Coales.

Thus, with the slaughter, they made Sacrifice to the Queen of Chastity: at the sight whereof was present the surfetting Lover Saint George, with the other six Christian Knights Armed all in bright Armour, and were all very attentive to this that I have here told you.

The Sacrifice ended, this Lucina commanded silence to be made, and when all the company were still, she raysed her selfe upon her feet, and with a heavie voyce, distilling many salt teares, she said:

O most excellent and chaste Diana, in whose blessed bosome wee undefiled Virgins doe recreate our selves: unto thy most Divine excellency doe I now commend this my last Sacrifice, calling to record all the Gods, that I have done my best to continue a spotlesse Maiden of thy most beautifull Traine.

O Prabens! shall I consent to deliver my Virginity willingly to him, whose soule desires to have the use of it? or shall I my selfe commit my utter ruine and sorrowfull destruction, which proceedeth only by the meanes of my flourishing Beauty? the which I would it had been as black as the night-Ravens, or like to the tawny-tanned Moores in the furthest Mountaines of India.

O sacred Diana! thou blessed Queen of Chastity, is it possible that thou dost consent that a Virgin descended from so royall a Race as I am, should suffer the worthinesse of her Predecessors to be spotted by yelding her Virgin honour to the conquest of Love, without respecting the chaste Vow I made unto thy Deity?

Well, seeing it is so that I must needs violate my selfe against

against all humane nature, I beseech thee to receive the solemnity of this my death, which I offer up in Sacrifice to thy divine excellency: for I am here constrained with mine owne trembling hand to cut off the flourishing branches of these my dayes. For this I sweare before the Majesty of Diana, that I had rather offer up my soule into the society and sacred bosome of that great Goddesse, than to yeeld the castle of my chastity to the conquest of any Knight in the world.

And now to thee I speak thou valiant Knight of England, behold here I yeeld unto thy hands my lifelesse body, to use according to thy will and pleasure, requesting onely this thing at thy hand, that as thou lovedst me living, thou wilt love me dead, and like a mercifull Champion suffer me to receive a Princely Funerall.

And last of all to thee Divine Diana doe I speak, accept of this my bleeding soule, that with so much blood is offered unto thee.

So, in finishing this sorrowfull speech, shee drew out a faire and bright shining Sword, which shee had hidden secretly under her Gowne, and setting the Hilt against the Scaffold (little looked for of her Father and those that were present) shee suddenly threw her selfe upon the point of that Sword, in such furious manner, that it parted her bloody heart in sunder, and so rendred her Soule to the tuition of her unto whom shee offered her most bloody and ruthfull Sacrifice.

What shall I here declare the lamentable sorrowes and pittifull Lamentation that was there made by her Father and other Roman Knights that were present at this unhappy mischance: so great it was, that the Walls of the Monastery Ecchoed, and their pittifull shrieks ascended to the Clouds.

But none was more grieved in minde than the afflicted English Champion, who (like a man distraught of sense) in great fury rushed amongst the people, throwing them downe on every side, till hee ascended upon the Scaffold: and approaching the dead body of Lucina, hee took her up in his Armes, and with a sorrowfull and passionate voyce hee

said: O my beloved Ioy, and late my only hearts delight, is this the sacrifice wherein (through thy desperatnesse) thou hast deceived mée, who loved thée more than thy selfe: is this thy respit that thou requiredst for seven dayes, wherein thou hast concluded thy owne death and my utter confusion?

Oh noble Lucina, and my beloved Lady, if this were thy intent, why didst thou not first sacrifice me thy Servant and Love, wholly subiected unto thy divine beauty? Woe bée unto me, and woe be unto my unhappy Enterprise: for by it is thée lost, who was made soveraigne Lady of my heart.

Oh Diana, accursed be this chance, because thou hast consented to so bloody a Tragedy: for I doe here protest, that never more shalt thou bée worshipped, but in thy stead in every Land and Countrey where the English Champion commeth, shall Lucina bée adored. For from henceforth will I seek to diminish thy name, and blot it from the godroll of the Firmament, yea, and utterly extinguish it for ever, so that there shall never more memory remaine of thée, for this thy bloody tyranny, in suffering so lamentable a sacrifice.

No sooner had he delivered these Spéeches, but incensed with fury hée drew out his sword, and parted the Image of Diana into two pieces, protesting to ruinate the Monastery within whose Walls the device of this bloody sacrifice was concluded.

The sorrow and extream griefe of the Roman Emperour so exceeded for the murther of his Daughter, that hée fell to the Earth in a senselesse swound, and was carried by certaine of his Knights, halfe dead with griefe, home to his Pallace, where hée remained speechlesse by the space of thirty dayes.

The Emperour had a Sonne, as valiant in Armes as any borne Italian except Saint Anthony. This young Prince whose name was Lucius, seeing his Sisters timelesse death, and by what meanes it was committed, hée presently intended with a traine of an hundred Armed Knights which continually attended upon his Person, to assayle the dis-

discontented Champions, and by force of Armes to revenge his Sisters death.

This resolution so encouraged the Roman Knights, but especially the Emperours Son, that betwixt these two companies began as terrible a Battell as ever was fought by any Knights; the fiercenesse of their blowes so exceeded the one side against the other, that they did resound Ecchoes, which yeelded a terrible noyse in the neighbouring Woods.

This Battell did continue betwixt them both sharp and fierce for the space of two houres, by which time the valour of the incensed Champions so prevailed, that most of the Roman Knights were discomfited and slain: some had their Heads parted from their shoulders, some had their Armes and Legs lopped off, and some lay breathlesse, welltring in their own bloods, in which Encounter many a Roman Lady lost her husband, many a Widow was bereaved of her Son, and many a Child left fatherlesse, to the great sorrow of the whole Countrey.

But when the valiant young Prince of Rome saw his Knights discomfited, and hee left alone to withstand so many noble Champions, hee presently set spurs to his Horse, and fled from them like a heap of dust forced by a whirlewinde.

After whom the Champions would not pursue, accounting it no glory to their names to triumph in the overthrow of a single Knight, but remained still by the Scaffold, where they buried the sacrificed Virgin, under a Marble Stone close by the Monastery Wall. The which being done to their contentments, Saint George engraved this Epitaph upon the same Stone with the point of his Dagger, which was in this wise following:

Vnder this Marble Stone interr'd doth lie
Luckless *Lucina*, yet of beauty bright:
Who to maintain her spotlesse Chastity,
Against th'assaylment of an English Knight,

Vpon

Upon a blade her tender Breast she cast;
A bloody offring to *Diana* chaste.

So, when he had written this Epitaph, the Christian Champions mounted upon their swift-foted Steeds, and bade adue to the unhappy Confines of Italy, hoping to finde better Fortunes in other Countreys. In which Travell wee will leave them for a time, and speak of the Prince of Rome: who after the discomfiture of the Roman Knights, fled in such haste from the furies of the Warlike Champions. After which, hee like a raging Lyon traversed along by the River of Tybris, filling all places with his melancholy passions, untill such time as hee entred into a thick Grove, wherin hee purposed to rest his weary Limbs, and lament his mis-fortunes. After hee had in this solitary place unlaced his Helmet, and hurled it scornfully against the ground, the infernall Furies began to visit him, and to sting his Breast with motions of fiery revenge. In the end hee cast up his wretched eyes unto the Skies and said:

Oh you fatall Torches of the Elements, why are you not clad in mournfull Habiliments, to cloak my wandring steps in eternall darknesse? or shall I bee made a scorn in Rome for my cowardise? or shall I return and accompany my Roman friends in death, whose blod mee thinks I see sprinkled about the Fields of Italy? Me thinks I hear their bleeding Souls fill each corner of the Earth with my base flight: therefore will I not live to bee termed a fearfull Coward, but die couragiously by mine own hands, whereby those accursed Champions shall not obtain the conquest of my death, nor tryumph in my fall.

This being said, hee drew out his Dagger, and clave his heart in sunder. The newes of whose desperate death, after it was bruited to his Fathers ears, hee interred his body with his Sister Lucinaes, and erected over them a Stately Chapell, wherein the Nuns and Ceremonious Monks, during all their lives, sung Dirges for his Childrens Soules.

After this, the Emperour made Proclamation through all

all his Dominions, that if any Knight were so hardy as to travell in pursuit after the English Champion, and by force of Armes to bring him back, or deliver his Head unto the Emperour, he should not onely be held in great estimation through the Land, but receive the Goverment of the Empire after his Decease. Which rich proffer so encouraged the minds of many Adventurous Knights, that they went from sundry Provinces in the pursuit of Saint George, but their attempts were all in vain.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Of the Triumphs, Tilts and Turnaments, that were solemnly held in Constantinople, by the Grecian Emperour, and of the Honourable Adventures that were there atchieved by the christian Champions, with other strange accidents that hapned.

IN the Eastern Parts of the World the Fame and valiant Deeds of the Champions of Christendome was noysed, with their Honourable Victories, Heroicall Acts and feats of Armes, naming them the Mirrour of Nobility, and the Types of bright Honour. All Kings and Princes (to whose ears the report of their Valours were brutted) desired much to behold their Noble Personages. But when the Emperour of Grecia (keeping then his Court in the City of Constantinople) heard of their mighty and valiant Deeds, hee thirsted after their sights, and his minde could never be satisfied with content until such time as he had devised a mean to Train them unto his Court, not onely in that hee might enjoy the benefit of their Companies, but to have his Court honoured with the presence of such renowned Knights: and therefore in this manner it was accomplished.

The

The Emperour dispatched Messengers into divers Parts of the World, giving them in charge to publish throughout every Countrey and Province as they went, of an Honourable Turnament that should bee holden in ỳ City of Constantinople within six Months following: thereby to accomplish his intent, and to bring the Christian Champions (whose company he so much desired) unto his Court.

This charge of the Grecian Emperour (as he commanded) was speedily performed, with such diligence, that in a short time it came to the eares of the Christian Knights, as they travelled betwixt the Provinces of Asia and Africa, who at the time appointed, came in great Pomp and Maiesty to Constantinople, to furnish forth the Honourable Triumphs.

At the Fame whereof likewise resorted thither a great number of Knights of great valour and strength: among whom was the Prince of Argier with a goodly company of Noble Persons: and the Prince of Fez with many well proportioned Knights. Likewise came thither the King of Arabia in great state: and with no lesse Maiesty came the King of Sicilia, and a Brother of his, who were both Giants. Many other brave and valiant Knights (whose names I here omit) came thither to honour the Grecian Emperour, for that he was very well esteemed of by them all. And as they came to honour the Triumphs: so likewise they came, to prove their Fortitudes, and to get Fame and Name, and the praise that belongeth to Adventurous Knights. It was supposed of all the company that the King of Sicilia would gain by his Prowesse the Dignity from the rest, for that hee was a Gyant of very big Limbs, although his Brother was taken to be the more furious Knight: who determined not to Iust, for that his Brother should get the Honour and Praise from all the Knights that came, but it fell out otherwise, as hereafter you shall understand.

For when the day of Turnament was come, all the Ladies and Damsels put themselves in places to behold the Iusting, and attyred themselves in the greatest bravery that they could devise, and the great Court swarmed with people that came thither to behold the triumphant Turnament.

What shall I say here of the Emperours Daughter, the fair Alcida, who was of so great Beauty that shée seemed more like a Divine Substance than an Earthly Creature, and sate glistering in rich Ornaments amongst the other Ladies, like unto Phœbe in the Christall Firmament, and was noted of all Beholders to be the fairest Princesse that ever mortall eye beheld: so when the Emperour was seated upon his Imperiall Throne under a Tent of grœne Velvet, the Knights began to enter into the Lists, and he that first entred, was the King of Arabia, mounted upon a very faire and well adorned Courser, hée was armed with black Armour, all to hée spotted with silver knobs, and hée brought with him fifty Knights all apparrelled with the same Livery, and thus with great Majesty hée rode round about the Palace, making great Obedience unto all the Honourable Ladies and Damsels.

After him entred a Pagan Knight, who was Lord of Syria, and armed with Armour of Lyons colour, accompanyed with an hundred Knights all apparelled in Velvet of the same colour, and passed round about the Palace, shewing unto the Ladies great friendship and courtesie as the other did.

Which being done, hée beheld the King of Arabia tarrying to receive him at the Just: and the Trumpets began to sound, giving them to understand that they must prepare themselves ready to the Encounter: whereto these Knights were nothing unwilling, but spurred their Courfers with great fury, and closed together with couragious valour.

The King of Arabia most strongly made his Encounter, and strook the Pagan without missing upon his Breast: but the Pagan at the next Race, being heated with furie, strook him so surely with his Lance, that hée heaved him out of his Saddle, and hée fell presently to the ground, after which the Pagan Knight rode up and downe with great pride and gladnesse.

The Arabian King being thus overthrowne, there entred into the Lists the King of Argier, armed with no other Furniture but with Silver Mail, and a Breast-plate of bright

Steele

Steele before his Breast; his pomp and pride exceeded all the Knights that were then present, but yet to small purpose his pride and arrogancie served: for at the first Encounter he was overthrown to the ground: in like sort did that Pagan use fifteene other Knights of fifteene severall Provinces, to the great wonder and amazement of the Emperour and all the Assembly.

During all these valiant Encounters Saint George with the other Christian Champions stood a farre off upon a high Gallery beholding them, intending not as yet to be seene in the Tilt.

But now this valiant Pagan after hee had rode some six Courses up and down the place, and seeing none entring the Tilt-yard, he thought to bear all the Fame and Honour away for that day.

But at the same instant there entred the noble minded Prince of Fesse, being for Courage the onely Pride of his Countrey, hee was a marvellous well-proportioned Knight, and was armed all in white Armour, wrought with excellent knots of Gold, and hee brought in his Company a hundred Knights, all attyred in white Satten, and riding about the place, hee shewed his obedience unto the Emperour, and to all the Ladies, and thereupon the Trumpets began to sound.

At the noyse whereof the two Knights spurred their Coursers, and made their Encounters so strong, and with such great fury, that the proud Pagan was cast to the ground, and so departed the Lists with great dishonour.

Straight-way entred the brave King of Sicilia, who was armed in a glistering Corslet of very fine Steele, and was mounted upon a mighty and strong Courser, and brought in his Company two hundred Knights, all apparrelled with rich Cloth of Gold, having every one a severall Instrument of Musick in their hands, sounding thereon most delightsome Melodie.

And after the Sicilian King had made his accustomed compasse and curtesie in the place, hee locked down his Bevor, and put himselfe in readinesse to Just.

So, when the signe was given by the chiefe Harrold at

Armes, they spurred their Horses and made their Encounters so valiantly, that the first Race they made, their Lances shivered in the Ayre, and the peices thereof scattered abroad like Aspen leaves in a whirl-wind.

At the second course the young Prince of Fez was carryed over his Horse buttocks, and the Saddle with him betwixt his Legs, which was a great griefe unto the Emperour, and all the company that did see him, for that hee was well beloved of them all, and held for a Knight of great estimation.

The Sicilian King grew proud at the Prince of Fesses overthrow, and was so enraged and so furious, that in a small time he left not a Knight remaining on Horse-back in their Saddle that durst attempt to Just with him, but every one of what Countrey or Nation soever he unhorsed in the attempt: so that there was no question among either Nobles or the Multitude but that unto him the undoubted Honour of the Victory in triumph would be attributed.

But being in this arrogant pride, he heard a great noise in the manner of a Tumult drawing neare, which was the occasion that hee stood still, and expecting some strange accident, and loking about what it should bee, hee beheld Saint George entring the Lists, as then come from the Gallery, who was Armed with his rich and strong Armour, all of purple, full of golden starres, and before him rode the Champions of France, Italy, Spaine and Scotland, all on stately Coursers, bearing in their hands foure Silken Streamers of four sever all colours: and there followed him the Champion of Wales, carrying his Shield, whereon was portraped a golden Lyon in a Sable Field, and the Champion of Ireland like wise carryed his Speare being of knotty Ash, strongly bound about with Plates of Steele, all which shewed the highnesse of his discent, in that so many brave Knights attended upon him.

So when Saint George had passed by the Royall Seat whereon the Emperour sate Invested, in whose company were many Princes of great Power, hee rode along by the other side, whereas Alcida the Emperours faire Daughter sate amongst many gallant Ladies and faire Damsels,

richly

richly apparelled in a Vesture of Gold, to whom hée baled his Bonnet, shewing them the courtesie of a Knight, and so passed by Alcida, who at the sight of this noble Champion, could not refrain her self, but with an high and bold voyce shée said unto the Emperour: Most mighty Emperour and my royall Father, this is the Knight in whose power and strength all Christendome do put their Fortunes, and this is hée whom the whole World admires for Chivalry. Which words of the lovely Princesse although Saint George heard them very well, yet passed hée on as though hée had heard nothing.

Now when hée was come before the Face of his Adversary, hée took his Shield and his Speare, and prepared himselfe in readinesse to Just, and so being both provided, the Trumpets began to sound, whereat with great fury these two Warlike Knights met together, and neither of them missed their blowes at their Encounter: but yet by reason that Saint George had a desire to extoll his Fame, and to make his name resound through the World, hée strook the Gyant such a mighty blow upon his Breast, that hée presently overthrew him to the ground, and so with great State and Majesty he passed along without any shew of disdain, whereat the People gave so great a Shout, that it resounded like an Echo in the Ayre; and in this manner said: The great and furious Boaster is overthrown, and his mighty strength hath little availed him.

After this many Princes proved their Adventures against the English Champion, and every Knight that was of any estimation Justed with him, but with great ease he overcame them all in lesse then the space of two houres. So at such time as bright Phœbus began to make an end of his long journey, and the day to draw to an end, there appeared to enter into the Lists the brave and mighty Gyant, being Brother to the Sicilian King, with a mighty great Speare in his hand, whose glimmering point of Steele glittered through all the Court, hée brought with him but onely one Squire, attyred in silver Maile bringing in his hand another Lance.

So this furious Gyant, without any care of courtesie due unto the Emperour or any of his Knights there present,

entred

entered the place, which being done, the Squire that brought the other Spear, went unto the English Champion, and said: Sir Knight, yonder brave and valiant Gyant, my Lord and Master, doth send unto thee this Warlike Speare, and therewithall he willeth thee to defend thy self to the uttermost of thy power and strength, for he hath vow'd before Sun set, to bee either Lord of thy Fortunes or a Vassall to thy Prowesse, and likewise saith, that he doth not onely defie thee in the Turnament, but also challenge thee to mortall Battell.

This braving Message caused Saint George to smile, and bred in his Breast a new desire of Honour, and so returned him this Answer: Friend, go thy wayes and tell the Gyant that sent thee, that I do accept his Demand, although it doth grieve my very soul to hear his arrogant Defiance, to the great disturbance of this Royall Company, in presence of so mighty an Emperour; but seeing his stomack is gorged with so much Pride, tell him that George of England is ready to make his Defence, and also that shortly he shall repent him by the pledge of my Knight hood.

In saying these words, he took the Spear from the Squire, and deliuered him his Gauntlet from his hand to carry to his Master, and so putting himself to the standing, awaiting for the Encounter.

At that time hee was very nigh the place where the Emperour sate, who heard the Answer which the English Knight made unto the Squire, and was much displeased that the Gyant in such sort would defie Saint George without any occasion.

But it was no time as then to speak, but to keep silence, and to mark what event came to his great Pride and Arrogancy.

All this time the two Warriours (mounted upon their Steeds) tarryed the signe to bee made by the Trumpets, which being given, they set forward their Courseirs, with their Spears in their Rests, with so great fury and desire the one to unhorse the other, that they both failed in their Encounter.

The Gyant who was very strong and proud, when he saw

saw that he had missed his intent, hée returned against Saint George, carrying his Speare upon his shoulder, and comming nigh unto him, upon a sudden before hée could cleare himselfe, hée stroke him such a mighty blow upon his Corslet, that his staffe brake in péeces, by reason of the finesse of his Armour, and made the English Knight to double his body backwards upon his horses crupper.

But when hée saw the great villany that the Gyant used against him, his anger increased very much, and so taking his Spear in the same sort, hée went towards the Gyant and said:

Thou furious and proud beast, thou scorne of Nature, and enemy to true Knight-hood, thinkest thou for to entrap mée treacherously, and to gore mée at unawares like to a savage Boare? Now as I am a Christian Knight, if my knotty Speare have good successe, I will revenge me on thy uncivility.

And in saying this, hée stroke him so furiously on the breast, that the Speare passed thorow the Gyants body, and appeared forth at his back, whereby he fell presently downe dead to the ground, and yéelded his life to the conquest of the fatall Sisters. All that were present were very much amazed thereat, and wondred greatly at the strength and force of Saint George, accounting him the fortunatest Knight that ever wielded Lance, and the very patterne of true Nobility.

At this time the golden Sunne had finished his course, having nothing above the Horison but his glistring beames, whereby the Judge of the Turnaments commanded with sound of Trumpets, that the Justs should cease, and make an end for that day,

So the Emperour descended from his Imperiall Throne into the Tilting place, where all his Knights and Gentlemen were, for to receive the Noble Champion of England, and desired him, that hée would go with them into his Palace, there to receive all Honours due unto a Knight of such desert: to the which hée could not make any denyall, but most willingly consented. After this the Emperours Daughter (in company of many Courtly Virgins) likewise descended from their places, where Alcida bestowed upon S.

George her Glove, the which he wore for her favour many a day after in his Burgonet.

The other six Christian Champions, although they merited no Honour by this Turnament, because they did not try their Adventures therein, yet obtained they such good liking among the Grecian Ladies, that every one had his Mistresse, and in their presence they long time fixed their chiefe delights: where we must leave the Champions in the Emperours Court for a time, surfetting in pleasures, and returne to Saint George's Squires travelling the World to seek out Adventures.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

How a Knight with two Heads tormented a beautifull Mayden that had betrothed her ſelf to the Emperours Son of *Conſtantinople*: and how ſhe was reſcued by Saint *Georges* Sons, and after how they were brought by a ſtrange Adventure into the company of the Chriſtian Champions, with other things that hapned in the ſame Travels.

THis Renowned Emperour (within whoſe Court the Chriſtian Champions made their abodes) of late yéers had a Son named Pollemus, in all vertues and knightly demeanours, equall with any living. This young Prince in the ſpring time of his Youth, through the piercing darts of blinde Cupid, fell in love with a Mayden of mean Parentage, but in Beauty and other precious gifts of nature, moſt excellent.

This Dulcippa (for ſo was ſhée called) being but Daughter to a Countrey Gentleman, was reſtrayned from the Emperours Court, and denyed the ſight of her beloved Pollemus, and hée forbidden to ſet his affection ſo low, upon the diſplea-

sure of the Emperour his Father: for hée being the Son of so mighty a Potentate, and shée the Daughter of so mean a Gentleman, was thought to be a match unfit and disagréeable to the Lawes of the Countrey: and therefore they could not bée suffered to manifest their loves as they would, but were constrained by stealth to enioy each others beloved and much-desired company.

So upon a time these two Lovers concluded to méet together in a Valley betwixt two Hils, in distance from the Emperours Court some three miles, whereas they might in secret (devoyd of all suspition) unite and tie both their hearts in one knot of true love, and to prevent the determination of their Parents that so unkindly sought to crosse them.

And so when the appointed day drew on, Dulcippa arose from her carefull Bed, and attired her self in rich and costly Apparell, as though shée had béen going to performe her Nuptiall Ceremonies.

And in this manner entred shée the Valley, at such time as the Sun began to appear out of his golden Horison, and to shew himself upon the face of the Earth, glistring with his bright beams upon the silver-floating Rivers. Likewise the calmy Western Windes did very sweetly blow upon the grén leaves, and made a delicate harmony, at such time as the fairest Dulcippa (accompanied with high thoughts) approached the place of their appointed méeting.

But when shée found not Prince Pollemus present, shée determined to spend the time away till hée came, in trimming of her Golden hair, and decking her delicate Body, and such like delightfull pleasures for her contentment and recreation.

So sitting down upon a grén Bank under the shadow of a Mirtle Trée, shée pulled a golden Cawl from her Head, wherein her hair was wrapped, letting it fall and disperse it self all abroad her back, and taking out from her Christalline Breast an Ivory Comb, she began to kemb her hair, her hands and fingers séeming to bee of white Alablaster, her Face staining the beauty of Roses and Lillies mixed together, and the rest of her Body comparable to Hyrens, upon whose love and beauty Mahomet did somewhat doate.

But

But now mark (gentle Reader) how frowning Fortune crossed her desires, and changed her wished toyes into unexpected sorrowes. For as shée sate in this Divine and Angelicall likenesse, there fortuned to come wandring by an inhumane Tyrant, surnamed the Knight with two Heads, who was a Ravisher of Virgins, an Oppresser of Infants, and an utter Enemy to vertuous Ladies and strange travelling Knights.

This Tyrant was bodied like unto a man, but covered all over with Locks of Haire. Hée had two Heads, two Mouthes, and four Eyes, but all as red as blood. Which deformed Creature presently ran unto the Virgin, and caught her up under his Arme, and carryed her away over the Mountain into another Countrey, where hée intended to torment her, as you shall hear more at large hereafter.

But now return we to Prince Pollemus, who at the time appointed likewise prepared to méet his betrothed Love: but coming to the place, hée found nothing but a Silken Scarfe, the which Dulcippa had let fall through the fearfull frighting shée took at the sight of the Two-headed Knight.

No sooner found hée her Scarf, but he was oppressed extreamly, with sorrow, fearing Dulcippa was murthered by some inhumane meanes, and had left her Scarfe as a token that shée infringed not her promise, but performed it, to the losse of her own life. Therefore taking it up, and putting it next his heart hée breathed forth this wofull lamentation.

Here rest thou neer unto my true loving heart, thou precious token and remembrance of my dearest Lady, never to bée hence removed till such time as my eyes may either behold her Body, or my ears hear certain newes of her untimely death, that I may in death consort with her.

Frown you Glistering Lamps of brightnesse, that gave first light unto this fatall morning, for by your dismall light the pride of earthly women is dishonoured. Come, come you wrathfull Planets, descend the luckiesse Horizon, and raine upon my head eternall vengeance, oppresse

my body with continuall misery, as once you did the woefull king of Thebes; for by my slothfull negligence and overlong tarrying, this bloody Tragedy hath been committed.

And for her sake I vow to travell through the World, as far as ever golden Phœbus lends his Light, filling each corner of the Earth with clamours of her Name, and making the Elements resound with Ecchoes of my Lamentation.

In which resolution hée returned home to the Emperour his Fathers Palace, dissembling his griefe in such manner that none could suspect his discontented sorrowes, nor the strange Accident that unto Beautious Dulcippa had happned.

And so upon a day as hée was meditating with himself, séeing the small comfort that hée took in the Court, considering the want of her presence whom hée so much desired, hée determined in great secret, as soon as it was possible, to depart the Court.

Which determination hée straight-wayes put in practice, and took out of the Emperours Armory very secretly, an exceeding good Corslet, the which was all Russet, and Enamelled with Black, and embroidered round about with a Gilded Edge, very Curiously and Artificially Graven and Carved.

Also hée took a Shild of the same making, saving that it was not Graven as the armour was, and commanded a young Gentleman that was Son unto an ancient Knight of Constantinople, of a good disposition and hardy, that hée should kéep them safely, and gave him to understand of his determined pretence.

Although it did grieve the poug man very much, yet for all that, séeing the great friendship that hée used towards him, in uttering his secrets unto him before any other, without replying to the contrary, he very diligently took the Armour and hid it, till hée found convenient time to put it into a Ship very secretly.

So likewise, he put into the same Ship two of the best Horses which the Emperour had; and forth-with hée gave the Prince to understand that all things were then in a readinesse,

readinesse, and in good order: Pollemus dissembling with the accustomed sorrow that he used, withdrew himselfe into his Chamber, till such time as the dark night came.

Which when it was come, he made himselfe ready with his Apparell, and when all the people of the Court were at their rest, and in their déep sléep, hée alone with his Page, who was named Mercutio, departed the Palace and went to the Sea side. His Page did call the Mariners of the Ship, who strait way brought unto them their Boat, into the which they entred, and went strait aboard.

And being therein, for that the Wind was very faire, hée commanded to waigh their Anchors, and to hoyse up Sayles, and to commit themselves to the mercy of the Waters: as hée commanded all was done, and so in short time they found themselves inguifed in the maine Ocean, far from the sight of any Land.

But when the Emperour his Father understood of his secret departure, the Lamentation which hée made was very much: and hée commanded his Knights to goe unto the Seaside, to know if there were any Ship that departed that night. And when it was told them that there was a Barque that hale Anchor and hoysed Sayle, they supposed strait way that the Prince was gone away.

I cannot here declare the great griefe and sorrow which the Emperour felt in his wofull heart for the absence of his Sonne, which a long time hée alwayes suspected and feared. But when the departure of Pollemus was bruited thorow all Constantinople, all Sports and Feasts ceased, and all the People of the Countray were overcome with a generall sorrow.

So Pollemus sayled through the déep Seas thrée dayes and thrée nights with a very faire and prosperous forewind.

The fourth day in the Evening being calme, and no wind at all, the Mariners went to take their rests, some on the Poop, and some on the fore Ship, for to ease their wearied bodies. The Prince (who sate upon the Poop of the Ship) asked his Page for his Lute, the which strait way was given him: and when he had it in his hands, hée played and sung so sweetly, that it séemed to bée a most heavenly melody:

melody: and being in this sweet Musick, hee heard a very lamentable cry as it were of a woman, and leaving his delicate Musick, he gave a listning and attentive eare to hearken what this sorrowfull creature said, and by reason of the stilnesse of the night, hee might easily heare as it were a woman uttering these words:

It will little profit thee thou cruell Tyrant, this thy bold hardinesse, for that I am beloved of so worthy a Knight, as will undoubtedly revenge this thy Tyrannous cruelty profered me.

Then hee heard another voyce which seemed to Answer:

Now I have thee in my power, there is no humane creature of strength able enough to deliver or redeeme thee from the torments that (in my determination) I have purposed thou shalt endure.

Pollemus could heare no more by reason that the Barque wherein they were, passed by so swiftly, but hee supposed that it was his Ladies voyce which hee heard, and that shee was carryed by force away. So (laying downe his Lute) hee began to fall into a great thought, and was very heavie and sorrowfull, in that hee knew not how to adventure for her recovery.

Being in this cogitation, hee returned to his Page which was asleep, and struck him with his foot, and awaked him, saying: What, didst thou not heare the great lamentation that my Lady Dulcippa made (as to mee it seemed) being in a small Barque that is passed by, and gone forwards along the Seas: To the which the Page Mercutio answered nothing, for hee was still in a sound sleep. To whom the Prince called againe, saying: Arise I say, bring forth my Armour, call upon the Mariners that they may launch their Boat into the Sea; for by the omnipotent Iupiter, I sweare that I will not be called the Sonne of my Father, if I doe suffer such violence to be done against my Love, and not procure with all my strength to revenge the same. Mercutio would have replyed unto him, but the furious countenance of the Prince would not give him leave; no, not

once

once to look upon his face: so he brought forth his Armour and buckled it on.

In the meane time the Marriners had lanched their Boat into the Sea, whereinto he leaped with a hasty fury, and carried with him his Page and foure of the Marriners for to tow the Barque, and hée commanded them to take their way towards the other company that passed by them.

So they laboured all the night till such time as bright Phœbus with his glistring beames gave unto them such light, that they might discover and sée the other Barque, although somewhat farre off.

So they laboured with great courage till two parts of the day was spent, at which time they saw come after them a Gally which was rowed with eight Oares upon a side, and it made so great spéed, that with a trice they were with them, and hée saw that there was in her three Knights, in bright Armour, to whom Pollemus called with a loud voyce, saying: Most courteous Knights, I request you to take me into your Galley, that being in her I may the better accomplish my desire.

The Knights which were in the Gally passed by the Prince without making return of any answer, but rather shewed that they made but little account of him.

These three Knights were the Sonnes of the English Champion, who departed from their Father in his journey towards Babylon, to set the King againe in his kingdome.

But now to follow our History: the Prince of Constantinople séeing the little account they made of him, with the great anger and fury that he receiv'd, hée took an Oare in one hand, and another in the other hand, and with such strength he strucke the water, that he made the clothfull Barque to flie, and laboured so sore at the Oares, that with a trice they were equal with the Gally.

So leaving the Oares, with a light leap hée put himselfe into the Gally with his Helm on, and his Shield at his shoulder, and being within, he sayd: Now shall you doe that by force, which before, I using great courtesie, you would not yeeld unto.

This being said, one of saint Georges Sons took the Encounter in hand, thinking it a blemish to the Honor of Knighthood, by multitudes to assayle him; so they two brave Knights without any advantage the one of the other, made their Encounters so Valiantly, that it was a wonder to all the Beholders.

The prince of Constantinople stroke the English Knight such a furious blow, that he made him to decline his head to his breast, and forced him to recoyle backwards two or three steps, but hee came quickly again to himself, and returned him so mighty a blow upon his Helmet, that hee made all his Teeth to chatter in his head, which was pitifull to see.

Then began betwixt them a marvellous and well fought battel, that all that beheld them greatly admired: with great policy and strength they endured the bickering all day, and when they saw the dark and tenebrous night come upon them, they strove with more courage and strength to finish their Battell.

The Prince of Constantinople, puffing and blowing like an enraged Bull, lift up his sword with both his hands, and discharged it so strongly upon his Enemy, that perforce hee made him to fall to the ground, and therewithall offered to pull his Helmet from his Head. But when the English Knight saw himself in that sort, hee threw his Shield from him, and very strongly caught the other about the neck, and held him fast, so that betwixt them began a mighty and terrible wrestling, tumbling and wallowing up and down the Gally, breaking their Planks and Dares, that it was strange to behold.

At this time the night began to be very dark, wherefore they called for Lights, which presently were brought them by the Marriners; in the mean time these Knights did somewhat breathe themselves, although it was not much. So when the Lights were brought, they returned to their old combat with new force and strength.

Oh Heavens, said Pollemus, I cannot believe to the contrary but that this is Mars the God of War, that doth contend in battell with mée, and for the great envie hée beares against mée, hée goeth about to dishonour mée. And with these

these words they thickned their blowes with great desperatenesse.

And although this last assault continued more than two houres, yet neither of them did faint, but at the last, they both together lift up their Swords, and charged them together, the one upon the others Helmet, with so great strength that both of them fell down upon the Hatches without any remembrance.

The rest that loked upon them, did beleeve verily that they were both dead, by reason of the abundance of blood which came forth at their Visours, but quickly it was perceived that there was some hope of life in them. Then presently there was an agreement made betwixt the Knights of the Galley and Marriners of the Barque, that they should conioyn together and travell whither Fortune would conduct them; in this order as you have heard, carried they these two Knights without any remembrance.

But when the Prince of Constantinople came to himself, with a lowd voyce he said; Oh love, is it possible to be true that I am overthrown in this first Encounter and Assault of my Knight-hood? here I curse the day of my Creation, and the houre when first I merited the name of a Knight; hence forth Ile bury all my Honours in disgrace, and spend the remnant of my life in base cowardise; and in speaking these words, hee cast his eye aside, and beheld the English Knight as one newly risen from a trance, who likewise breathed forth these discontented speeches; Oh unhappy Son of S. George, now a coward and of little valour; I know not how thou canst name thy self to be the Son of the valiantest Knight in the world, for that thou hast lost thy Honour in this last Assault.

This being said, the two weary Knights concluded a peace betwixt them, and revealed each to the other their names and living, and wherefore they Adventured to travell; the wich when it was known, they sayled forward that way whereas the Dolorous woman went, so in this sort they travelled all the rest of the night that remayned, till such time as the day began to bee clear, and straitway they descryed Land, to which place with great haste they rowed.

And comming aland, they found no used way, but one narrow Path, the which they kept: wherein they had not travelled long when that they met with a poore simple Countrey-man, with a new gromd Hatchet in his hand, and he was going to cut some fire-wood off the high and broad spreading Trées, of whom they demanded what Countrey and Land it was.

This Countrey (said hée) is called Armenia, but yet most courteous Knights you must pardon me, for that I doe request you to return again, and proceed no further if you doe esteem of your lives; for in going this way there is nothing to be had but death.

For that the Lord of this Countrey is a furious Monster, called the two-Headed Knight, and hée is so furious in his tyranny, that never any stranger could as yet escape out of his hand alive: And for proofe of his cruelty, no longer than yesterday hée brought hither a Lady prisoner, who at her first comming on Shoar, hée all to bewhipt and beat her in such sort that it would make the most tyrannous Tyrant that is, to relent and pitty her distresse, swearing that every day hée would so torment her, till her life and body did make their separation.

Pollemus the Prince of Constantinople, was very attentive to the old mans words, thinking the Lady to bée his Dulcippa after whom hée so long travelled: the griefe hée received at this report struck such a terrour to his heart, that he fell into a swound, and was not able to goe any further. But Saint Georges Sonnes, who knew him to bæ a Knight of much valour, encouraged him, and protested by the Honour of their Knight-hods, never to forsake his company, till they saw his Lady delivered from her torments, and hée safely conducted home into his own Countrey.

So travelling with this resolution, the night came on, and it was so dark, that they were constrained to séek some convenient place to take their rests, and laying themselves downe under a broad branched Oak Trée, they passed the Night, pondering in their mindes a thousand imaginations.

So when the morning was come, and that the Diamond of Heaven began to glister with his beames upon the Mountain

tops, these martiall Knights were not slothfull, but rose up and followed their iourneys.

After this they had not travelled scarce halfe a mile, when that they heard a pittifull Lamentation of a woman, whose voyce by reason of her lowd shrieks, was very hoarse; so they stayd to heare from whence that lamentable noyse should come.

And presently, afarre off, they beheld a high Pillar of Stone, out of the which there came forth a spout of faire and cleare water, and thereat was bound a woman all naked, her back fastned to the Pillar, her armes backward embracing it, with her armes fast bound behind her. Her skin was so faire and white, that if it had not beene that they heard her lamentation, they would have iudged her to have béen an Image made artificially of Alablaster, and toyned to the Pillar.

These warlike Knights laced on their Helmets, and came unto the place where shée was; but when the Prince of Constantinople saw her, hée presently knew her to bée his Lady and lovely Mistresse. For, by reason of the coldnesse of the night, and with her great Lamentation and weepings, shée was so full of sorrow and affliction, that shée could scarce speak. Likewise the Princes heart so yerned at the sight of his unhappy Lady, that almost hée could not look upon her for weeping.

But yet at last, with a sorrowfull sigh he said: Oh cruell hands! is it possible that there should remain in you so much mischiefe, that whereas there is such great Beauty and fairenesse, you should use such baseneſse and villany? shée doth more deserve to be loved and served, than to be in this sort so evill intreated.

This wofull Prince with much sorrow did behold her white skin and back all to bespotted with her red blood, and taking a Cloak from one of the Marrtmers, hée threw it upon her, and covered her body, and took her in his Armes whilst the other Knights unbound her.

This unhappy Lady never felt nor knew what was done unto her, till such time as shée was loosed from those bands, and in the Armes of her Lover. But yet shée thought that shée had béen in the Armes of the monstrous two-headed

Knight, and therefore shée gave a terrible sigh, saying: Oh Pollemus, my true betrothed Husband, where art thou now, that thou commest not to succour mée: and therewithall ceased her speeches.

This Prince hearing these words, would have answered her, but hée was disturbed by hearing of a great noyse of a Horse, which séemed to bée in the Woods amongst the Trées.

The rest of the Knights intending to sée what it should be, left the Lady lying upon the grœn grasse in the kéeping of Prince Pollemus and the Marriners, and so Saint Georg's Sonnes went towards that place whereas they heard that rushing noyse, and as they diligently lookt about them, they beheld the two-headed Monster mounted upon a furious and great Palfrey, who returned to sée if the Lady were alive, for to torment her anew.

But when hée came to the Pillar and saw not the Lady, with an trefull look hée cast his eyes, loking round about him on every side, and at last hée saw the three Knights comming towards him with a slow and quiet pace, and how the Lady was untyed from the Pillar where hée left her, and in the Arms of another Knight, making her sorowfull complaint.

The two-headed Knight séeing them in this order, with great wrath hée came riding upon his furious Horse towards them: and when he was neare them, he sayd: Fond Knights, what wretched folly and madnesse hath bewitched you, that without any leave you have adventured to untie the Lady from the Pillar where I left her, or come you to offer up your bloods in sacrifice upon my Fauchion? To whom one of the three valiant Brothers answered, and sayd: We bée Knights of a strange Countrey, that at the sorowfull complaint of this Lady arrived at this place, and séeing her to bée a faire and beautifull woman, and without any desert to be thus evill-intreated, it moved us to put our persons in adventure against them that will séeme farther to mis-use her.

In the meane time that the Knight was speaking these words, the ugly deformed Monster beheld him very pretisely, knitting his browes with the great anger hée received

in

in hearing his speeches, and with great fury hee spurred his monstrous beast, that he made him give so mighty a leap, that hee had almost fallen upon the English Knight: who with great lightnesse did deliver himself, and so drawing out his Sword, hee would have stricken him, but the beast passed by with so great swiftnesse, that hee could not reach him.

Here began as terrible a Battell betwéen the two-headed Knight and Saint Georges Sonnes, as ever was fought by any Knights; their mighty blowes seemed to rattle in the Elements like a terrible thunder, and their Swords to strike sparkling fire in such aboundance, as though it had béen from a Smiths Anbill.

During this conflict, the English Knights were so grievously wounded, that all their bright Armour was stained with a bloody goze, and their Helmets bruised with the terrible strokes of the Monsters Fauchion, whereat they grew more inraged, and their strength began to encrease in such sort, that one of them struck an overthwart blow with his trusty Sword upon his knée, and by reason that his Armour was not very good, he cut it clean asunder, so that leg and all fell to the ground, and the two-headed Knight fell on the other side to the earth, and with great roaring hée began to rage and stare like a beast, and to blaspheme aginst the Fates for this his sudden mishap.

The other two Brethren seeing this, presently cut off his two heads, whereby he was forced to yeeld to the mercy of imperious death.

There was another Knight that came with the Monster, who when he saw all that had passed, with great fear returned the way from whence he came.

These Victorious conquerours, when they saw that with so great ease they were delivered from the Tyrants cruelty, with joyfull hearts they departed, with conquest, to the Prince of Constantinople, where they left him comforting his distressed Lady.

So when they were all together, they commanded the Marriners to provide them somewhat to eat, for that they had great néed thereof, who presently prepared it, for that continually they bore their Provision about them: of this

Banket

Banket the Knights were very glad, and reioyced much at that which they had atchieued, and commanded that the Lady should bee very well loked to, and healed of her harme receiued.

So at the end of three dayes, when the Princely Lady had recouered health, they left the Countrey of Armenia, and departed back to the Seas, whereas they had left their Ships lying at roade, that tarried there untill their comming.

Whereinto they had no sooner entred, but the Marriners hoysed Sayle, and tok their way towards Constantinople, as the Knights commanded. The Winds serued them so prosperously that within a small time they arised in Greece, and landed within two dayes iourney of the Court, which lay then at Paru about a mile from Constantinople.

Being aland, the Prince Pollemus consulted with Saint Georges three Sonnes, what course were best to bee taken for their proceeding in the Court. For, saith hee, unlesse I may wish the Emperour my Fathers consent, enioy my dearest Dulcippa, I will liue unknowne in her company, rather than delight in the heritage of tenne such Empires.

At last, they concluded that the Lady should bee covered in a black baile for being knowne, and Pollemus in black Armes, and the other Knights all suitable should ride together: which accordingly they did, and about tenne in the morning entred the Palace: where they found the Emperour, the seuen Champions, with many other Princes in the great Hall: to whom one of Saint Georges Sonnes thus spake:

Great Emperour and noble Knights, this Knight that leadeth the Lady hath long loued her; in their births there is great differences, so that their Parents crosse their affections: for him she hath endured much sorrow, and for her hee will and hath suffered many hazards. His comming thus to your Court is to this end, to approue her the only desertfull Lady in the world; himselfe the faithfullest Knight against all Knights whatsoeuer: which with your Emperiall leaue, hee, my selfe, and these two my Associates, will maintain: desiring your Maiesty to giue iudgement as we shall deserue.

The

The Emperour condescended, and on the Green before the Palace, those foure overthrew more than foure hundred Knights: so that Saint George and three other of the Champions entred the Lists, and ran three violent Courses against the Black Knights, without moving them: who never suffered the points of the Speares to touch the Armour of the Champions: which the Emperour perceiving, guessed them to bee of acquaintance: wherefore giving iudgement, that the Knight should possesse his Lady, at his request they all discovered themselves.

To describe the delightfull comfort that the English Champion took in the presence of his Children, and the ioy that the Emperour received at the returne of his lost Son, requires more Art and Eloquence than my tyred senses can afford. I am therefore here forced to leave the Flowers of Chivalry in the City of Constantinople. Of whose following Adventures I wil at large Discourse hereafter: and how all these Famous Champions came to their Deaths, and for what cause they were called the Seven Saints of Christendome.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the renowned and praise-worthy death of Saint *Patrick*, how he buried his own self: and for what cause the *Irish-men* to this day, do wear their red Crosse upon Saint *Patricks* day.

Here must you suppose (gentle Readers) that time had run a long Race before these aforesaid thrice-honoured Champions had purchased so many Right Worthy Victories: and being now wearied with Age, Death with his gloomy countenance began to challenge an end of all their Worldly Atchievements, and to draw their Noble Names to a full perfection; therefore preparing a black Stage for Honour to act his last Scene on, thus it followed.

The valiant Champion Saint Patrick feeling himself weakned with Time and Age, not able any longer to endure the bruises of Princely Atchievements, became an Hermit, and wandring up and down the World in poor Habiliments, hee came at last to the Countrey of his Birth, which is now called Ireland, but in former times Hibernia, where instead of Martiall Atchievements, hee offered up in the Name of his Redeemer, devout Orisons, daily making petitions

titions to the Deity of Glory, in behalf of his desired peace; a life more delightfull to his aged heart, than all his former accomplishments. And now willing to bid farewel to the world, hée desired a recloſure to bée made, and to bée pent up in a Stony Wall from the ſight of all earthly objects. To which requeſt of this Holy Father (now no Souldier but a man of peace) the Inhabitants wholly condeſcended, and builded him a foure-ſquare Houſe of Stone, without either Windowe or Doore, Onely a little hole to receive his food in, wherein they cloſed him up, never to bée ſéen more alive by the eyes of mortall men. Alſo appointing divers of the Countrey to bring him at convenient times food to maintain nature, which they delivered in at ỳ aforeſaid hole, which they thought to be a déed of more than common charity, and hée (the receiver) to bée an Honour to their Countrey, by the ſevere and ſtrict courſe of life hée put himſelf to. Thus lived hée the Servant of his God day and night knéeling on the bare ground, till thrice the Winters cold had tane departure, and as oft the Summers warmth had cheared up the cold Earth, making his knées hard with knéeling, and his eyes dim with Lamentations for his former offences. In which time the Hairs of his Head were all over-grown and deformed, and the Nayles of his Fingers (as it were ſéemed) like the Talons and Clawes of an old Raven, with the which by little and little hée digged his own Grave, prepared againſt the hour of his death to bée buryed in: the which by proceſſe of time came thus to effect as followeth.

When hée had walked (as I ſaid before) thrice twelve Moneths in Divine Contemplations, by Inſpiration (as it ſéemed) hée layd him down in the Grave that his own Nayles had digged: and féeling his Body weak and féeble, ready to deliver up the ayre of Life, hée began to ſpeak as followeth:

World (quoth hée) thou haſt bén long my kinde friend, and haſt graced my Name with many Titles of Honour, making mée famous in thy large circumference: thou haſt given mée Victories over all mine Enemies, and weakned the boldneſſe of all my withſtanders, that my Life and Name might bée caractred amongſt the reſt of our Chriſtian

Champions: for which I have thought my self predestinated to a lasting happinesse, in that the Title of my Fortunes challenge so long a memory. World (I say) fare thou well, my life lingreth now to her last minute, which as willingly I here deliver up, as ever I brandisht Weapon against powerfull Pagan. I need no Pompall Train of Princes to attend my Funerall, nor solemne Chimes of Bels to Ring me to my Grave, nor Troops of Mourners in Sable Garments, to furnish out my Obsequy: my self here Buries up my self, and all offices of Lamentations belonging to so sad a businesse, is my own hand Labour. Earth, I embrace thée: thou gentle Mould my Bodies Covering, with humility I kisse thée: no difference is betwéen thy cold nature and my Lifes warm substance, we are both one. Emperours are but Earth, so am I. Thou Earth, gently do I yéeld my self into thy mouldy bosome. I come, I come, sweét Comforter, into thy hands I commend my Spirit. These, and such like, were the last words whatever this good Champion delivered: so yéelding to death, the Earth of it self as it were buryed up his Body, in the Grave which his own hands had digged.

Thus being changed from a lively substance to a dead Picture, his Attenders, as their usuall custome was, came with Food to relieve him, and calling at the hole where hée had wont to receive it, they heard nothing but empty ayre blowing in and out, which made them conjecture presently that Death had prevailed, and the fatall Sisters finished up their Labours: so calling together more company, they made an entrance there into, and finding what had hapned, how hée had buryed his own self, they reported it for a wonder up and down the Countrey, being an Accident of much strangenesse: for before that time the like never chanced.

Whereupon, by a common consent of the whole Kingdome, they pulled down the aforesaid House or Tower, and in the same place, builded in processe of time a most sumptuous Chappell, calling it Saint Patricks Chappell, and in the place where this Holy Father had buried himself, they likewise erected a Monument of much richnesse, framed upon Pillars of pure Gold, beautified with many artificiall sights, most pleasant to behold: whereunto for many yéers after resorted distressed people, such as were commonly

molested

molested with loathsome Diseases, where making their Orisons at Saint Patricks Tomb, they found help, and were restored to their former healths. By which means the Name of Saint Patriek is grown so Famous through the World, that to this day hée is entitled one of our Christian Champions and the Saint for Ireland, where in remembrance of him, and of his Honourable Atchievements done in his life time, the Irish-men as well in England as in that Countrey, do as yet in Honour of his Name kéep one day in the yéer Festivall, holding upon the same a great Solemnity, wearing upon their Hats each of them a Crosse of red silke, in token of his many Adventures under the Christian Crosse, as you have heard in the former History at large discoursed. Whose Noble Déeds both in Life and Death we will leave sléeping with him in his Grave, and speak of our next renowned Tragedy, which Heaven and Fate had allotted to Saint David, the Champion for Wales, at that time entituled Camber-Britannia.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the honourable Victory won by Saint *David* in *Wales*: of his death, and cauſe why Leeks are by cuſtome, of *Welch-men*, worne on Saint *Davids* day: with other things that hapned.

SOme certain Monthes after the departure of Saint Patrick from the City of Conſtantinople, from the other Champions, as you heard before in the laſt Chapter, Saint David having a heart ſtill fired with Fame, thirſted even to his dying day for Honourable Atchievementr, and although Age and Time had almoſt wearied him away, yet would hée once more make his adventure in the Fields of Mars, and ſeal up his Honours in the Records of Fame with a Noble farewell.

So upon a morning framing himſelf for a Knightly Enterpriſe, hée took his leave of the other Champtons, and all alone well mounted upon a luſty Courſer, furniſhed with ſufficient Habilaments, for ſo brave an enterpriſe, hée began a Journey home towards his own Countrey, accounting that his beſt ioy, and the ſoyle of his moſt comfort. But long had hée not travelled, ere he heard of the diſtreſſes thereof: how Wales was beſet with a people of a Savage nature, thirſting for blood, and the ruine of that brave Kingdome: and how that many Battels had béen fought to the diſparage-

ment

ment of Christian Knight-hood. Whereupon arming himselfe with true resolution, hée went forward with a couragious minde, either to redéem the same, to to lose his best blood in the Honour of the Adventure.

Whereupon all the way as hée travelled, hée drew into his Ayd and Assistance, all the best Knights hée could finde, of any Nation whatsoever, giving them promises of noble rewards, and such entertainment as befitted so worthy a fellowship. By this meanes before he came upon the Borders of Wales, hée had gathered together the number of five hundred Knights, of such noble resolutions, that all Christendome could not afford better, the seven Champions excepted. And these all well furnished for Battel, entred the Countrey, where they found many Towns unpeopled, gallant Houses subverted, Monasteries defaced, Cities ruinated, Fields of Corne consumed with Fire: yea, every thing so out of order, as if the Countrey had never béen inhabited. Whereupon with a grieved minde to sée the Region of his Birthplace so confounded, and nothing but uprores of murder and death sounding in his eares, hée summoned his Knights together, placing them in Battell Array, to travell high up into the Countrey, for the performance of his desired hopes. But as they marched along with an easie pace to prevent dangers, there resorted to them People of all Ages, both young and old, bitterly complaining of the wrongs thus done unto their Countrey. Where when they knew him to be the Champion of Wales, whom so long they had desired to sée, their joyes so exceeded, that all former woes were abolished, and they emboldned to nothing but revenge. The rest of the Knights that came with S. David, perceiving their Forces and Numbers to encrease, purposed a present onset, and to shew themselves before their Enemies, which lay incamped amongst the mountaines, with such strength and policy, that hard it was to make an Assayment.

Whereupon the Noble Champion, being then their Generall and leader, called his Captaines together, and with a bold courage said as followeth:

Now is the time, brave Martialists, or never, to be Canonized the Sonnes of Fame: this is the day of dignity or dishonour, an Enterprize to make us ever live, or to end our

names

names in obscurity: let not chill feare, the Cowards companion, pull us back from the golden Throne where the Adventurous Souldier sits in glory deservedly: wée are to trample in a Field of death and dead mens bones, and to buckle with an Enemy of great strength, a Pagan power that séeks to over-run all Christian Kingdomes, and to wash our Cambrian Fields with innocent blood. To Armes, I say, brave Followers, I will bée the first to give death the onset, and for my Colours or Ensigne doe I weare upon my Burgonet (you sée) a grééne Léek beset with Gold, which shall (if wée win the Victory) hereafter be an Honour unto Wales, and on this day, being the first of March, be for ever worne by the Welsh-men in remembrance hereof: which words were no sooner spoken by the Champion, but all the Royall Army of every degrée and calling got themselves the like Recognizance, which was each of them a gréén Léeke upon their Hats or Beavers, which they wore all the time of the Battell, and by that meanes the Champions Followers were known from the others. This was not long a doing before Saint David and his Companies beheld descending from the Mountaines, an Army of Pagans, as it séemed numberlesse, People of such mighty statures, whose sights might even have daunted their noble resolutions, had not the brave Champion still animated them forward with Princely incouragements. Time stayed not long ere the Battels joyned, and the Pagans with their Iron Clubs and Bats of Stéele, so layd about them, that had not our Christian Army bén preserved by miracle, such a slaughter had bén made of the Champion and his Knights, that well might have caused the whole World to wonder at.

But the Quéen of Chance so favoured Saint David and his Followers, that what with their nimble Lances, kéene Darts, and Arrowes shot from their quick Bowes, and Welsh Hooks in great abundance, the Sunne also lying in the Pagans Faces, to their great disadvantage, that in short time the noble Champion wonne a worthy Victory. The ground lay all covered with mangled Carkasses, the Grassy Fields changed from gréén into red colour with the mingled blood that ran from Horse and man thus murthered. A noble Policy was it for all our Christians in that Battell

to

to weare greene Leekes in their Burgonets for their Colours, by which they were all knowne and preſerved from the ſlaughter of one anothers Swords, only Saint David himſelfe excepted, who being Victor, in the higheſt pride of his glory was laſt vanquiſhed. Oh unhappy fate, to cut off his Honour that was the only Darling of Honour! Help, me Melpomene to bewayle his loſſe, that having wonne all loſt his deare life, a life that the whole World might wel have miſſe of. Oh fatall chance! for comming from the battell, over heated in blood, a ſudden cold congealed in all his lifes members, that without recovery hee was forced to yeeld unto death, to the great griefe of all his Knights and Followers, who for the ſpace of forty dayes mourned for him in great heavineſſe, and after attended him unto his Grave with much ſorrow.

Which being done, in the Honour of his Name they ordayned a cuſtome, that the day of his Victory ſhould be canonized, and called in all after Ages Saint Davids day, being holden ſtill upon the firſt of March, and in remembrance thereof, upon the ſame day ſhould likewiſe bee worne by all well-willers to the ſame Countrey, certain green Leeks in their Hats, or on their boſomes, in true honour of this noble Martialiſt, which is ſtill a prayſe-worthy Cuſtome in theſe our Northern Climates. Which time-beloved Souldier wee will now leave ſleeping in his Tomb in peace, and goe forward in our other intended Tragicall Diſcourſes.

Chap. XIX.

How Saint *Dennis* was beheaded in his own Countrey, and how by a Miracle shewed at his death; the whole Kingdome of *France* received the Christian Faith.

SAint Denis being the third in this our Pilgrimage of Death, was likewise desirous of the sight of his own Countrey, which hée had not seen in many yeares, and purposing a toylsome Travell to the same, took leave of the other Champions, who not altogether willing to leave so noble a Champion: yet considering the desire of his minde, they quickly condescended, wishing him the best well-fare of Knight-hood: and so parting, they to their Princely Pavillions, and hée to his restlesse Journey, as well mounted, and as richly furnished with Habiliments of Knight-hood, as any Martialist in all Arabia, in which Countrey hée was then: but leaving that place, and to satisfie his desires, hée travelled day by day toward the Kingdome of France, without any Adventure worth reporting, till hée arrived upon the borders of that faire Countrey that hée had so long wished to behold. But now see how Fate frowned: the welcome hée expected was suddenly converted into a deadly hatred; for there was remayning in the French Kings favour, a Knight of Saint Michaels Order who in former times hearing of the honourable Adventures of this noble Champion Saint Denis, and thinking the same

to

to be a disparagement to his Knight-hood and the rest of that Order, conspired to betray him, and to bring all his former Honours with his life to a finall overthrow.

Whereupon, this envious Knight of Saint Michaels, goes unto the King (being as then a Pagan Prince, one that had no true knowledge of the Deity) and said, that there was come into his Kingdome a strange Knight, a false Believer, one that in time would draw the love of his Subiects from him, to the worship of a strange God: and that in despight of him and his Countrey, hee would establish a falsified opinion: and that hee wore upon his Breast the Christians Crosse, with many other things contrary to the Lawes of his Kingdome.

Upon these afore-said false informacions, the King grew so enraged, that without any more consideracion, hee caused the good Knight Saint Denis to be attached in his Bed-chamber, otherwise a score of the best Knights in all France had not been sufficient to bring him Prisoner to the Kings presence: before whom being no sooner come, but with more than humane fury, without cause hee adiudged him speedy death, and by Martiall Law (without any further Tryall) to receive the same.

The good Champion Saint Denis, even in death having a most noble resolution, nothing at all dismayed, and knowing his cause to bee good, and that hee should suffer for the Name of his sweet Redeemer, hee most willingly accepted of the same iudgement, saying: Most mighty, but yet cruell King, think not but this thy exceeding Tyranny will bee requited in a strange manner: thy censure I take with much ioy, in that I die for him whose Colours I have worne from mine Infancy, and this my death seals up the obligacion of all my comforts. And thou sweet Countrey where I first took life, receive it againe as a Legacy due unto thee: for this my blood which here I offer up into thy bosome, is the best gift I can bestow upon thee. Farewell Knight hood, farewell honourable Adventures and Princely Atchievements. Never may this dauntlesse Arm bee maish Weapon more in the Honour of the Christians Crosse: for death awaiteth at my back to cut off all such noble hopes, and I by Tyranny am betrayed thereunto.

These speeches being uttered, hée was forced to stand silent, & in the presence of the King, with many hundreds more, was constrained to yéeld his body to the fatall stroak, where his Head being layd upon the Block, was by a base Executioner quickly dissevered from the rest of his manly members. Which being on soner done, and the Champion lifeless, but the Elements, beset with cloudy exhalations, sent down such a terrible Thunder-clap, that struck presently dead the Knight of S. Michael that accused him, the Executioner, with others that were at his Attachment; at which strange and fearfull spectacle the King himself grew so amazed, that hée deemed him to bée a Blessed Creature, and that he had suffered wrongfully, and how his cause for which hée so willingly rendred up his life, was the true cause, which all must have a desire to die in. Wherefore incontinent from a Pagan, the King turned Christian, and caused the same to bée Proclamed through all his Provinces, ordaining Churches to be built in remembrance of this great man. And likewise in the place where he suffered, hée caused with all spæd to bée built an Hermitage of relief, for poor Pilgrims to finde succour in, and such as travelled in the Honour of that God, in whose Name this good Champion dyed. Thus received France the true Faith, in which we leave it flourishing, and speak of Saint Iames the Spanish Champion, and how hée dyed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Of the Tyrannous death that the Spanish Champion was put unto: and how God revenged the same in a strange manner: and of other things that hapned.

Here, gentle Reader, with a sad eye, prepare to give entertainment to the dolourous manner of the Spanish Champions death, who by tyranny and cruell dealing of the Infidels, was likewise made away. For Age and Time, as upon the former, grew upon him, and so enfeebled his strength, that hee was no longer able to mannage the Adventures of Chivalry, nor Fight the Battels of his Saviour: Wherefore resolving to spend the remnant of his dayes in peace, he desired leave likewise to commit his fortunes to the Queen of Chance: which as the others did, hee quickly obtained, and so leaving Constantinople, he put himself to Travell toward the Countrey of his first being, not decked in his shining Armour, nor mounted on his Spanish Gennet: but poore and bare in outward habit, though inwardly furnished: with Gold and Jewels of an inestimable value, which hee had sowed up in the patches of a russet Gaberdin, ỳ better to travell with: where instead of a bright shining Curtle-Axe, his Pilgrims Staffe served him to walk with, and for his Burgonet of glistring Steel, hee covered his Head (now as white as Thistle-down with Age) with a Hat of gray colour, broached with a broad Scallop-

Scallop-shell, his Princely Lodgings were changed to grèen pastures, and his Canopies to the Skies azured covering, where the Nightingale and Lark told him the times passage. These were now his best contents and comforts, that Time and Age bestowed upon.

In which manner travelling many a day and night, giving still as he went to the poore & nèedy, such small pèces of silver as he well could spare; hée arrived at last upon the Confines of Spain: wherein Honour of that God, for whom he had foughten so many Battels, hée builded up at his own charge a most sumptuous Chappell, to this day bearing the name of Saint Iaques Chappell: and for the maintenance thereof purchased diverz Lands adioyning; with Nutrikers to sing day and night therein Allelujah to his Redèmer.

This Celestiall gift and glorious Custome so prepared, begot such love of the meaner sort of People, that they estèemed him more than a man, with a reverence of such regard bestowed upon him, that the very Name of this Noble Champion wonne greater admirations than the high Tilts of their Countreys King, who being then a cruell Tyrant, and a proud King, maintaining Atheism by his Government, grew so envious thereat, that he caused good S. Iaques, with the whole Quire of his Celestiall Singers, to be closed up together in the Chappell which the Champion had erected, and so starved them to death. Oh bloody butchery, and inhumane cruelty! a death of more terrour than ever was heard of. Nero in ripping up his Mothers Womb to sée the Bed of his Creation, was not halfe so cruell. But to be short, hunger prevailed, and they dead, their Bodies putrified and in time consumed away to dust and mould. Whereupon the Lord to shew how they died in his favour, and the love of Heaven, inflected such a Light in the Chappel, that it shined day and night with such a glorious Brightnesse, as if it had bèene the glorious Pallace of the Sunne: and likewise continually was heard therein (though no creature remaining) such a Quire of melodious Harmony, as if it had beene the sound of Celestiall Musick. Which strange pleasures both to the eyes and eare, bred so great an amazement to the whole Countrey, that all with a common consent, accused their King for the Tyrannous putting to death of these good men so cruelly murdered: but especially the noble S. Iaques,

that

that they purposed to hold him for their Countreys Saint and Champion till the Worlds dissolution. The proud King perceiving now his own rashnesse, and his Commons hate against him for this deed doing, took such an inward conceit of grief, that without taking any food ever after, he languished away and died: Thus have you heard the Tragedy of the Spanish Champion, whom we likewise commit to the sweet sleeps of Eternity, and passe on further to more deathfull Accidents.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Of the Honourable and worthy death of the *Italian* Champion, how in the heigth of pleasure in his own Countrey, Death by a Propheſie ſeized upon him.

After all theſe aforeſaid proceedings, Nature the common Nurſe of us all, ſo wrought in the heart of Saint Anthony the Champion for Italy, that he undertook the next Tragicall Enterprize, and leaving S. George with S. Andrew, reſting their crazed bones in the Emperours Court of Conſtantinople, where they lately atchieved ſo many prayſes of Knight-hood, her took his iourney towards Italy, and knowing by the courſe of nature, that his dayes were not many, purpoſed there to ſet up his lives reſt, and in death to finiſh up all Earthly troubles. So comming after long Journeys to the City of Rome, where the Emperour Domitian kept his Court, and the City being then in her chiefeſt pomp and glory, won great deſire in the Champions minde to ſee the Monuments of the ſame.

So upon a morning going from his Lodging, he walked up and down the Streets with great admiration, and fed his eye with many delightfull obiects. Firſt, with great wonder hee ſtood gazing upon the Monuments that were erected in the Honour of all their famous Emperours, Conſuls, Orators, & Conquerours, things which yeelded him great pleaſure. The next thing that his eyes delighted in, was the Temple of the twelve Sybels, a moſt miraculous building: in which Temple were all their Propheſies inrolled, as alſo the beginning and ending

ending of the whole Catalogue of the Heathen gods, as Mars, Iupiter, Saturn, Apollo, and such like, with their manner of worship. The next that he saw was the House of Remus and Romulus that builded Rome, a building of much worthinesse. Next unto it stood an ancient Prison (an old rotten thing) where the man lay, that was condemned to death, and could have no body come to him and succour him, but was searcht, yet was kept alive a long space by sucking of his Daughters breasts. After this he saw Pompeys Theater, reputed one of the Nine wonders of the World: the Emperour Nero's Tombe maintained with disgrace, for the offence he did in setting Rome on fire. To conclude, hée spent many dayes in viewing the Martyrs Tombs, and other Reliques brought from Ierusalem. Amongst many other delightfull sights, hée came into a Chappell dedicated unto himself, called The Honour of Saint Anthony: wherein was portrayed in Alabaster Pictures, the true formes of all the Champions of Christendome, with the Stories of all their Adventures, Combats, Turnaments, and Battels, their Imprisonments, Dangers, and Enchantments, all Portrayed and Pictured up by Enchantment & Witchcraft, whereupon ran a Prophesie, that the Patron of this Chappell should ever live unconquered, and never embrace death, till his eyes were witnesses of the same Portraytures which in golden Letters were subscribed over the Chappell Doore or Entrance. All which when Saint Anthony had beheld, and knowing by Inspiracion himself to bée the man, with a méek minde embraced his own end, and never after departed the Chappell, but remained knéeling in the same upon the bare Marble, making his Prisons of repentance to the Eternall Deity, till pale Destiny had cut off the thréeds of his old dayes.

And thus being converted to mouldy earth, the Emperour caused him to be Intombed in the same Chappel: and over his grave to be set a magnificent Chair, in which Chair for many yeers after, the Roman Conquerours received their Laurell rewards of Martiall Victory, under whose Banner and Name, even to this day they make their Adventures: so with high Honour and Fame, both lived and dyed this prayse worthy Champion Saint Anthony of Italy.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the Martyrdome of Saint *Andrew* the Scottish Champion, and how his death was revenged by the King of that Countrey, and by what meanes *Scotland* was brought unto the Christian Faith.

SAint George and Saint Andrew were the two last Champions that stayed together, and as it seemed, the dearest love remained betwéen them two: but yet rusty Time, with his swift course would needs part them, and breake this their united Fellowship. For the summons of Honour so animated the bold heart of the Scottish Champion, that hée burned with desire to sée his native Countrey, and to behold the place of his first being. For leaving Constantinople, only Honoured with the presence of Saint George and his three Sons, in great iollity of minde he travelled moneth by moneth, weeke by weeke, day by day, till Time and Fate set him happily in the Kingdom of Scotland: where having not béen in many yeers before, hée received such entertainment as if hée had béen the greatest Emperour of the World: for all the Streets and Passages as he went, were furnished with people of ỳ best regard, to give him a gracious welcom to his native home; especially the King himself, who for the love and honour hée bore unto his Name and Knight-hood, lodged him in his own Palace, and Proclaimed for his Noble welcome, a Princely Turnament to bée holden for the space of fifteen dayes: in which time all the Nobility and Martiall Knights of Scotland performed such well approved

Atchieve-

Atchievements, that not Greece, Constantinople, Rome, nor Ieruſalem could equall them in the leaſt regard: but Saint Andrew being now growne Aged, and unapt for ſuch Princely Encounters, ſate as a Beholder, cenſuring of ỹ beſt deſerver, and gave ſuch due commendations as befitted ſo gallant a Company: and for a fare-well of ſuch time honoured Paſtimes, hée deſired leave of the King to depart, and to ſpend the remnant of his life in private contemplations, for the good of his Soule, and to waſh away with the water of true penitence, all the blood hée had ſpilt in his Travell about the World, in the maintenance of Knight hood: a requeſt ſo reaſonable, that the King could not refuſe but give his conſent. So taking leave of his Mateſty, and the reſt of the Nobility and Knights there preſent, hée departed up to a Mountaine farre remote from the Kings Court, under which by Nature was erected a Cave or hollow Vault, wherein he remained for the ſpace of a yeare ſtudying Divinity, and the commands of his Redéemer, Scotland being then a rude and Heathenish Countrey, where the common ſort of people inhabited, by which meanes hée was much admired, and ſuppoſed to bée ſent from ſome place unknown, as a Meſſenger to bring them evill tidings. Whereupon thoſe misbeleeving people by a common conſent (taking him for ſome ſubtle Conſpirer againſt their Pagan Gods, which as then they Worſhipped) put him ſecretly to death, and after cutting off his Head in hope of Reward, bore it to the King, déeming they had done a Déed of much deſerved commendations. Which inhumane cruelty when the King ſaw, with much griefe hée lamented the loſſe of this good man, and with all ſpéed in revenge of his death, rayſed a power of his beſt reſolved Knights of War, putting every one to the Sword, both man, woman, and childe, that in any manner conſented to the Champions Martyrdome: and after in proceſſe of time, appointed a Monaſtery to be built in the ſame place where hée died, cauſing the whole Kingdome to be brought in ſubiection to a quiet Government, and Chriſtened in the right Belief of this holy Father. This was the laſt Déed of Saint Andrew, by whoſe death Scotland received the true Faith, in which it now remaineth.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the Adventure performed by Saint *George*: how hee received his death by the sting of a venemous Dragon: and of the Honours and Royalties done unto his Name, being Entituled our English Patron of Knight-hood.

NOw droops my weary Muse, for she is come unto her latest Tragedy; Saint George is summoned to the Barre of Death, where magnificent Honour stands ready to give his Name a Noble Renown to all ensuing Ages,

This illustrious Champion, when he was left alone, as you heard, in the company of his three Sonnes Guy, Alexander and David, strange imaginations day by day possessed his minde, that hee could not rest nor sleep: sometimes supposing his companions were in great distresse: other while how they had won the chiefest goale of Honour, little needing his Knightly service and assistance: sometimes one thing, sometimes another so molested him, that he must needs make his adventure to follow them. Whereupon calling his three Sonnes together, hee went to the Grecian Emperour and requested that they might all foure depart with his leave and liking; for Knightly Adventures had challenged them all to appear in some forraign Region where noble Atchievements were to be performed; but where and in what Countrey his

Destiny

Destiny had not yet revealed to him. So furnishing them all foure in Habiliments of shining Steele, they left Constantinople, as it were guided by Fate, untill they came into England, then called Britaine, whose chalky Cliffes Saint George had not seen in twice twelve yeares, and now comming with a sweet embracement of his native countrey, he gave his three Sonnes thereinto a most joyfull welcome, shewing them (to their great comfort) the brave Situation of the Towns and Cities, and the pleasant prospects of the Fields as they passed, untill they came within the sight of the City of Coventry, where he was born, and received his first being: upon whose glistring Pinnacles no sooner casting his eye sight, but the Inhabitants interrupted his pleasurable Delights with a dolfull Report, how upon Dunsmore-Heath, as then, remained an Infectious Dragon, that so annoyed the Countrey, that the Inhabitants thereabout could not passe the Heath without great danger: and how that fifteen Knights of the Kingdome had already lost their lives in adventuring to suppresse the same. Also giving him to understand of a Prophesie, That a Christian Knight never born of Woman, should be the Destroyer thereof, and his Name in after Ages for accomplishing the Adventure, should be holden for an eternall Honour to the Kingdom. S. George no sooner hearing thereof, and what wrongs, his native Countrey received by this infectious Dragon, and knowing himselfe to be the Knight, grew so incouraged, that hee purposed presently to put the Adventure in tryall, and either to free his Countrey from so great a danger, or to finish his dayes in the attempt: so taking leave of his Sons and the rest there present, he rode forward with as noble a spirit, as he did in Egypt, when he there combated with the burning Dragon. So comming to the middle of the Plaine, where his infectious enemy lay couched in the ground, in a deep Cave, who by a strange instinct of nature knowing his death to draw near, made such a yelling noyse, as if the Element had burst with Thunder, or the Earth had shook with a terrible exhalation: so comming from his Den, and spying the Champion, hee ran with such fury against him, as if hee would have devoured both man and horse in a moment, but the Champion being quick and nimble, gave the Dragon such way, that hee mist him, and with his sting

ran full two foot into the Earth: but recovering, hée turned again with such rage upon Saint George, that he had almost born his Horse over and over, but that the Dragon having no stay of his strength, fell with his back downward upon the ground, and his feet upward, whereat the Champion taking advantage, kept him still down with his Horse standing upon him fighting as you see in the Picture of Saint George, with his Lance goring him thorow in divers parts of the body; and withall contrariwise the Dragons sting annoyed the good Knight in such sort, that the Dragon being no sooner slain and be weltred in his Venemous Gore, but Saint George likewise took his deaths wound by the déep strokes of the Dragons sting, which hée received in divers parts of his Body, and bled in such abundance, that his strength began to enfeeble, & grow weak, yet retayning the true Noblenesse of minde, valiantly returned Victor to the City of Coventry, where his thrée Sons with the whole Inhabitants stood without the Gates in great royalty to receive him, and to give him the Honour that belonged to so worthy a Conquerour, who no sooner arrived before the City, and presented them with the Dragons Head which so long had annoyed the Countrey, but what with the abundance of blood that issued from his déep wounds, and the long bléeding without stopping the same, hée was forced in his Sons armes to yéeld up his breath, for whom his thrée Princely Sons long lamented, making the greatest moan that ever was made in any Kingdome, and again they were so seconded with the grief of the whole Countrey, that all the Land from the King to the Shepheard, mourned for him for the space of a Moneth: which heavie time being ended, the King of this Countrey being a Vertuous and Noble Prince, Advanced Saint George's thrée Sons to Noble Offices: First, the Eldest of them named Guy, to be Earle of Warwick, and high Chamberlain of his Houshold. The next named Alexander, according to his name, to bée Captain Generall of his Knights of Chivalry. And the youngest named David, to be his Cup-bearer, and Controler of all his Revels and Delights. And likewise in remembrance of their Noble Father the Christian Champion, hée ordained for ever after to bée kept a solemn Procession about

about the Kings Court, by all the Princes and chief Nobility of the Countrey, upon the 23. day of Aprill, naming it Saint George's Day, upon which day he was most solemnly interred in the City where he was borne, and caused a stately Monument to bee erected in Honor of him, though now by the ruines of Time defaced and abolished. He likewise decréed by the consent of the whole Kingdom, that the Patron of the Land should bée named Saint George, our Christian Champion, in that hée had fought so many battels in the Honour of Christendome. All which we sée (with many more Honours) to this day here maintained in remembrance of this good Knight, who (no doubt) resteth in eternall peace with the other renowned Champions of Christendome: so God grant we may do all.

Amen.

FINIS.

A

Histories in this Collection

Valentine & Orson.
Montelion Kt of the oracle.
Tom of Lincolne, The Red Rose Kt.
The 7. Champions of Christendome
first & 2d. pts.